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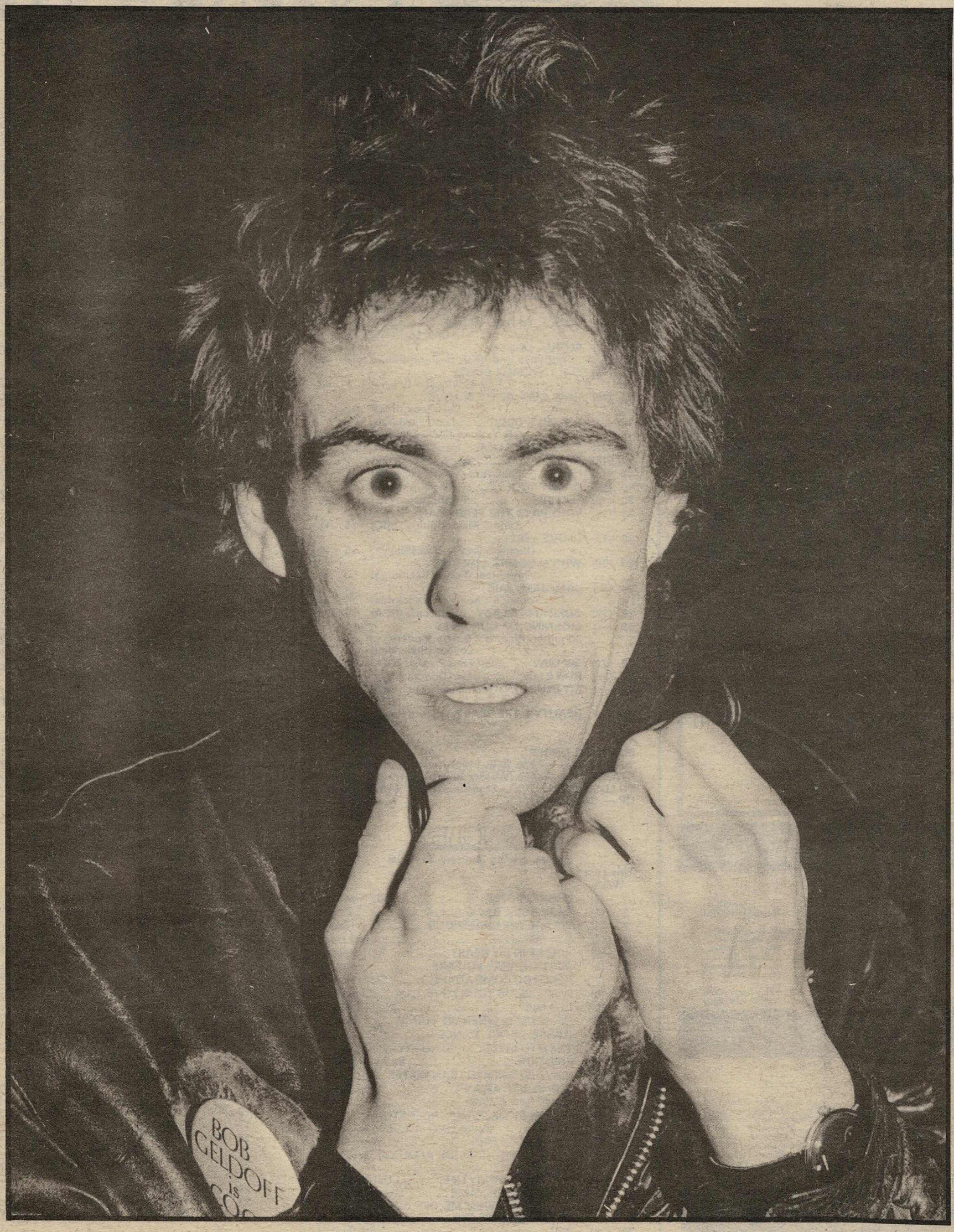

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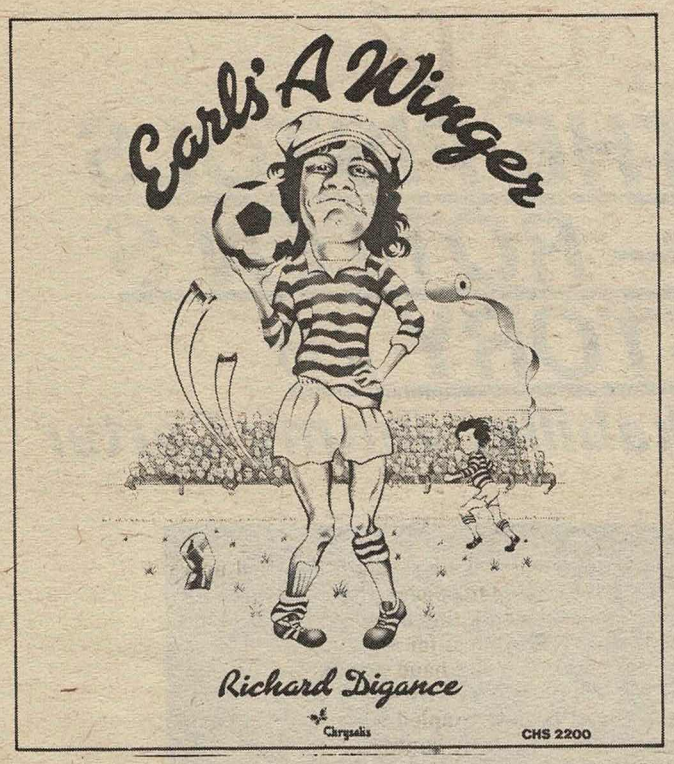

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week Ending January 23, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
6	1	BLOCKBUSTER	Sweet (RCA)
1	2	THE JEAN GENIE	David Bowie(RCA)
2	3	LONG HAIRED LOVER FROM LIVERPOOL	Little Jimmy Osmond(MGM)
4	4	YOU'RE SO VAIN	Carly Simon(Elektra)
3	5	HI HI HI	Wings (Parlophone)
5	6	BALL PARK INCIDENT	Wizzard (Harvest)
12	7	WISHING WELL	Free (Island)
11	8	ALWAYS ON MY MIND	Elvis Presley (RCA)
26	9	IF YOU DON'T KNOW ME BY NOW	Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes (CBS)
21	10	ME AND MRS JONES	Billy Paul (Epic)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week Ending January 24, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
5	1	EVERLASTING LOVE	Love Affair (CBS)
1	2	THE BALLAD OF BONNIE AND CLYDE	Georgie Fame (CBS)
7	3	AM I THAT EASY TO FORGET	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
3	4	DAYDREAM BELIEVER	Monkees (RCA Victor)
2	5	WALK AWAY RENEE	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
13	6	JUDY IN DISGUISE	John Fred & His Playboy Band (Pye Int)
4	7	HELLO GOODBYE	Beatles (Parlophone)
6	8	MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR	Beatles (Parlophone
15	9	EVERYTHING I AM	Plastic Penny (Page One)
12	10	TIN SOLDIER	Small Faces (Immediate)

15 YEARS AGO

Week Ending January 25, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
5	1	DIAMONDS	Jet Harris and Tony Meeham (Decca)
1	2	DANCE ON	Shadows (Columbia)
4	3	BACHELOR BOY	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6	4	GLOBETROTTER	Tornadoes (Decca)
2	5	RETURN TO SENDER	Elvis Presley (RCA)
7	6	LIKE I DO	Maureen Evans(Oriole)
3	7	THE NEXT TIME	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
13	8	DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME	Mike Berry (HMV)
8	9	COMIN' HOME BABY	Mel Torme (London)
17	10	LITTLE TOWN FLIRT	Del Shannon (London)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending January 28, 1978

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	MULL OF KINTYRE — Wings (EMI/Parlophone)	9	1
2	(4)	UPTOWN TOP RANKING — Althia & Donna (Lightning)	4	2
3	(9)	NATIVE NEW YORKER Odyssey (RCA)	3	3
4	(2)	LOVE'S UNKIND — Donna Summer (GTO)	7	2
5	(3)	IT'S A HEARTACHE — Bonnie Tyler (RCA)	8	3
6	(5)	DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE..... Crystal Gayle (United Artists)	10	5
7	(28)	FIGARO..... Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	2	7
8	(11)	JAMMING/PUNKY REGGAE PARTY — Bob Marley and the Wailers (Island)	6	8
9	(16)	LOVELY DAY..... Bill Withers (CBS)	2	9
10	(8)	LET'S HAVE A QUIET NIGHT IN — David Soul (Private Stock)	5	6
11	(6)	DANCE, DANCE, DANCE — Chic (Atlantic)	8	6
12	(7)	FLORAL DANCE — Brighouse and Rastrick Band (Logo)	10	2
13	(12)	ONLY WOMEN BLEED — Julie Covington (Virgin)	7	12
14	(10)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE — Bee Gees (RSO)	12	2
14	(27)	IF I HAD WORDS..... Scott Fitzgerald & Yvonne Keely (Pepper)	2	14
16	(23)	THE GROOVE LINE.... Heatwave (GTO)	2	16
17	(18)	GALAXY..... War (MCA)	2	17
18	(14)	I WILL..... Ruby Winters (Creole)	11	4
19	(19)	DADDY COOL..... Darts (Magnet)	10	6
20	(15)	ON FIRE..... T Connection (TK)	2	15
21	(17)	WHO PAYS THE FERRYMAN — Yannis Markopoulos (BBC)	5	12
22	(13)	I LOVE YOU — Donna Summer (Casablanca)	6	13
23	(25)	WHO'S GONNA LOVE ME — Imperials (Power Exchange)	2	23
24	(—)	JAM, JAM, JAM — People's Choice (Philadelphia)	1	24
25	(29)	SORRY I'M A LADY..... Baccara (RCA)	2	25
26	(—)	MORNING OF OUR LIVES — Jonathan Richman & The Modern Lovers (Beserkley)	1	26
27	(21)	MY WAY..... Elvis Presley (RCA)	6	13
28	(22)	RUN BACK..... Carl Douglas (Pye)	3	20
29	(—)	MY BLUE SKY .Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	1	29
30	(—)	BEAUTY & THE BEAST..... David Bowie (RCA)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
ISN'T IT TIME — The Babys (Chrysalis); WISHING ON A STAR — Rose Royce (Warner Brothers); I DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOUR LOVE — Emotions (CBS); WHICH WAY IS UP — Stargard (MCA).

ALBUMS

Week ending January 28, 1978

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	RUMOURS — Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	48	1
2	(2)	SOUND OF BREAD..... Bread (WEA)	12	1
3	(3)	DISCO FEVER..... Various (K-Tel)	11	1
4	(4)	GREATEST HITS — Donna Summer (GTO)	3	4
5	(5)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS — Sex Pistols (Virgin)	12	2
6	(6)	20 COUNTRY CLASSICS — Tammy Wynette (CBS)	5	5
7	(—)	ABBA THE ALBUM..... Abba (Epic)	1	7
8	(9)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE — Rod Stewart (Riva)	11	2
9	(8)	GREATEST HITS VOL 2 — Elton John (DJM)	14	8
9	(10)	OUT OF THE BLUE — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	12	5
11	(13)	30 GREATEST HITS — Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel)	11	3
12	(15)	MOONFLOWER..... Santana (CBS)	11	6
13	(26)	THE BEATLES LOVE SONGS — Beatles (Parlophone)	2	13
14	(7)	FEELINGS..... Various (K-Tel)	11	3
15	(14)	NEWS OF THE WORLD..... Queen (EMI)	10	4
16	(18)	ARRIVAL..... Abba (Epic)	54	1
17	(17)	EXODUS — Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	22	9
18	(21)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD — Status Quo (Vertigo)	10	4
19	(12)	GREATEST HITS, etc — Paul Simon (CBS)	7	6
20	(11)	20 GOLDEN GREATS..... Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)	20	1
21	(15)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS.. Abba (Epic)	82	1
22	(22)	DEREK & CLIVE: COME AGAIN — Peter Cook & Dudley Moore (Virgin)	5	13
23	(20)	GET STONED Rolling Stones (Arcade)	10	10
24	(—)	I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT..... Neil Diamond (CBS)	1	24
25	(—)	GREATEST HITS — Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	1	25
26	(24)	ALL 'N' ALL..... Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	2	24
27	(—)	THE JOHNNY NASH COLLECTION — Johnny Nash (Epic)	1	27
28	(28)	40 GOLDEN GREATS — Cliff Richard (EMI)	14	2
29	(—)	DON JUAN'S RECKLESS DAUGHTER — Joni Mitchell (Asylum)	1	29
30	(—)	RUNNING ON EMPTY — Jackson Browne (Asylum)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
STAR WARS — Original Soundtrack (Pye); FLORAL DANCE — Brighouse and Rastrick Band (Logo); LIVE — Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers (Beserkley); SLOWHAND — Eric Clapton — (R.S.O.).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending January 28, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	SHORT PEOPLE	Randy Newman
2	(1)	BABY COME BACK	Player
3	(3)	WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS	Queen
4	(14)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees
5	(4)	YOU'RE IN MY HEART	Rod Stewart
6	(8)	JUST THE WAY YOU ARE	Billy Joel
7	(7)	HERE YOU COME AGAIN	Dolly Parton
8	(5)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE	Bee Gees
9	(10)	DESIREE	Neil Diamond
10	(13)	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH	Dan Hill
11	(12)	DANCE, DANCE, DANCE	Chic
12	(11)	TURN TO STONE	Electric Light Orchestra
13	(19)	EMOTION	Samantha Sang
14	(18)	(LOVE IS) THICKER THAN WATER	Andy Gibb
15	(6)	SLIP SLIDIN' AWAY	Paul Simon
16	(9)	COME SAIL AWAY	Styx
17	(21)	DON'T LET ME BE MISUNDERSTOOD	Santa Esmeralda/Leroy Gomez
18	(22)	SERPENTINE FIRE	Earth, Wind & Fire
19	(16)	(EVERY TIME I TURN AROUND) BACK IN LOVE AGAIN	L.T.D.
20	(15)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Debby Boone
21	(26)	WHAT'S YOUR NAME	Lynyrd Skynyrd
22	(17)	YOU CAN'T TURN ME OFF (IN THE MIDDLE OF TURNING ME ON)	High Inergy
23	(29)	PEG	Steely Dan
24	(25)	NATIVE NEW YORKER	Odyssey
25	(—)	I GO CRAZY	Paul Davis
26	(30)	LOVELY DAY	Bill Withers
27	(27)	HEY DEANIE	Shaun Cassidy
28	(—)	FFUN	Con Funk Shun
29	(23)	BLUE BAYOU	Linda Ronstadt
30	(—)	I LOVE YOU	Donna Summer

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending January 28, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees
2	(2)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
3	(4)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen
4	(3)	FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart
5	(6)	BORN LATE	Shaun Cassidy
6	(7)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth Wind & Fire
7	(8)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Rondstadt
8	(11)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
9	(9)	ALIVE II	Kiss
10	(12)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
11	(13)	DRAW THE LINE	Aerosmith
12	(15)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra
13	(16)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx
14	(10)	I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT	Neil Diamond
15	(15)	AJA	Steely Dan
16	(18)	THE STORY OF STAR WARS	
17	(19)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas
18	(20)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
19	(14)	DOWN TWO THEN LEFT	Boz Scaggs
20	(29)	CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND	Original Motion Picture Soundtrack
21	(17)	SHAUN CASSIDY	Shaun Cassidy
22	(26)	HERE YOU COME AGAIN	Dolly Parton
23	(23)	DON JUAN'S RECKLESS DAUGHTER	Joni Mitchell
24	(24)	STREET SURVIVORS	Lynyrd Skynyrd
25	(22)	GREATEST HITS, ETC	Paul Simon
26	(28)	GALAXY	War
27	(25)	FRENCH KISS	Bob Welch
28	(21)	LIVE!	The Commodores
29	(30)	LITTLE CRIMINALS	Randy Newman
30	(27)	ELVIS IN CONCERT	Elvis Presley

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK
Edited: Derek Johnson

PISTOLS PARANOIA

Rotten admits he was sacked; Virgin confirm band has split

THE SENSATIONAL Sex Pistols bust-up last Thursday was still shrouded in mystery this week, with confused and conflicting reports for the reasons behind the big split, and the air rife with speculation about the future of the group's members.

But two points were confirmed officially on Monday. Virgin Records admitted that the Sex Pistols, in their original form, are no more. And Johnny Rotten confessed in New York that he had been booted out of the band and had not, as he stated in the first place, walked out of his own accord.

At presstime, Sid Vicious was back in London following a night spent in a New York hospital after an alleged drug overdose; Johnny Rotten had just returned home after being trapped in New York snowdrifts; and Paul Cook and Steve Jones were believed to be in Rio de Janeiro as guests of Great Train Robber, Ronald Biggs.

As reported by NME last week, there was a plan for the Pistols to fly to Rio after their U.S. tour, to headline a big concert there — with Biggs guesting in a poetry-reading spot. And this project seems to have been one of the reasons behind the group's internal flare-up with Rotten saying: "I refused to go to Brazil. It stank of a publicity stunt."

Last Friday, Virgin issued a statement saying that Cook and Jones had flown to Rio "to spend a fortnight's business holiday with Biggs." Obviously unsure of the current state of play, the statement continued: "The fact that the Pistols are now in three different corners of the world could be construed as part of their continuing attempt to subvert authority and achieve world domination. It could also be construed as splitting up."

But on Monday, Virgin was a little more forthcoming. A spokesman commented: "It's now quite definite that the Pistols are going their separate ways for the moment. But don't exlude the possibility of any permutations of the line-up in the future, though certainly they have no intention of working for the time being."

Virgin also pointed out that the Pistols are still under contract to them, both as a group and as individuals. Said the spokesman. "We have several albums still to come from them. Obviously we shall be talking to them about this commitment, but we can make no further assumptions at the present time. There will be no more Pistols releases until, and if, they ever record again — because there's nothing in the can."

JOHNNY ROTTEN

The Pistols were quoted in America as saying they had kicked out Rotten because he was too destructive and "was dragging the group down". But manager Malcolm McLaren appeared to contradict this when he said: "Johnny hasn't been living up to his name. The others in the band felt he was behaving like a constructive cissy rather than a destructive lunatic."

Rotten countered by saying he was fed up with the Pistols and never wanted to appear with them again. Claiming the split was amicable and the outcome of mutual discussions, he added: "We'd gone as far as we could go. Everyone was trying to turn us into a big band group, and I hated that."

It's still unclear exactly what brought matters to a head, but the Brazil project coupled with disillusionment over the U.S. tour were apparently contributory factors.

The band were scheduled to open a European tour in Stockholm last Friday, but their agent John Jackson of Cowbell was forced to cancel it as short notice. He said on Monday: "I've no comment to make right now. We shall have to await developments."

Sid Vicious, who was rushed to hospital after being taken unconscious off a flight from Los Angeles, was only kept in overnight — though he would probably have been detained for another 24 hours if his U.S. visa had not reached expiry date.

Sources close to the group have hinted at a recent move within the Pistols organisation, before last week's bust-up, to replace Vicious in the line-up. It's been suggested that The Damned's Captain Sensible was approached twice as possible replacement. No confirmation could be obtained as McLaren — who is now back in London — was incommunicado on Monday and his offices locked up.

But earlier in L.A., McLaren said: "We gave Johnny the axe. It cleared the air. I quit as manager and we have torn up our contracts. He was driving us mad with his ego." Later he claimed the split had been planned in advance. And Vicious added fuel to the fire by stating he never wanted anything to do with McLaren again.

So what happens now? It seems that no-one, least of all the Pistols, knows the answer to that question. There will doubtless be a pause for thought and reflection before any decisions are taken. Whether Vicious, Cook and Jones will remain together with a new singer in a re-vamped Pistols bands remains to be seen.

But it's clear that Rotten will not be with them, though he can hardly be expected to bow out of punk altogether, so presumably he'll re-emerge in some guise or another.

Meanwhile, Rotten complicated the issue on Monday night when he flew into London and declared: "The Sex Pistols haven't broken up — it's all a publicity gimmick. I'm totally amused by the whole business". But of course, this outburst was aimed deliberately at waiting national Press reporters. And the fact remains that, at this precise moment in time, the Sex Pistols do not exist.

DIANA ROSS, GLADYS KNIGHT, BARRY WHITE, CARPENTERS

U.S. stars hit London

A SPECIAL two-week season of top talent is being staged at the London Palladium during the first half of May — including appearances by Barry White, Diana Ross, Gladys Knight, Helen Reddy and the Carpenters.

Promoter Derek Block has organised the package in association with Townsend Thoresen to celebrate their Golden Jubilee, and it's being billed as "The Golden Festival Of Stars". Highlights, as far as NME readers are concerned, are:

BARRY WHITE (May 4);
DIANA ROSS (May 5 and 6);
GLADYS KNIGHT (May 7);
THE CARPENTERS (May 8 and 9);
HELEN REDDY (May 12).

Among other artists appearing during the season are Petula Clark (May 2), Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme (3) and Perry Como (May 10 and 11).

The majority of the artists concerned are flying in specially for these Palladium dates, and won't be making any other appearances in this country. It's already been announced that the Carpenters are coming in solely for their two London gigs.

BARRY WHITE

Domino double

FATS DOMINO and his band return to Britain to headline a one-off date at London Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, March 19. There will be two performances at 5.30 and 8 pm, and this will be their only appearance in this country, as they are slotting it into a free day in the middle of an extensive European tour. Promoter is John Martin for the Derek Block Agency.

SHAM 69 TOURING

SHAM 69 set out on their second nationwide tour this weekend, tied in with the release in early February of their debut Polydor album "Tell Us The Truth". This latest itinerary will be considerably longer than their "Borstal Breakout" tour in the autumn. Dates are still being finalised through into March, but the 14 gigs confirmed are:

London School of Economics (this Saturday), Newport Stowaway Club (February 1), Swansea Circles Club (2), Bristol Barton Hill Centre (3), Reading College (4), Edinburgh University (10), Dundee University (11), Manchester Rafters (16), Liverpool Eric's (17), Huddersfield Polytechnic (18), Croydon Greyhound (19), Plymouth Castaways (20), Bournemouth The Village (21) and a Rock Against Racism show at London Central Polytechnic (24).

Drones on the road

THE DRONES are going out on a lengthy tour, running through to the spring, headlining a package which also features rock poet John Cooper Clarke and The Slugs. First six confirmed dates are at Manchester UMIST (February 11), Wolverhampton Lafayette (15), Nottingham University (18), Birmingham Rebecca's (23). London School of Economics (25), and Plymouth Castaways (26).

This new commitment means that Cooper Clarke will be unable to appear from mid-February onwards with The Rich Kids, whom he is currently supporting. The Manchester based Drones have a double A-side single coming out next week on that city's Valer Records label — titles are "She's O.K." and "1984".

NEWS WAVES

THE JAM are not expected to appear in Britain again before mid-spring at the earliest, owing to recording and overseas commitments. Following their autumn headlining tour, they took a month's holiday, but are back in the studios this week recording a new single. On February 10 they leave for an eight-date tour of Holland, Belgium and France. And for March, they are lined up for a full tour of the United States, where their second album "This Is The Modern World" has just been released. British gigs are likely in May.

GENERATION X are going out on an extensive British tour in the near future. A spokesman said their date sheet is almost complete, and details will be announced "very soon". Meanwhile the band, who are currently in the studios working on their debut album, have their third Chrysalis single issued on February 10 — it's one of their most popular stage numbers, "Ready, Steady, Go".

TONE DEAF, singer with punk band The Dead, was killed last Thurdsday when he was knocked over by a hit-and-run driver in a Paris suburb. He was rushed to hospital but was found to be dead on arrival. The band, who played their last British gig at London's Roxy Club in Boxing Day, had only just arrived in France for a short tour. The other three members — Brian Smith (guitar), Nicky Walsh (bass) and Ivor Drumstick (drums) — say they don't want to split, and they are now looking for a new singer.

Chicago's Kath dies

CHICAGO guitarist and occasional singer Terry Kath was killed in a self-inflicted shooting accident on Monday. He was apparently twirling the gun at a party, unaware that it was loaded, when it suddenly went off and fatally injured him.

The incident occurred at the home of roadie Don Johnson, who said Kath had put the gun to his head to prove it was unloaded. Chicago had just finished a long U.S. tour, and the other members of the band have rushed to his home to comfort his widow and two-year-old son. He was 33.

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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

Top sidemen launch U.K.

FOUR OF THE best-known rock musicians in the business — John Wetton, Bill Bruford, Allan Holdsworth and Eddie Jobson — have come together to form a new band named U.K. They are currently at work on their first album for spring release by E.G. Records, and they'll be making their live debut by way of a British tour at about the same time.

All four musicians have been associated with some of the biggest names on the scene — Wetton with King Crimson, Family, Bryan Ferry and Uriah Heep; Bruford with Yes, Crimson and Genesis; Holdsworth with Soft Machine, Jean-Luc Ponty and Gong; and Jobson with Curved Air, Roxy Music and more recently, Frank Zappa.

The groundwork for U.K. was laid down in 1976 when Wetton and Bruford formed a brief alliance with Rick Wakeman, which never got beyond the rehearsal stage, though they both felt they wanted to continue playing together. The idea was re-kindled last year when Jobson, an old friend, arrived in London as a member of Zappa's band.

As soon as they were all free from existing commitments, they starting rehearsing as a three-piece, until it was suggested bringing in Holdsworth who had recently played on Bruford's solo album "Feels Good To Me" (just out on Polydor). So the four-piece U.K. outfit took shape, and are at present preparing for their major launch in the spring.

DAVID COVERDALE

U.K. featuring, from left to right, JOHN WETTON (bass and vocals), ALLAN HOLDSWORTH (guitars), BILL BRUFORD (drums and percussion) and EDDIE JOBSON (keyboards and violin).

—and Coverdale forms own band

DAVID COVERDALE, former Deep Purple singer, is preparing for his return to the rock scene with his own band. He's been out of action since Purple split nearly 18 months ago, but he's now formed the David Coverdale Band comprising Mick Moody and Bernie Marsden (guitars), ex-Streetwalkers drummer David Dowell and ex-Colosseum bassist Neil Murray.

They spend the first three weeks of next month rehearsing, and they open their debut tour at Nottingham Sky Bird Club on February 23. Other dates are being finalised and will be announced in a week or two. Coverdale's solo album "North Wind" is due out on the Purple label in late February, together with a single taken from it titled "Breakdown". TV and radio promotion is being set.

RECORD NEWS

● A new **Suzi Quatro** single titled "If You Can't Give Me" is set for February 24 release by Rak.

● **The Gorillas'** single "It's My Life" on Raw Records has been delayed for two weeks, due to sleeve printing problems. The first 10,000 copies are being packaged in a full colour bag.

● **Patti Smith's** long-awaited new album "Easter" and **Lou Reed's** latest LP "Street Hassle" are both scheduled for March release by Arista. By coincidence, **Bruce Springsteen** contributes to both albums — he co-wrote one of Patti's songs and he has a speaking role on one of the Reed tracks.

● Scottish new-wavers **The Jolt** are back in London putting the finishing touches to their new Polydor album. Meanwhile their latest single "I Can't Wait" is due out in a fortnight.

● Obscure Records, the label launched by Eno a few years ago, is being re-launched in February. Two of the nine original albums are reissued — "Discreet Music" by **Eno** and "Music From The Penguin Cafe" by the **Penguin Cafe Quartet** — along with a new LP by **Harold Budd** titled "The Pavilion Of Dreams". Five more reissues are due in March.

● Mid-February also sees a burst of activity from Ringo Starr's Ring O' Records. Three singles due then are "Head On Collision" by **Johnny Warman,** "My Home Town" by **Stormer** and as as-yet-untitled track by **Graham Bonnet.**

● Latest offering from the incomparable **Wreckless Eric** is a single titled "Reconnez Cherie" coupled with "Rags And Tatters", scheduled for February 3 release. It was produced by another Stiff Records stalwart, Larry Wallis.

● Although **Fleetwood Mac's** Rumours" has now been in the British charts for almost a year, and was the second best-selling album of 1977 according to the NME Chart Points Table, last week was the first time it reached the No. 1 spot in the Top Thirty.

● **Rick Danko,** vocalist and bassist with The Band, has his debut solo album issued by Arista on February 3. It bears his name as its title and includes guest appearances by Eric Clapton, Ronnie Wood and the other members of The Band. A Danko single taken from the LP, "What A Town", is out this week.

● Upcoming from Arista is a live double album by **The Outlaws** titled "Bring 'Em Back Alive". Release is not yet scheduled, but it's expected to be in March.

● **Tom Robinson Band's** controversial "Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay" is now being made available by EMI in normal single form, as the B-side of "Don't take No For An Answer". As previously reported, the two songs are included on the four-track EP "Rising Free TRB", out this weekend. But they're now also being issued separately on February 3 as an ordinary two-track single, mainly for juke-box purposes.

● "All Right Now" by **Free,** regarded as one of the top rock singles of all time, is being reissued by Island on February 3. The two tracks on the B-side are "My Brother Jake" and "Wishing Well".

Dusty's back

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD returns to the recording scene after a four-year absence with an album titled "It Begins Again", released by Mercury on February 10. It was cut in Los Angeles, her present home, and produced by Roy Thomas Baker — noted for his work with Queen and 5th Dimension, among others. Her last album was "Cameo", issued in late 1973. It's now hoped that she will boost her comeback by paying a promotional visit to Britain. A single from the album "A Love Like Yours" comes out this weekend.

● **Brighouse & Rastrick Band's** follow-up to their recent smash hit, for EMI release on February 3, is "Barwick Green" —the theme tune of the long-running BBC radio series "The Archers"!

● **Don McLean's** self-penned new single "When Love Begins" is rushed out this weekend by EMI International, to coincide with his brief British visit.

● "Messing With Your Heart" is the title of **The Depressions'** second single. Penned by bassist Dave Barnard, it's released by Barn Records on February 3.

● Latest single from **The Real Thing,** "Whenever You Want My Love", comes out tomorrow (Friday) on the Pye label.

● The **Phillip Goodhand-Tait** single "Jewel" is being reactivated by Chrysalis, because of the interest aroused by its use as background in the current series of drink-and-drive TV commercials.

● **Herman's Hermits** re-surface on February 3 with a Pye single titled "Heart, Get Ready For Love". The group no-longer includes former lynch-pin Peter Noone and the current line-up is Karl Greene, Derek Lekenby, Barry Whitham and new member Frank Renshaw.

● **Mr. Big** are currently finishing their new album with producer Ian Hunter. Titled "Sepuku Suicide", it's scheduled for April release by EMI. Sepuku is a form of Japanese ritual suicide, similar to hari-kiri!

● **Chris Spedding's** single "Silver Bullet" is out this weekend on Rak — it's taken from his album "Hurt", released last September. Spedding is currently auditioning for a new band and preparing material for his next album.

● **Little Acre** have their debut single issued this week on the Birds Nest label, distributed by Pye. The titles, both penned by the band, are "The Perfect Crime" and "Cable Car".

● **Legover,** a new band launched by singer-guitarist-writer Sean Byrne, have their debut album out on February 10 — titled "Wait Till Night Time", and it's on the Smack label, a subsidiary of Charly Records. The title track is issued as a single this week.

● Australian band **The Saints** have their latest single "Know Your Product" released by Harvest on February 3.

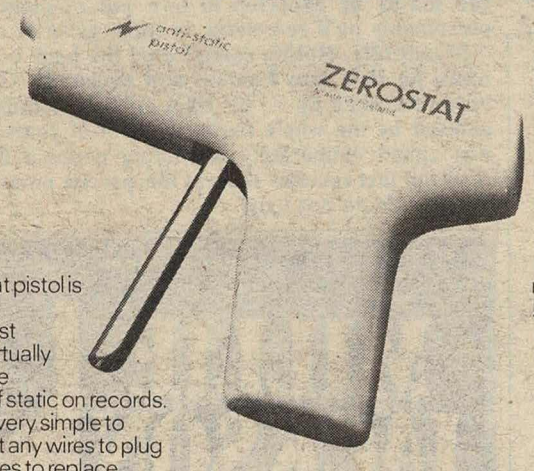
Roundhouse rock

SUNDAY ROCK concerts resume at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse this weekend with the previously-reported Talking Heads gig. The February 5 show features Split Enz and Radio Stars, while The Adverts are now confirmed for the following week (12). Promoters Straight Music have still to finalise the next bill (19), but U.S. band and Beserkley recording artists Earthquake are set for February 26. First March bookings are Blondie (5), the Albertos (12).

Zappa adds two

FRANK ZAPPA was confirmed on Monday night for another two concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon — in five weeks' time. His string of four gigs at the same venue this week have completely sold out, so promoter Frederick Bannister has now persuaded Zappa to return to London after his European tour and play extra Hammersmith shows on Tuesday and Wednesday, February 28 and March 1.

Once we'd invented the pistol, we knew you'd be looking forward to the range.



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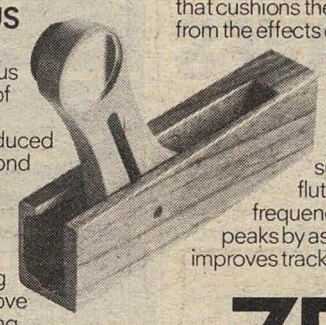

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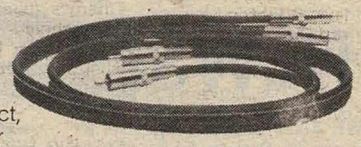

They're available in 1 and 2 metre 2 phono-to-2 phono, 1 metre DIN-to-4 phono lengths and female-to-female connector plugs. From £4.95 inc Vat

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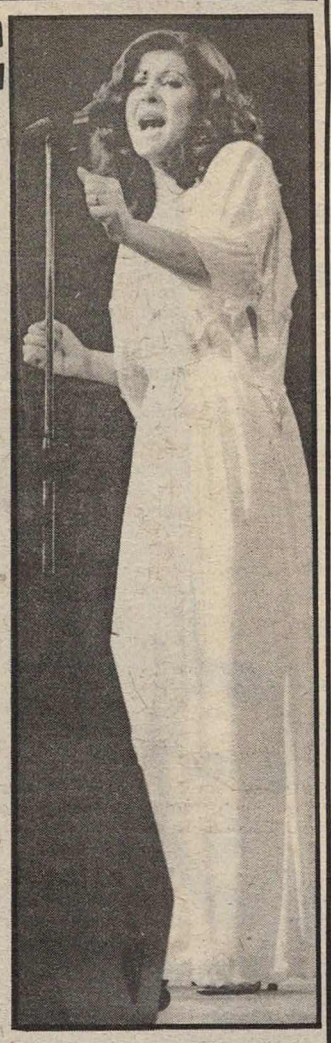
Topping week at Palladium

ELKIE NETS TOP SPOT



ELKIE BROOKS achieves a rare distinction for a British girl singer, unique in recent years, by headlining a week-long engagement at the celebrated London Palladium in the spring. She tops the bill at what is arguably the world's most famous theatre from May 15 to 20 inclusive, and she'll be backed by her regular band plus a string section.

The Palladium season will be the climax of a full British concert tour by Elkie, currently being set up by promoter Andrew Miller, who expects to announce details of all the provincial dates in a week or two. Meanwhile her new single "Lilac Wine", the follow-up to "Sunshine After The Rain", is released by A & M this week.

T. DREAM IN MARCH

TANGERINE DREAM tour Britain in March with their new line-up, consisting of founder members Edgar Froese and Chris Franke, plus two newcomers — Steve Jolliffe (vocals, sax, flute and keyboards), who was in the original Dream a decade ago, and Berlin drummer Claus Crieger. Peter Baumann has now left the band.

They were confirmed on Monday for a major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on March 20 (tickets on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50), and six provincial dates will be announced next week. On tour with Dream will be Laserium, who are currently in Los Angeles developing "the largest and most original light show ever put on the road".

Dream have just finished work in Berlin on their new album, and it will be released to coincide with the tour, which is promoted by Adrian Hopkins.

HARPER GIGS

ROY HARPER, currently doing a string of radio and TV appearances in Germany, headlines a short British tour starting in the middle of next month. This time he won't be using his Black Sheep band — there'll be just himself and guitarist Andy Roberts on stage. Dates are Coventry Warwick University (February 16), Guildford Surrey University (17), Nottingham University (18), Dundee University (24), Fife St. Andrew's University (25), Birmingham Town Hall (26), Reading University (March 3) and London School of Economics (4). Harper's album which he recorded with Black Sheep, titled "Commercial Break", is at present being re-mixed for March release by Harvest.

BRITISH TOUR IN MAY

Sabbath get Ozzie back

IN A SUDDEN surprise move last weekend, Ozzie Osbourne rejoined Black Sabbath as lead singer. He left the group in mid-autumn, after months of speculation, in order to pursue a solo career. And the reunion comes about because his replacement in the line-up, Dave Walker, didn't work out.

A Sabbath spokesman commented: "Dave's departure was a mutual decision. He realised that he just didn't blend with the band, and he's now gone back to the States, where he was working before the Sabbath vacancy cropped up."

Osbourne had been toying with going solo for a couple of years, but he had second thoughts almost as soon as he finally took the plunge. "It was like getting a divorce", he said. So he readily grasped the opportunity to return as soon as it arose.

He spent the last few days in intensive rehearsals with the band, learning the songs for their new album "Never Say Die", which they start recording in Toronto next week. It's scheduled for release in May, and Sabbath will be headlining a major British tour at the same time.

UPCOMING TOURS

FATBACK BAND, announced last week for a London concert on April 7 at the new Roxy Theatre in Harlesden, will also be doing provincial gigs during their visit. Their tour itinerary covers the period March 29-April 9, and dates are expected to be released next week.

JOHN MILES, who played a short series of selected concerts just before Christmas, is going out on a more extensive tour in March. First confirmed date is at Sheffield University on March 11.

JOHN OTWAY AND WILD WILLY BARRETT are reuniting for an extensive tour, starting on February 12 and running through March. This follows Otway's solo tour in the autumn, while Barrett was concentrating on writing and production.

CLIMAX BLUES BAND undertake one of their rare British outings in March, playing both concert and college dates. Details follow shortly.

PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT will be special guest on Chris De Burgh's concert tour which, as reported last week, opens on February 8.

DAVID SOUL is expected in Britain in late March to coincide with the premiere of his new film "Stick Up", which he made in this country last year. He'll be doing a few selected concerts during his visit, but no details are yet available.

RICH KIDS ADD MORE

THE RICH KIDS have added another seven dates to their tour itinerary, reported last week. They are at London College of Printing (February 1), Liverpool Eric's (4), Newcastle Mayfair (24), Redcar Coatham Bowl (25), Sheffield Top Rank (26), Doncaster Outlook (27), and Leicester Tiffany's (28). There are also three venue changes in their schedule — on January 30 they play Halesowen Tiffany's instead of High Wycombe Town Hall; they visit Wakefield Unity Hall on February 2 instead of Leeds Ace of Clubs; and they're at Bournemouth Village on February 6 instead of Exeter University.

Sad Cafe: big dates

MANCHESTER BAND Sad Cafe hit the big-time next month, when they start their most important tour to date — including a headlining concert at London Victoria Palace on Sunday, February 26 (tickets on sale now priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50).

Other tour dates are Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (February 17), Glasgow University (18), Chelmsford Chelmer Institute (24), Keele University (March 1), Scarborough Penthouse (3), Birmingham Barbarella's (4), Preston Guildhall (5), Bradford University (8), Winsford Civic Hall (9), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (10), Liverpool Empire (11), Bristol Polytechnic (18) and Hull Tiffany's (20).

ON THE ROAD

GONZALEZ, who have just finished recording their third album with producer Gloria Jones, are to support Millie Jackson in her four British concerts this weekend (see Gig Guide, page 37, for details) . . . **JOANNA CARLIN** and her band support Don McLean in his two concerts at **Stratford-upon-Avon** (this Saturday) and the **London** Palladium (Sunday).

BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS' projected concert at **Sheffield** City Hall on February 6 has been cancelled. But their other three dates — at **Manchester** (3), **London** (5) and **Preston** (9) — go ahead as planned.

JUNE TABOR — who, as reported three weeks ago, goes on the road next month with her new backing band — has added a **London** date to her itinerary. It's at the School of Economics on Thursday, February 16.

TRAPEZE have switched their gig at **Plymouth** Polytechnic from this Saturday to February 18, and have added another four dates next month — at **Nottingham** Skybird Club (2), **Newport** Village Club (10), **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (11) and **London Fulham** Greyhound (12).

THE ENID appear at **Bedford** Cranfield College (tomorrow, Friday), **London Woolwich** Thames Polytechnic (Saturday), **Weybridge** College of Food (February 3), **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (4), **London Ealing** Technical College (9), **London** Middlesex Hospital (24), **Kingston** Polytechnic (25), **Swansea** Nutz Club (March 9), **Colwyn Bay** Dixieland Showbar (10) and **Scarborough** Penthouse (17). This completes their winter tour itinerary, apart from a major **London** concert in mid-February, which is still being finalised.

RAINBOW THEATRE in London is resuming gigs in its Upstairs Foyer. Under the banner of "Upstairs At The Rainbow", they will be presented every Wednesay and Saturday through February. So far confirmed are **Deaf School** (1), **Cado Belle** (4), **Supercharge** (8), and **Squeeze** (11). Tickets can be bought in advance at the box-office, priced £1.50.

BRISTOL GRANARY begins a regular Wednesday new-wave night next week. First confirmed bookings are **Wire** (February 1), **The Rich Kids** (8) and **Tyla Gang** (15). The series is being introduced because the Bamboo Club, previously the city's only new-wave venue, was destroyed by fire just before Christmas.

DEAF SCHOOL go on the road this weekend to promote their new album "English Boys And Working Girls", released by Warners on February 17. They play **Maistone** Art College (tomorrow, Friday), **St. Albans** City Hall (Saturday), **Sheffield** Top Rank (Sunday), **Liverpool** University (January 30), **Scunthorpe** Tiffany's (31), **London** Upstairs at the Rainbow (February 1), **Coventry** Warwick University (2), **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (3), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (4), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (6), **Leicester** Polytechnic (8), **Oxford** Polytechnic (9), **Retford** Porterhouse (10), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (11), **Leeds** Polytechnic (14), **Blackburn** King George's Hall (15), **Stoke** North Staffs Polytechnic (16), **Hull** College (17), **Loughborough** University (18), **Cardiff** Top Rank (21), **Plymouth** Castaways (22), **Barnstaple** Chequers Club (23), **Uxbridge** Brunel University (24), **Colchester** Essex University (25), **Newcastle** Polytechnic (March 3) and **Wolverhampton** Polytechnic (4).

STEFAN GROSSMAN & JOHN RENBOURN are going on a world tour together, tied in with the March release of their duet album on Kicking Mule Records. They return in June for the **Norwich** Folk Festival, and their travels climax the following month with an appearance in the annual **Cambeidge** Folk Festival.

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS support The Talking Heads at **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse this Sunday (January 29), then have gigs in their own right at **Doncaster** Outlook (February 2), **Brighton** New Regent (3), **London Kensington** Nashville (6), **London Camden** Dingwalls (8), **Sheffield** University (11), **London** Upstairs at the Rainbow (15), **Manchester Wythenshawe** Forum Hall (16) and **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (19).

TONIGHT have added more dates to their current tour, which aids promotion of their debut single "Drummer Man" on the TDS label. They play **Bristol** Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), **Crawley** College (Friday), **Brighton** New Regent (Saturday), **Chelmsford** Chancellor Hall (February 5), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (8), **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (9), **Harrogate** P.G.s (10), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (11), **London** Marquee (15), **Wellington** Town House (16) and **Retford** Porterhouse (17).

THE BOTHY BAND, who begin a short British tour this weekend, have now added a major **London** concert at the tail end of their itinerary. It's at the Rainbow Theatre on Friday, February 10.

THE DEPRESSIONS have February gigs at **London Camden** Music Machine (1), **London Covent Garden** Roxy Club (2), **Cambridge** Corn Exchange (3), **London Hammersmith** Red Cow (5), **Manchester** Polytechnic (11), **Newbridge** Club abd Institute (12), **Swindon** The Affair (13), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (17) and **Norwich** Keswick Club (25). More are being set.

FABULOUS POODLES play a one-off gig at **London Camden** Music Machine on Friday, February 3, prior to going into the studios to start work in a new album and single, They also appear in BBC-2's "Olde Grey Whistle Test" next Tuesday (31).

THE STRAWBS have now confirmed their major **London** concert which climaxes their British tour, opening in **Liverpool** on February 22 — it's at the Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, March 12.

DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG go on the road again this week with dates at **Birkenhead** Mr. Digy's (tonight, Thursday), **Stoke** North Staffs Polytechnic (Friday), **Wigan** Casino (Saturday), **Newbridge** Memorial Hall (Sunday), **Port Talbot** Troubadour (January 31), **Bradford** University (February 1), **Dundee** Technical College (3), **Glasgow** Queen Margaret Union (4), **Liverpool** Eric's (5), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (6), **Coventry** Lanchester Polytechnic (7), **Brighton** Sussex University (10) and **London Kensington** Nashville (12).

YACHTS visit **Barrow** Maxim's (tonight, Thursday), **Ormskirk** Edgehill College (Friday), **Durham** University (Saturday), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (January 30), **Stafford** North Staffs Polytechnic (February 3), **Huddersfield** (Polytechnic (4), **Hull** Tiffany's (6), **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (8), **Newcastle** Polytechnic (10) and **Middlesbrough** Teesside Polytechnic (11)..

TALKING HEADS have now re-arranged their show at **Leeds** University for Monday, February 6. This was necessary because their concert at **London** Roundhouse was brought forward to this Sunday (29), which was the original Leeds date.

THE BOYS, currently playing dates on the Continent, begin a six-week British tour early next month. First confirmed gigs are at **Gt. Yarmouth** Star & Garter (February 8), **Brighton** New Regent (10), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (11), **Doncaster** Outlook (13), **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (16), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (17), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (19), **Blackpool** Jenkinson's Bar (20), **Keighley** Nikkers Club (21), **Manchester** Rafters (23), **Liverpool** Eric's (25) and **London** Marquee (27). March dates will be announced shortly. The band have just finished mixing their second album, for release by Nems Records in March. It's preceded on February 10 by a new single titled "Brickfield Nights".

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26	DONCASTER	Outlook Club
27	DUNDEE	Technical College
28	GLASGOW	Queen Margaret Union
30	STAFFORD	Top of the World
31	CARDIFF	Top Rank
FEBRUARY		
1	SHEFFIELD	Polytechnic
2	LEEDS	Polytechnic
3	EDINBURGH	University
4	NEWCASTLE	University
6	PLYMOUTH	The Fiesta
7	BRISTOL	Locarno
8	READING	Bryan's
9	BARNSTAPLE	Chequers
10	NOTTINGHAM	University
11	LIVERPOOL	Eric's
15	BRADFORD	University
16	MANCHESTER	Middleton Town Hall
17	PRESTON	Polytechnic
18	BIRMINGHAM	Barbarellas
19	GWENT	Memorial Hall, Newbridge
20	CHELTENHAM	Town Hall
22	**LONDON**	**Lyceum**

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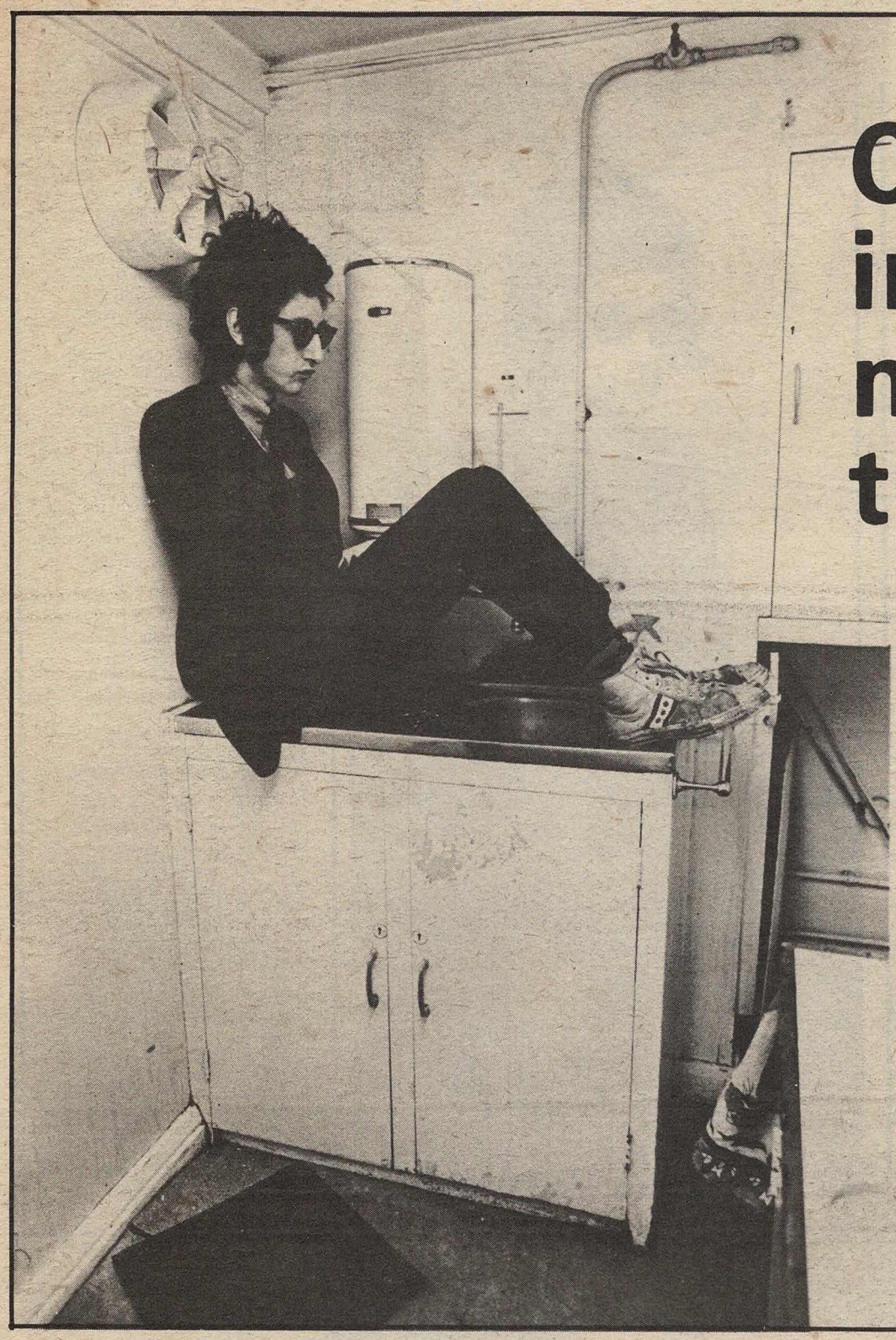


Cooper Clarke's in the kitchen, mixin' up the medicine ...

(WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. BOB DYLAN)

Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES

. . . the NME office kitchen to be precise, where Mancunian New Wave poet JOHN COOPER CLARKE stopped by en route to CBS to discuss (are you ready?) a five-figure contract. These are strange days we are living in, decides our own STEVE CLARKE-CLARKE.

YOU MAY have noticed already that John Cooper Clarke looks like Dylan circa 1965 — the shades (National Health jobs sprayed with the stuff used for tinting taxi windows), the carefully teased hair — though you'd never catch The Zim with a coke spoon dangling from his left ear-lobe, or, come to that, with a three-piece pin stripe complete with tab collar and carefully adjusted tie.

And the accent is a dead give-away. He sounds more like Coronation Street's Albert Tatlock than 'owt else', although it's doubtful whether The Street's elder statesman would muse on the psychedelic qualities of a plastic carrier-bag he'd picked up on the journey from Manchester to London.

John Cooper Clarke is a poet who, like Tom Robinson and Ian Dury, has been around for some time but has only started to come into his own since the advent of the New Wave.

He'll still do a turn at his local, but these days most of his work is confined to punk gigs.

It's also highly unlikely that Clarke would be in town to iron over the creases in a five-figure contract with CBS were it not for the events of the last 18 months. And the fact that Clarke should be entertained by CBS (of all record companies) is proof enough of his so far largely un-tried commerciality; his only record release, "Innocents EP", put out by Manchester's punk specialist label

Rabid Records, has sold 7.000 — although outside Manchester the name Cooper Clarke is likely to draw a blank.

Moreover, it says a lot for the current state of Old Blighty's youth culture that a poet, and a 28-year-old one at that, should be adopted by 'a movement' suposedly narrow-minded and intolerant.

True, the nervous Clarke was greeted with a hail of abuse when he opened for Manchester's best known New Wavers Buzzcocks at London's Vortex last year ("I think possibly they were a very chauvinistic audience," he opines with Northern phlegm). And he's not entirely without sympathy for a member of the audience who had a go at him for being "intellectual".

"It's probably a very good thing to maintain a mistrust of intellectuals. You can hear intellectuals all the time condoning some of the worse barbarities."

But in his home town audiences have been known to dance to his readings, despite the complete lack of any musical back-up. On "Innocents EP" he's accompanied by his occasional band, The Curious Yellows, who produce Kraftwerk-like noises behind Clarke's dead-pan Mancunian chant; if they sign him CBS want to make his recordings more musical and present him live in a more orthodox way.

Images of All Things Late 20th Century bombard the consciousness as Clarke presents alternatively funny, sordid, and pessimistic pictures of Life In The UK post-1945.

If anything, the poems on the EP are too thick with imagery. This is especially so on the magnum opus, the two-part "Psycle Sluts", a pun on the Los Angeles sub-Tubes weird sex revue *Cycle Sluts*, though Clarke, not only hideously long-sighted but the victim of an exceedingly poor memory, is convinced that *Cycle Sluts* is a pornographic movie.

Whether in "Psycle Sluts" he is sending up self-conscious intellectuals *("Twin wheeled existentialists steeped in a sterile excrement of a doomed democracy / Whose post-Nieztchian sensibilities rejects the bovine gregariousness of a senile oligarchy")* he isn't telling — "It's just the taste that those kind of subjects leave behind. If you see what I mean ..."

Weeelll.

Hands shaking at the ordeal of it all, he continues: "It's not pointing the finger at anything definitely. It's hopefully hitting more than one target at a time."

Such as?

"I don't want to put a meaning onto it."

Clarke refuses to specify what, if any, themes dominate his writing, merely saying that anything evocative enough for him to remember stands a good chance of summoning up the Cooper Clarke muse.

That his writing is a reflection of Life As We Know It from a stance that a pop or rock (as you wish) fan can relate to is clear from titles like "You Never See A Nipple In The Daily Express", "Kung Fu International", "Majorca" and "Gimmicks", a poem which he hopes will be his next single.

"Gimmicks" is devoid of the excessive imagery of "Psycle Sluts", though every bit as relevant — perhaps more so — to these modern times, with amusing ironic lines like *"Since the balmy days of the hoola hoop craze / to the skate board panic of today / experts say that gimmicks are a phase / but I believe they are here to stay."* And inspired ones like: *"I'm one of the Pepsi generation going places fast / on a two day expenses paid vacation where nothing / is built to last"* or *"What's going on behind the green door / is it the watutsi or is it the bop / the condition of admission is a haircut / a Tony Curtis or a crop"*.

So what does he have in common with those New Wave Apostles Les Pistols?

"Well, class. He's a Catholic too, isn't he?"

Don't let the apparently double-barrelled name fool you, John Cooper Clarke's working class credentials are impeccable. Cooper is in fact his middle name, adopted to avoid confusion with another poet called John Clarke gigging the same circuit.

His father, an engineer, recently died of a form of cancer caused by asbestos poisoning. The firm he worked for is currently under-going investigation.

John still lives where he was born, Manchester's largely insalubrious Salford area, renowned for its high incidence of bronchial ailments. Clarke himself had a nasty bout of TB when he was a kid.

No doubt because of this, outdoor activities have always been anathema to him, and he spent his childhood reading anything he could lay his hands on (surprisingly, he isn't over-familiar with the American beat writers), listening to the radio, undeterred by Radio Luxembourg's built-in deterrent, its static (he does a

■ *Continues over page*

John Cooper Clarke

■ *From previous page*

great impression), going to the cinema, and "manufacturing phlegm".

He was in his last year at the local Secondary Modern Catholic School when he wrote his first poem — at any rate, what he remembers as his first poem. The previous Sunday the parish priest had farted mid-service. Finding the incident something of a chuckle, he wrote a poem about it — "My mates didn't believe it happened, but they laughed."

He still wants audiences to laugh at his material, but also for it to leave something with them afterwards. "I don't want it to be family entertainment and all that implies." (One A&R man has described Cooper Clarke as a New Wave George Formby.)

Leaving school at 15, he had a succession of jobs: apprentice motor mechanic, window cleaner, fire-watcher at the docks ("I got more then than the firemen get now"), culminating in a two-year stint as a lab technician ("It sounds very technical, but all I did was hand out chisels") at Salford Tech. He jacked that in last year because of the upswing in his popularity.

He'd played bass in obscure psychedelic bands in the late 60s, but, like so many others involved in the New Wave, had become bored with the state of rock in the mid-70s.

"Before the New Wave there was just nostalgia. Like glitter-rock. Very Sophie Tucker. I like Gary Glitter. Me mate's daughter loves him."

Understandably he's big on Dylan, "Highway 61 Revisited" being the first album he ever bought. He doesn't deny or confirm any attempts to consciously look like Dylan when he says, "He's a handsome fella, isn't he? I used to have a Salvador Dali moustache."

As for Dylan influencing his writing, he says, "As he says, 'Open your eyes and your ears and you're influenced.' "

Other favourites are Beefheart, some Zappa, The Velvet Underground and reggae. He mentions The Wailers and I Roy. And a current hit with Cooper Clarke is Ian Dury.

His first exposure to the New Wave was a gig the Pistols played with Buzzcocks and Slaughter And The Dogs at Manchester's Lesser Free Trade Hall in '76. By no means a regular gig-goer, he was motivated by having read a piece on the Pistols in a college rag. Rotten reminded him of Johnny Ray.

Cooper Clarke's view of the New Wave is refreshing. "It's the nearest thing that there's ever been," he says, "to the working classes going into areas like surrealism and Dada. Until now they've been the domain of the middle classes.

"You can look at things like Dada and surrealism and reject it for being a middle-class phenomenon. I think people in the New Wave have done the smart thing and walked into those areas. Now you've got a kind of working class vision of things.

"I don't think I've ever seen a punk rock group that didn't have something very imaginative about it. It's not being a traitor to your class to go into those areas. It only widens your perspective.

"I think the New Wave has revived an interest in words. Initially, because you couldn't hear them. You're always interested to find out words you can't hear. You get odd words jumping out of the mish-mash. If those odd words that jump out are potent, it gives you the impetus to find out what the rest of them are.

"I like punk rock because it allows the softness to come through. It's not like hard-rock — throwing somebody's crutch in your face. They're human beings singing about being human beings.

"Any new wave in anything throws a few more possibilities in. It's stupid to say that people who don't act like rapists can't play rock 'n' roll. Where it wasn't somewhere else — decadent, limp-wristed, wishy-washy or self-indulgent — the trend in the early '70s was towards things brutish and moronic.

"Now you've got all facets of a particular performer's personality being articulated one way or another. Buzzcocks get romantic, for fuck's sake. But never for too long. I like that. Anything that gives you room to move and which is anti-stupidity is great.

"The Pistols put you in a context where it's possible to understand more. I mean, it's probably a cliche now, but words like fascist and fascism jumped out. Things like that just weren't in pop songs. 'I don't know about politics but I'm a rock 'n' roll star'. I hate that kind of stupidity."

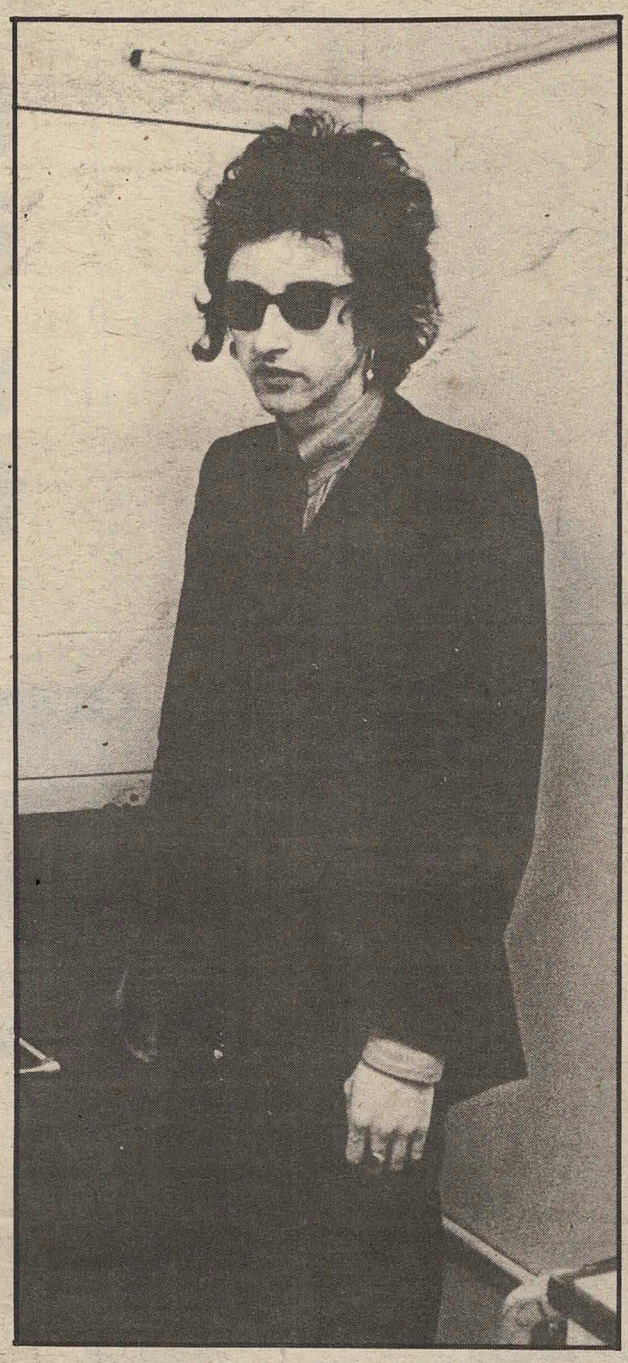
But surely Rotten never comes out and lays anything on the line?

"No. No. But that's propagandist and then it would become left-field in no time, appealing to the few who don't need telling anyway."

Surely the way Vicious handles himself is stupid?

"He's an incongruity. You have one geezer acting one way and another geezer telling him how stupid it is to act that way. I mean, everybody has stupid mates. It's better than David Soul, isn't it!"

Cooper Clarke thinks the New Wave has benefitted him because for the first time in



ages imagination is being encouraged. He doesn't find any punks resenting him because of his age? "Age has got nothing to do with anything. It's a complete accident.

"It's really stupid to hold store by age. I think that everybody who was born after the War has something in common. I think possibly there's a generation gap before that.

"I'm not going to turn round to a 14 year-old and tell him I had it tough, because they've had it tough as well. Anybody born after the last war who gets into an argument with a fella over the age of 50 invariably gets that one thrown at him, about how he had to fight for you. If they had any sense they'd realise they were fighting the Nazis to defend themselves not to defend people who hadn't even been thought of."

But there is the punk credo which states that once you're over 23 you've had it? "Well, a lot of people are bankrupt by then. Bob Dylan went down the nick for a bit, didn't he? The cowboy songs..."

So how does he want people to see him?

"People see me in very different lights. Some people see me as leftfield — you know, willfully obscure. I don't like going down well in that area. I like hearing myself on the radio. Watching myself on the tele. *Top Of The Pops* doesn't stick in my throat.

"I'd like the leftfield to see it as great pop." How about 'New Wave Poet'? "That sounds okay. I suppose it's quite logical people should call me that seeing as most of me gigs are at New Wave clubs. I'd like to see the personalities involved in the New Wave become more diverse.

"I try to talk in tune. I guess that's what I do — talk in tune."

GALLAGHER & LYLE

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Edited by PHIL McNEILL and KATE PHILLIPS

THRILLS

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

Frankly, we haven't got the slightest idea — though we do have news from the horses' mouths of possible futures for Messrs Rotten and Vicious, and their own versions of how the whole saga came to pass in the first place.

JOHNNY ROTTEN WAS SITTING ALONE in the Miyako Hotel restaurant in the Japanese Centre of San Francisco on January 18. The Sex Pistols had been in the USA for 16 days, and they'd already been banned by American Airlines, the Holiday Inn chain and the Finnish Government. Sid Vicious was in hospital, a trip to see Ronnie Biggs was imminent — and the band were breaking up.

While Rotten ate, Paul Cook and Steve Jones emerged from the elevator into the restaurant to join him. They appeared tense. Awkwardly, they revealed their plans to leave the band, and that Malcolm McLaren was leaving also. Shaken, Rotten headed for the elevator and for room 1004.

Seated on one of the beds, McLaren told Rotten that The Sex Pistols had become unmanageable and that he — Rotten — had been deliberately keeping incommunicado to avoid going to Rio. He also accused Rotten of not acting weird enough — being "tame", no less — at a Bill Graham promoted gig in front of 5,500 people in San Francisco.

Also, McLaren said Rotten hadn't been getting along with Steve Jones and that they hadn't been writing songs together. It was pointless to continue with Rotten refusing to go along with ideas like the Rio trip. McLaren wasn't interested in working with a band not willing to take chances, and if Steve and Paul wanted out, then "that's it — we're calling it a day."

Rotten denies hiding out to avoid going to Rio, and says that it was simply a McLaren stunt, adding that it would've been too long a flight to the next show, scheduled for two days hence in Stockholm.

"If Steve and Paul had called me," he said, "I would have gone."

With regard to Rotten and Jones not writing, Rotten told McLaren that he and Jones had, in fact, worked on a song called "Sod In Heaven" during a soundcheck in Dallas. He then left 1004 for his own room down the hall.

The party then went their separate ways. Malcolm McLaren and Rory of Glitterbest set off for Los Angeles, while Boogie (the Pistols' tour manager and sound man) and Malcolm's secretary Sophie Richmond took off to visit Sid Vicious in hospital in nearby Sausalito outside San Francisco.

Rotten flew to New York and arrived during the blizzard which paralysed the city. *(Don't be modest, Joe — tell 'em he stayed at your gaff. Everyone else seems to know. — Ed.)*

During the following five days, he sat in on drums at The Erasers' loft, went to CBGB to see them play, had a few drinks at Max's Kansas City, bought a beret, and was offered money by girls who'd heard he was skint. As soon as the news of the split reached Warner Bros, the Pistols' American record company, they stopped returning his calls — which had been mainly requests for aid with his cash-flow problem.

He also went disco-ing, and while he was demonstrating his unique Quasimodo/Groucho dance style, a fascinated woman approached him and spoke enticingly of another disco, but when they got there she couldn't get him in.

Rotten seemed itchy to get back on stage, and spoke enthusiastically about getting a new band together, possibly with a reggae emphasis.

After an extensive tour of Harlem and El Barrio (the Puerto Rican area), Rotten caught a flight back to London on Monday.

JOE STEVENS

THRILLS

SID VICIOUS IS OUT OF HOSPITAL and back in London, looking considerably healthier than he's seemed for a looooooong time.

According to the (formerly) Wonderfully Wasted One, the decision to break the band up came during a conversation between him and Big Malc in a car headed for the airport where the ill-fated Rio trip was due to begin.

Sid was whining and bitching about how he didn't want to go to Rio and was sick of the whole thing and wanted out. According to Sid, Malcolm replied: "Maybe I don't want anything to do with it any more either."

They discussed Rotten, who Sid said was becoming something of a "prima donna", and in fact compared him to Robert Plant.

"Let's turn the car around and go back," Sid suggested to Malcolm, and they returned to the hotel, where the events detailed in Joey's report took place.

(Sid's now-famous overdose took place later in the Haight-Ashbury pad of a leading local punkette, but it was entirely unconnected with the break-up of the band.)

Sid's now looking forward to forming another band, possibly under the name of The Flowers Of Romance. Meanwhile, McLaren has apparently told Virgin Records that the Pistols were "not playing together for a while", though in the light of statements made previously by McLaren and the rest of the cast, your guess as to what this means is as good as ours.

CHALKIE DAVIES
CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

THRILLS

"Once a haberdasher always a haberdasher. Malcolm decided to shut up shop." — Joe Stevens.

"Rock'n'roll is dead". — A distraught looking Malcolm McLaren, Los Angeles, 18.1.78.

"I didn't leave the band. The band left me. No comment on the reasons why. This is not the death of punk rock, it's the demise of one band of many. It stopped the rise of the Rolling Stones of the '80s ever happening." — Johnny Rotten, New York, 22.1.78.

"We're real relieved that he's gone." — New York hospital spokesman.

JIMMY CARTER OILS THE WHEELS OF THE ROCK MACHINE

(An everyday story of Southern country co-operation by DICK TRACY)

SO DID JIMMY CARTER really intervene on The Sex Pistols' behalf when their recent Americam tour was threatened by the U.S. immigration authorities? Or is it just another fanciful rumour concocted out of media hyperbole?

Certainly, *NME* News Editor Derek Johnson — who spoke to U.S. immigration people in London, Washington and New York — is convinced that the final decision to let the Pistols into America *did* come from someone in Carter's entourage, (which happened to be in Warsaw, half way through the President's world tour, when the Pistols saga took place.)

On the other hand, Warner Brothers sources in New York (WB being the band's U.S. label) suggest that their legal eagle Ted Jaffe had flown to Washington to deal with the case completely confident that success would be a formality; after all, he had handled similar, far more difficult cases in the past for The Rolling Stones.

Nevertheless, the very fact that the rumour surfaced at all shows that a lot of people believe that there are now strong lines of communication between the music business establishment and Jimmy Carter's regime.

Significantly, one of the most powerful image shots any photographer has ever taken of Jimmy Carter, embodying all the down-home. righteous southern grit and morale of the peanut farmer turned President, was the one by Annie Liebovitz which was featured in her recent *Rolling Stone* portfolio for the 10th anniversary issue.

All along, Carter, more than any other President in the past, has made significant and determined efforts to woo the youth vote.

The rockbiz connection began in Carter's home state, Georgia, when a young record company boss from Macon and the then governor of the state became good friends.

Phil Walden, Otis Redding's ex-manager, was running Capricorn Records, an outfit he'd started in 1969. Walden's first contact with the future President came when he urged Governor Jimmy Carter to support a law banning tape and record piracy in the state. As a result of Carter's influence, the law was duly passed, and the two men became increasingly friendly.

Enter the third member of this trinity — Joe Smith, an ex-football player from Yale, who entered the music business as a DJ and then became a record executive. In the '60s, as president of Warner Brothers Records, he had worked closely with chairman Mo Ostin and signed The Fugs, Tiny Tim and The Mothers of Invention to Reprise.

Smith was the man who arranged Capricorn Records' lucrative distribution deal with Warner Brothers. The creative tension between Smith and Walden was hot, and business began to boom for Capricorn — earning Walden a nest egg of some $5 million in the process.

Then Jimmy Carter announced his intention of running for President, and the relationship between these three men became edged with political ambition.

In an article entitled *Rock and Politics* which appeared in *Rolling Stone* in September 1976, writers Dave Marsh and Jo Klein fingered the main reasons why Carter was keen to woo the music business.

"Business leaders of the music industry, perhaps encouraged by the fact that there were no big issues and therefore few opportunities for controversy, did almost all the benefit organising in 1976. And since rock music has come into the American mainstream, the politicians could associate more freely with the performers than ever before, wooing the youth vote while raking in cash.

"Because of the new campaign laws, the music industry became the only place politicians could go to get a lot of cash quickly."

So Phil Walden got to work. He introduced Carter to his proteges, The Allman Brothers, and Jimmy was photographed sitting in on their sessions — and was even featured on one American magazine cover posing with Gregg and Phil, completely oblivious to the fact that Gregg was holding a coke spoon.

Promotor turned music mogul Billy Graham was invited to a post-concert breakfast at Jimmy Carter's Georgia mansion along with Bob Dylan and The Band. Walden also enlisted the aid of Jerry Weintraub, John Denver's manager, who staged a substantial number of concerts around the country to raise money for Carter.

But more importantly, Walden introduced Carter to Joe Smith. *Thrills* interviewed Smith by telephone to Los Angeles on this and other issues. Here's his account:

"When Jimmy Carter was governor of Georgia he was very helpful in executing the tape piracy legislation down there. I met him through Phil Walden. When he decided to run for President in 1975 he asked me if I would introduce him to a number of people in the entertainment business in California, so I ran a couple of parties for him and introduced him to record company lawyers, managers and so forth.

"Then, during the campaign, we remained very close. We helped put together some concerts that gave him a lot of money at a time when he needed it, at the crucial point, and we were very active in the campaign. . .

"Then he was elected President, and we've retained a contact and a friendship."

The first hints that the relationship was anything other than a mutual admiration pact began circulating in the American press earlier this year. In the *San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle*, Christopher Bonner of the Knight News Service wrote: "The rock music barons who bailed out Jimmy Carter's presidential campaign when it was scratching for money will walk into the White House soon with some IOUs to cash."

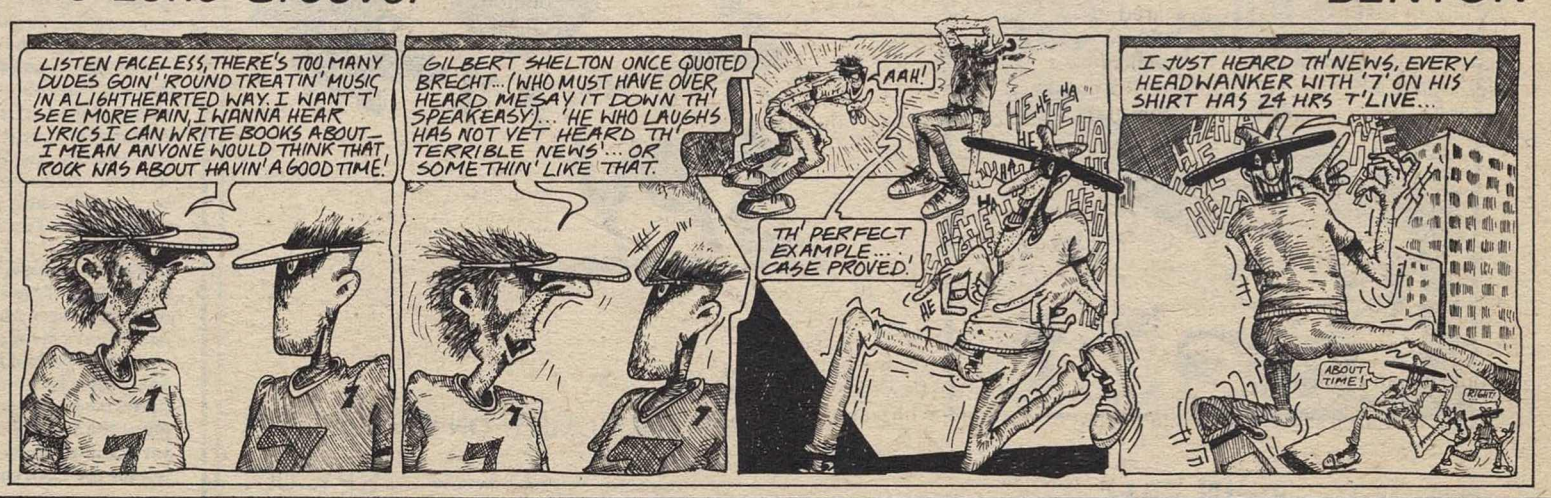
At the time Joe Smith denied the implication: "There isn't a helluva lot that anyone can do for us in government."

He repeated that statement later when interviewed by *Variety*, adding, "We're not a big lobby or anything. But for the first time since Jack Kennedy there's an administration that doesn't regard our artists and what we do as weird and crazy . . . He brings an awareness that we're dealing with very talented young men

● *Next page*

Downhome hilarity as the President meets the Marshall (Carter and Tucker Band respectively).

The Lone Groover — BENYON


LISTEN FACELESS, THERE'S TOO MANY DUDES GOIN' 'ROUND TREATIN' MUSIC IN A LIGHTHEARTED WAY. I WANT T' SEE MORE PAIN, I WANNA HEAR LYRICS! I CAN WRITE BOOKS ABOUT— I MEAN ANYONE WOULD THINK THAT ROCK WAS ABOUT HAVIN' A GOOD TIME!
GILBERT SHELTON ONCE QUOTED BRECHT... (WHO MUST HAVE OVER HEARD ME SAY IT DOWN TH' SPEAKEASY)... 'HE WHO LAUGHS HAS NOT YET HEARD TH' TERRIBLE NEWS'... OR SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT.
AAH!
TH' PERFECT EXAMPLE... CASE PROVED!
I JUST HEARD TH' NEWS, EVERY HEADWANKER WITH '7' ON HIS SHIRT HAS 24 HRS T' LIVE...
ABOUT TIME!

ROCKIN' THE WHITE HOUSE

● *From previous page*

and women, and that the music we make is a very important part of our culture. I think to that extent that's our big edge.

"We have a sympathetic ear to what we do in our music."

When *Thrills* spoke to him, Smith said: "The only thing we discussed with him was how to keep up the impact of the prosecution of tape pirates, so that when the FBI Bureau heads get transferred out, the new one continues to search out those guys."

Nonetheless, there *are* several very urgent matters that the music industry is anxious to sort out — and a link to the upper echelons of the powers-that-be can come in very handy.

For one, there has been a major investigation into payola in the record industry which, after years of hearings and a few minor convictions, the music business now wants halted. Joe Smith claims that no serious allegations have emerged, and the whole investigation is a waste of public money.

Secondly, the industry in America is hustling to get performance rights, like they already have in this country. In the UK, the BBC and other radio and TV stations not only pay money to the songwriter every time a record is played, but they also pay a royalty to the performing artist and the record company. In the States to date they only pay the songwriter.

At stake is a potential $15 million per year, to be divided between companies and performers; enough money to make lobbying worthwhile.

Thirdly, and perhaps most vitally, the Labour Department have plans to limit the number of foreign musicians who can record or tour in the U.S. These are scheduled to come into force this year.

"There are some very significant changes in our immigration policy that's going to affect the foreign musicians coming over here and touring."

The subject was one of several topics discussed at a meeting between record company heads and Jimmy Carter at the White House on September 20 last year — organised, of course, by Smith and Walden.

"We had the head of the Department of Immigration at the meeting, and there will be some subsequent meetings with him in which we are going to try and get some exclusion for musicians and recording artists. It could get to be extremely difficult for an exchange of musicians back and forth."

No doubt Jim'll fix it, giving even more fuel to politicians such as the ultra-right Senator Robert Bartell, who alleged that the decriminalisation of marijuana was the repayment of a campaign debt to Phil Walden from Carter. As Bartell put it: "The illegal drug cocaine is a mainstay and marijuana an everyday fact of life for the 'rock subculture'."

Phil Walden and Carter's son Chip have apparently become good friends, and are currently preparing the organisational spade work for the 1980 campaign. Meantime Joe Smith has other plans — and a burning ambition.

"I kind of have a goal of cleaning up the image of the record industry. In this country it seldom gets mentioned in the media without putting drugs and payola along with it. It's a terribly unpleasant situation but that's a fact."

He would also like to see the administration and the music business working together to deal with large-scale social problems.

"One of the things we said to the President is that, look, this record industry is going with this government to do something, whether it's a programme for world hunger or a programme for anti-drug. We can do something."

So you'd like to see the performers getting more involved?

"Yes, on non-political issues. I don't think world hunger or energy conservation or clean up the ghettoes is political at all."

Who's kidding whom?

He continued: "I think this industry could become very much involved in working with the government, getting a message across. We can have our artists use this information when they're doing concerts. They can cut radio and TV spots. We can put information in every record album that's released. We can tag every ad. There's so much we can do.

"We can have a dramatic effect."

But there's more. Smith sees music as a weapon in international diplomacy. When quizzed by *Variety* on the subject, he said: "Carter is well aware of the power of contemporary music internationally . . . Just as Louis Armstrong was such an ambassador for us, or the Bolshoi Ballet is such a good representative for the Societ Union, some of our popular music artists can do the same. They have enormous followings who pay all kinds of black market money to get a copy of a tape or an album."

The implications of all this are wide-reaching indeed. An alliance between the government — any government — and the music business runs the risk of the administration using the communications lifeblood of the youth culture to disseminate its own "information".

Moreover Smith's whole schtick about "cleaning up the industry" not only works directly against what many of us believe rock'n'roll is all about, but it is also another corporate ploy.

The record companies are very, very keen to attract investment from Wall Street and other heavyweight financial sources, who up to now have been dubious about the reliability of the rockbiz as investment fodder.

Warners, among other conglomerates, have been working on the problem. In a report directed at investors, they reassured the businessmen thus: "Although people tend to think of the record industry as being cyclical, owing to its dependence on the success of individual artists or groups, Warners appear well insulated to this potential vulnerability because of the depth of its artist roster and the absence of a substantial dependence on any one artist or group."

From a *Thrills*eye view, the whole concept of rock musicians working State Department tours is a can of worms. You only have to look at the situation in Latin America to see where that leads — to cultural imperialism: the restriction of the native culture in favour of the multi-national product dumped on captive markets.

State Department tours can also, of course, be a subtle way of opening the doors to the CIA, the Coca Cola company and all the other delights of the corporate America.

How truly wonderful, man.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

Page 14 Section A ☆☆☆☆ Aug. 28, 1977 S.F. Sunday Examiner & Chronicle

AP Photo

Carter boosters Cher and Gregg Allman greet fan

Music barons look to Carter to help clean up rock's image

By Christopher Bonner
Knight News Service

Washington — The rock music barons who bailed out Jimmy Carter that led to a November 1975 benefit concert in Providence, R.I., featuring the best draw of Walden's stable, the now-defunct Allman Brothers Band.

who is coordinating the White House visit by the record company czars. He insists that the meeting isn't special.

Capricorn Records boss Phil Walden and USA boss Jimmy Carter puke into their Georgia fried chicken at a record biz barbecue.

TOM ROBINSON BAND

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FAB NEWS FOR ALL YOU ELVIS FANS

EVER SINCE HIS HAITIAN DIVORCE from the Stiff Records roster ex-computer operator Elvis Costello has been keeping a deceptively low profile. Fans needn't worry though — our hero has been busy in the studios laying down a host of new meisterwerks for his imminent first Radar release.

Tracks definitely for inclusion on this album will include "The Beat", "Lipstick Vogue", "Lipservice", "Pump It Up", "No Action" and "Little Triggers" — already tried-and-true faves from consistent live performance these last six months. Choosing the perfect single from this plethora of gems has been a real wrench for Messrs. Lauder, Riviera and Costello — though this dilemma has been finally resolved with the democratic choice of "(I Don't Want To Go To) Chelsea", which just tipped the scales over that other incendiary Costello evergreen, "Radio Radio".

Look for "Chelsea" to appear soonest alongside Nick Lowe's first Radar single, "I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glass" (wherein 'powerpop' and Bowie's "Low"-styled cold music allusions are mated in truly extraordinary fashion).

Fans of Mr. Lowe will also be pleased to know that along with production credits on Elvis' up-and-comer, the irrepressible Basher's first solo album, entitled "Jesus Of Cool", is all tied up and ready to be shipped. The finished cover slick is even now hanging grandly over Andrew Lauder's temporary Radar location in the United Artists complex.

Costello, meanwhile, was due last Saturday — weather permitting — to fly out with his Attractions for a second stab at the Americas (where "My Aim Is True" has now gashed its way proudly into the halcyon realms of the Top 50 album charts).

The day before, fresh from that quirky *Today* interview on't telly where Mavis Nicholson's favourite rock star was quizzed blankly about the Sex Pistols break-up, Costello performed an impromptu free gig at the Roundhouse — more yer warm-up dress rehearsal job for the E.C. collective after those months esconced in the studios than any kind of major gig.

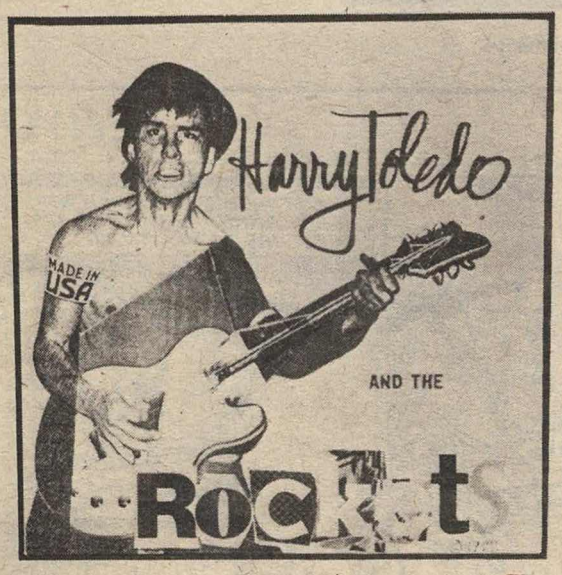
Even so, the gig was splendid, with Costello getting wilder than ever, tossing his guitar aside and confronting a rabid 300 or so directly in front of the stage towards the end of the show. Starting with "Radio Radio" and spitfiring through a mixture of all the aforementioned new album sections plus "Aim" works like "Waiting For The End Of The World" and "Red Shoes", Elvis finished with a totally deranged "Detectives" and returned for one encore of "Pump It Up".

A second encore was dramatically called off after Costello, having faced a torrent of gobbing throughout the set, found a specimen of said mucous in the glass he was drinking out of to quench his thirst on stage and stormed off in disgust. Still, all in all it was a magnificent set with special nods of approval to organist Steve 'Naive', whose keyboard work was truly superb in the Garth Hudson epic-proficiency sweepstakes.

With "Chelsea", the new album and a British tour straight after those through to March U.S. dates, world domination surely cannot be far away for Whitton's favourite son.

NICK KENT

THRILLS



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FREE THE FREE FESTIVALS!

IT SEEMS A LONG TIME since the Thames Valley Police had their works outing at the Windsor 'People's Free Festival', and almost as long since the sodden if less ugly scenes at Watchfield, after the Government had decided to provide a new site there for the event the following year. So the publication of the Working Group on Pop Festivals' Final Report last Thursday strikes one as somewhat belated: a clear case of locking the farm gate after the hippies have drifted away.

Nevertheless, though the hounds of the press have latterly abandoned Drug Fiends in Fields for the happier hunting hunting grounds of P★kdom, it appears that a lot of people still get very steamed up about Pop Festivals, especially the kind that may suddenly manifest themselves on private land in the middle of a small community, without warning or permission.

Unauthorised free festivals, as the report makes clear, give rise to a double-edged problem. Do you make sweeping changes in the law to prevent their happening at all? Or do you, at worst, leave the angry farmer to clear up his damaged Ten-Acre and contemplate his ruined crops without hope of compensation? And if you do, pop-pickers — or even if he just thinks you might — can you really blame him for coming after you with a pitchfork or a twelve-bore when you settle down to some good vibes in the middle of his good grazing?

Since the sort of changes in the law that might make it feasible to ban festivals were outside the powers of the Working Group — even had they thought them desirable — and since the report's major conclusion is that a licensing system for festivals "would not overcome the drawbacks of existing law or be effective in dealing with the fundamental problems of unauthorised free festivals", the report was bound to disappoint all the local authorities and other organisations who were hoping for some kind of a system to make the banning or 'controlling' of festivals much easier.

The Working Group felt that people who were prepared to break the existing laws would not be deterred by a licensing system, and that thus it was not really a good idea to introduce an unenforceable law. But the Association of County Councils has said it is "very disappointed and dismayed" by the decision, considering the great weight of evidence put forward. It adds that if health and safety legislation is needed at work, it is certainly needed to "protect" the thousands of people who go to festivals.

The report says that many of the problems of pop events could be avoided if mutual suspicions and tensions between various interests could be reduced. To this end they recommend the appointment of one full-time Field Welfare Services Committee field worker, whose job would be to liase between locals and festival organisers. However, this solitary field worker would have no real power and it seems unlikely that he or she could have any real effect when strong emotions have already been awoken.

(The present part-time appointment is held by Miss Penny Mellor, and it's a doleful indication of the proposed field-worker's effectiveness that she is at present under a summons for "driving otherwise than on a road" at the last Stonehenge Festival, even though the police had been informed of her special position.)

Nonetheless, the Working Group's report has been accepted by the Government — bad news not only for the association of County Councils and all the organisations which submitted evidence in favour of a licensing system, but also for Pembrokeshire MP Nicholas Edwards, whose 'Control Of Encampments' Bill, aimed principally at controlling pop festivals, now looks doomed to failure.

AMY PROSSER

THRILLS

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'THERE'S GONNA BE A BORSTAL BREAK OUT' & 'HEY LITTLE RICH BOY'

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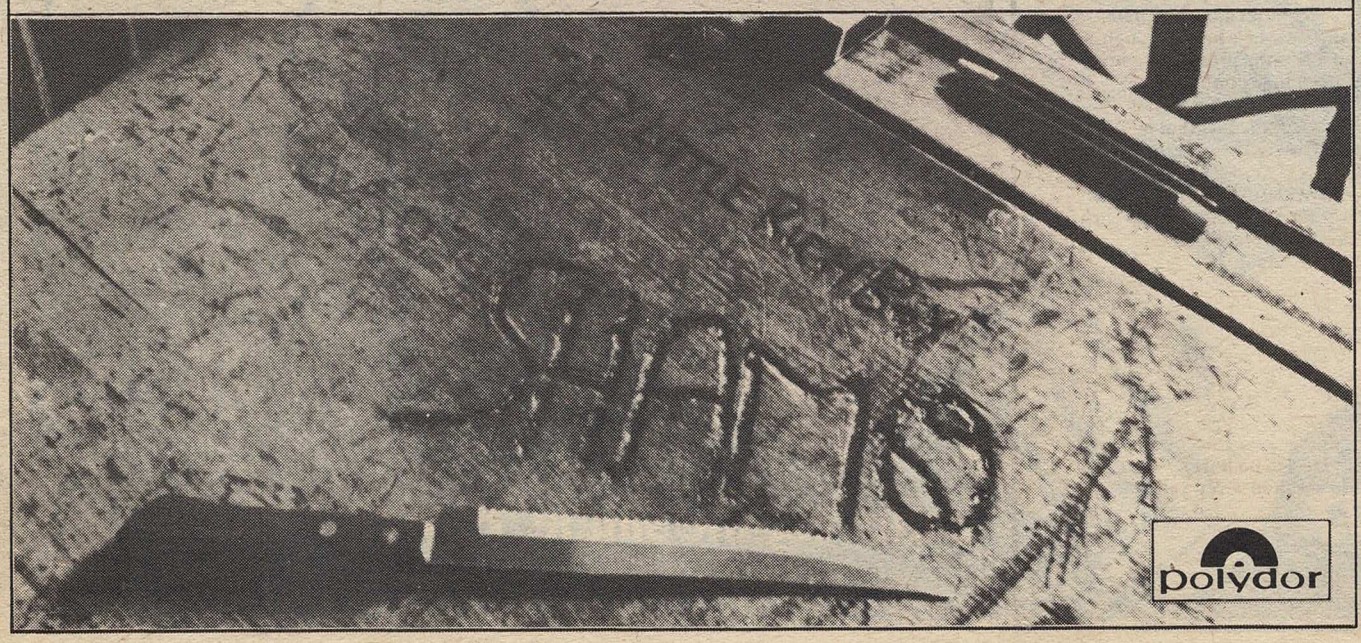

FLEETWOOD (top) and GREEN in days of yore — approx 1969.

MICK FLEETWOOD: SELF-MANAGED MAC...

AS FLEETWOOD MAC'S "RUMOURS" finally struggles to the top slot on the British album charts a year after release, the group's drummer Mick Fleetwood continues to further his career as a successful manager. First one ex-Mac guitarist, Bob Welch, came under his guiding hand — and now he is even hoping to play a part in re-launching "a recovered Peter Green".

Fleetwood, assisted initially by colleagues John McVie and Bob Welch, first took over the management of Fleetwood Mac in 1974, after original manager Clifford Davies had put a "bogus" Fleetwood Mac on the road.

At that time the former doyen of British blues bands was close to bankruptcy, and still without any real hold on the American market. That they had potential was clear when a stream of managers rushed to offer their services.

Against the odds — and against record company wishes — Fleetwood decided it would be best if he took care of the Mac. Today, they're one of the world'd biggest bands. "Rumours" has sold 10 million worldwide, and is still selling.

Moreover, Bob Welch, who quit Fleetwood Mac at the end of '74, has finally broken through as a solo act. Fleetwood took him on to his books last year. Since then Welch has had a big American hit with "Sentimental Lady", a number which Fleetwood himself suggested as a single.

"I'm a manager, but I don't feel like one," Fleetwood, his well-spoken English voice still intact, told *Thrills* over the phone from Los Angeles last week. "I'm always Mick who plays the drums first," he expanded, "not Mick who manages the band."

That may be so, but when Mac isn't touring or recording, he'll spend his days working at the Seedy Management (Fleetwood always did have an off-beat sense of humour) offices, sometimes until ten at night.

There, his staff are all people the band has known for years. Such is the tightness of Fleetwood's operation that when Welch hits the road in February, he'll take with him Fleetwood Mac's road-crew; at that time the group will be preparing their follow-up to "Rumours", which they intend to start actual sessions for in April.

Welch's band were hand-picked by Welch and Fleetwood. Mick: "I decided to expand when I realised the office had become capable of doing the leg-work while I was out on the road. It runs very smoothly.

"I felt Bob had made a big mistake when he formed Paris after leaving us. It was a project he had no control over, and totally out of character for him. He'd been through a whole string of managers in his time who weren't at all creative. I was confident I could offer him the proper facility."

Fleetwood maintains he isn't a business-first person, and emphasises that he'll only involve himself in handling somebody's career if it's "heart-felt". "It's important to take care of the essence, and not concentrate too much on the money. That comes naturally."

The money he's invested in Welch isn't "a fortune", and he's confident that he'll more than recoup his investment. "Money is great, but it's not important. John (McVie) and myself have been with it and without it, and it hasn't affected us psychologically. It's not what really matters. If it had been, we would have given up long ago.

"It is important to retain the right kind of motivation — and the more successful you become, the more difficult it gets."

Fleetwood also plans to manage a member of Welch's band.

As for Fleetwood's role in managing Fleetwood Mac, while he decides when and where the band will do something (for instance, on a recent tour of Japan he decided the gigs would be filmed), he doesn't tike a lead in musical matters.

He's particularly excited about a projected Russian tour Mac are hoping to play in July. "It's a somewhat strange and delicate event," he told me. "It's a major event. It's not going to be just another rock'n'roll show. It has positive potential for bringing young people together." Three concerts are planned — all for a United Nations charity.

Fleetwood is also keen to play a part in Peter Green's future. "We didn't sit down seriously and talk about management as such. I offered him my services first as a friend, and because I'm really excited about the way he is now.

"He knows it's no big deal if I do manage him — a far less terrifying prospect than if he was in some office with someone saying, 'I'm going to manage you, kid'."

There is no way Green could fit into the current Mac line-up, though Fleetwood does hope to play with Green outside Fleetwood Mac.

Mac are approaching their follow-up to "Rumours" with characteristic thoroughness. Owing to the glut of material, the ensuing album will be a double, but, claims Fleetwood, with "no padding". At one point there were, uh, rumours that the next album would be half studio and half live, but although they do have a lot of live material in the can, Fleetwood feels it would be treading water to put out a live record at this stage in their career. After all, he reasons, it will only be the current line-up's third elpee.

Was there any pressure on them to record another "Rumours"?

"It's a mistake to worry too much about former glories," he said pointedly. "We've always done the stuff we've wanted to do and not because of any outside pressure. Our first priority is to satisfy ourselves and not the public — otherwise we would create a prison."

So why did he think "Rumours" had been so successful?"

"We all felt very strong together. There's a strong chemistry that I dread to dissect in case I ruin something. Not only are Fleetwood Mac visually appealing, but unlike The Eagles or Chicago, when people think of us they think of us as people and not just a band.

"When people describe us as MOR — and use it in a derogatory way — they're missing the point. The Beatles were MOR. There's more of that kind of reaction in England. It's similar to when 'Albatross' was a hit. Some of our fans resented us because we'd become public property. That's bullshit."

Finally, how about the emotional upsets that played havoc when "Rumours" was recorded?

"Everything's subsided and it's strengthened us as a band. There's a better rapport now we're close friends and nothing else. We've forgotten about it. It's better just to get on with it and not harp on it.

"John's getting married. He and his future wife get on like a house on fire with Christine (McVie) and her boyfriend."

Weird, huh? Not really, says Mick Fleetwood.

"Things that may appear odd on the outside really aren't."

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

...AND PETER GREEN IS HIS LATEST CLIENT

PETER GREEN is playing again! The original Fleetwood Mac guitarist, whose tragic departure from the rock 'n' roll world has been one of the most mourned rock casualties of the decade, is now, according to his erstwhile colleague Mick Fleetwood, "like the day I first met him."

Almost a year ago to the day, Green was committed for treatment at a mental hospital after an incident involving a shot-gun. But last week, Fleetwood informed *Thrills* that the guitarist was "a changed man".

"It's incredible. It's marvellous," enthused Fleetwood over the phone from his Bel Air home — where, incidentally, Green was married on January 4 to one Jane Samuel. Green has known his new wife — a Los Angelean whom, Mick Fleetwood believes, he met in Hawaii — for four years, and visited Los Angeles primarily to marry her.

Green had turned up there unexpectedly, calling the sleeping Fleetwood just two hours before he arrived. The couple are currently honeymooning in London, but plan to return to America soon. It's rumoured he'll work in the studio there, with Fleetwood producing.

Mick Fleetwood saw the guitarist at a reception held for the re-established Fleetwood Mac at a London hotel in late '76. Journalists at the party were astonished to see the shape Green was in. Overweight and distant, he was barely recognisable as the brilliant guitarist / composer who'd played such a large part in revitalising the charts in the late '60s with a quartet of peerless singles.

"Looking at his eyes, he's a very different person to then," said Fleetwood. "He's a total pleasure to be with. He's now capable of being objective about all the stuff he's been through.

"He's come out of a lengthy process of getting his feet back on the ground. I don't want to come on like an amateur shrink, but I think Peter's recovery is down to the fact that he's started playing again. It's very destructive when you don't play for a long time.

"He was very positive about everything he wanted to do. Peter's not planning to come back like a bolt of lightning. He's playing like someone who hasn't played for six years, but who hasn't lost his centre. Sure, he's a bit rusty, but he still plays like no-one else. He needs to get down and do some hard work."

As yet, no record company is making any announcements about signing Green, although it seems preliminary negotiations are underway between Green and WEA Records.

At present, the guitarist isn't considering a return to the stage. "He's in no hurry," Fleetwood said. "He's waited seven years."

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

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15th Weston Super Mare - Winter Gardens
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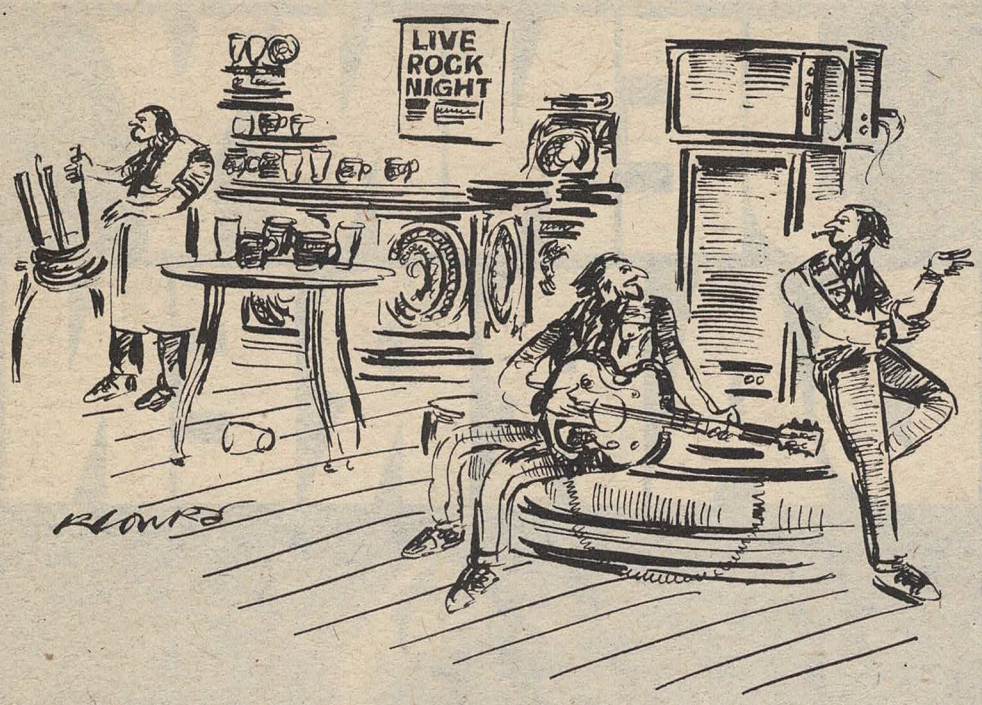


"I'm hoping to work my way from being a total nonentity to comparative obscurity."

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE BROAD-BASED MINORITY...?

IN THE METROPOLIS, Charlie Gillett's Sunday Radio London show, *Honky Tonk*, is renowned for its committment to music with broad-based minority appeal. He'll play something by an obscure Cajun accordionist, yet won't ignore more popular artists like Ry Cooder or J J Cale, who make music instantly recognisable as their own but owe a lot to various musical traditions.

Charlie also plays lots of rockabilly — the '50s kind, comtemporary interpretations by, say, Darts, and lots of R&B and country. It's all, for want of a better phrase, genuine music.

Anyway, one Sunday in the latter half of last year, he played a tape by an unknown South London-based band given to him only three days earlier, which would normally be too late for that week's show since he makes up his playlist on Thursdays. Meaning, Charlie must have been impressed.

The band was Dire Straits, and the tape, recorded under the strictest of budgets in a small Highbury studio, created quite a stir. Rock critic and current *Time Out* editor Richard Williams was so impressed that he contacted the band and offered to cash-in his life insurance to finance a production deal.

Such drastic measures weren't called for. The cut, "Sultans Of Swing", didn't go unheard by several record company people, who promptly got off their butts to check things out.

Despite not so much as a single bow to the seemingly omnipresent New Wave, Dire Straits were, according to Strait-person Mark Knopfler, inundated with record company attention.

After the air-play the phone barely stopped ringing at the Deptford council flat where the band rehearsed, and as battered ole '77 drew to a close Straits signed a "major deal" with Phonogram.

Buying me a lunch in a lowbrow Eytie Eaterie, Straits' Knopfler and John Illsley talk of the deal in only cryptic terms. Yes, it's a six-figure deal and it's for more than £100,000, but that's all they're saying.

Naturally there's more to these deals than meets the eye, and record companies aren't about to give their money away, but the word around the Biz is that Phonogram are preparing to put mucho dosh into the band.

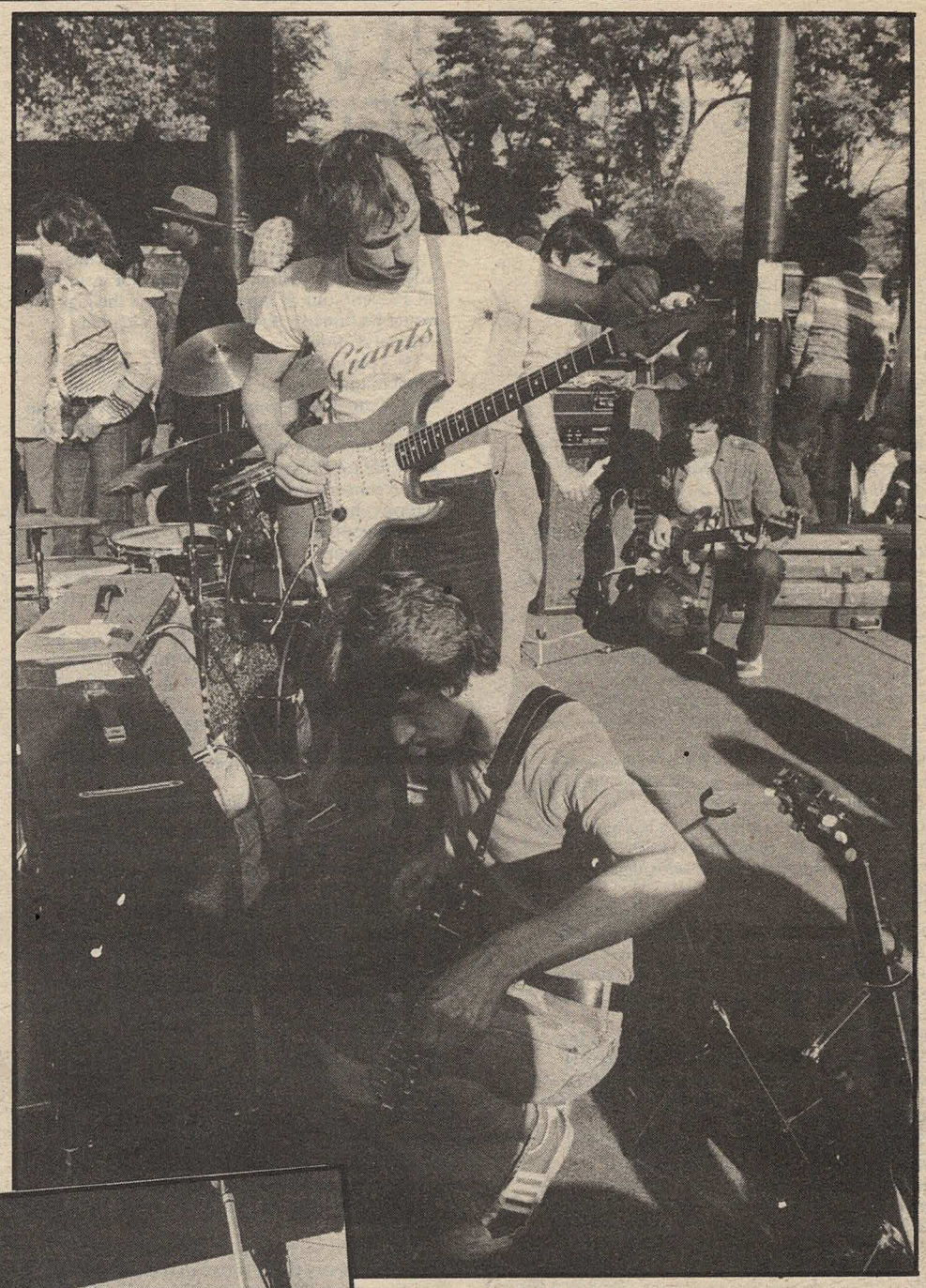
Straits are Mark Knopfler (guitar, vocals, most of the songs), his brother David (rhythm guitar), John Illsley (bass) and Pick Withers (drums). Pick, who has played with the likes of Bert Jansch and Michael Chapman, is the only one with any professional musical pedigree to speak of, though the Knopfler brothers have played together on an informal basis since their teens.

At 28, Mark is the heart of Dire Straits. He formed the group last summer as a vehicle for the songs he had been piling up, having previously managed to combine playing in a low-profile London pub band, Cafe Racers, and teaching English at Loughton Tech in Essex.

"I would finish my day's work, bung the amp in the back of the motor, and boogie on down to the gig," he says, his Newcastle accent diminished perhaps by listening to so much of Gillett on the radio . . .

Cafe Racers concentrated on rockabilly, Everly Brothers material, and R&B. Knopfler's contribution was just to play guitar, utilising the kind of hard-hitting Wilko Johnson/Mick Green licks that don't get aired during a Dire Straits set.

When Straits began to graduate from Deptford locals to a steady stream of gigs on the Hope & Anchor trail, Knopfler's teaching had



IN DIRE STRAITS on Clapham Common . . . Mark Knopfler (standing) and brother David. Pix: ANDRA NELKI.

to go out of the window. (He'd left Leeds University with a good degree, deciding to pursue an academic course after working for two years on a Midlands evening paper.)

The first thing you notice about the band is Knopfler's guitar playing. He uses an ancient Fender Strat and amp to create what may well be a unique tone, very brittle and well-defined. You can spot shades of J J Cale, Clapton, Hank B Marvin, '50s, lumini like James Burton, and even Django Reinhardt, as well as the aforementioned rockabilly inferences in his playing.

Knopfler is keen to stress how catholic his tastes are — "Musically I've always been interested in everything. At the same time I was getting off on the Stones, I'd be playing with people picking out 'The Dallas Rag' on the steel guitar."

At 15 he was playing folk clubs and listening to the Chicago blues guitarists. And he reckons the spirit of Blind Willie McTell is alive and coming through in his slide playing.

Like Gillett, Knopfler is a great one for tradition. The word often crops up in his conversation. "Collectively the band can lay its hands on a tradition of stuff that it can bring to bear on what we're doing now," he says.

People have compared Dire Straits with Dylan, J J Cale, Lou Reed, Randy Newman and Ry Cooder (Knopfler is a great fan of Cooder's). When I first heard "Sultans Of Swing" it sounded like Clapton doing J J Cale the way it *ought* to come out.

However, the band are predominantly low key and didn't live up to my expectations when I saw them live for the first (and only) time. *NME's* Paul Rambali also drew a blank on his first exposure — but the second time he found them quite enthralling.

This I'm willing to believe, since Mark's songs are certainly tuneful and, as far as I'm concerned, perfectly relevant.

"It just ain't my thing to be talking about going down the road to Mexico," he states. "It's got bog-all to do with me. I'm in a constantly discovering situation, but when it comes to songwriting I'm sticking to what I know about.

"Our album will be something to put on when you come home from the pub."

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

BEST RE-ISSUE OF THE DECADE

JOHNNIE ALLAN

PROMISED LAND

C/W ONE HEART, ONE SONG

PETE FOWLER

OVALSTIFF LOT 1

As for EMI, it's rather like the tramp stopping you for small change on the strength of his war medals. OK, so they signed the Beatles after other organisations had turned them down, but they weren't short of a penny at the time, and it wasn't *much* of a gamble. Since then, they could have had the **Sex Pistols** (lend an ear to "EMI" on *"Never Mind Your P's & Q's—Here's the Sex Pistols"*) but it would appear that they were too busy checking out the skeletons in their closet.

The saga continues — from Red Tape, the official journal of the Civil and Public Services Association (!), spotted by Leigh Turner of Stevenage.

THE END

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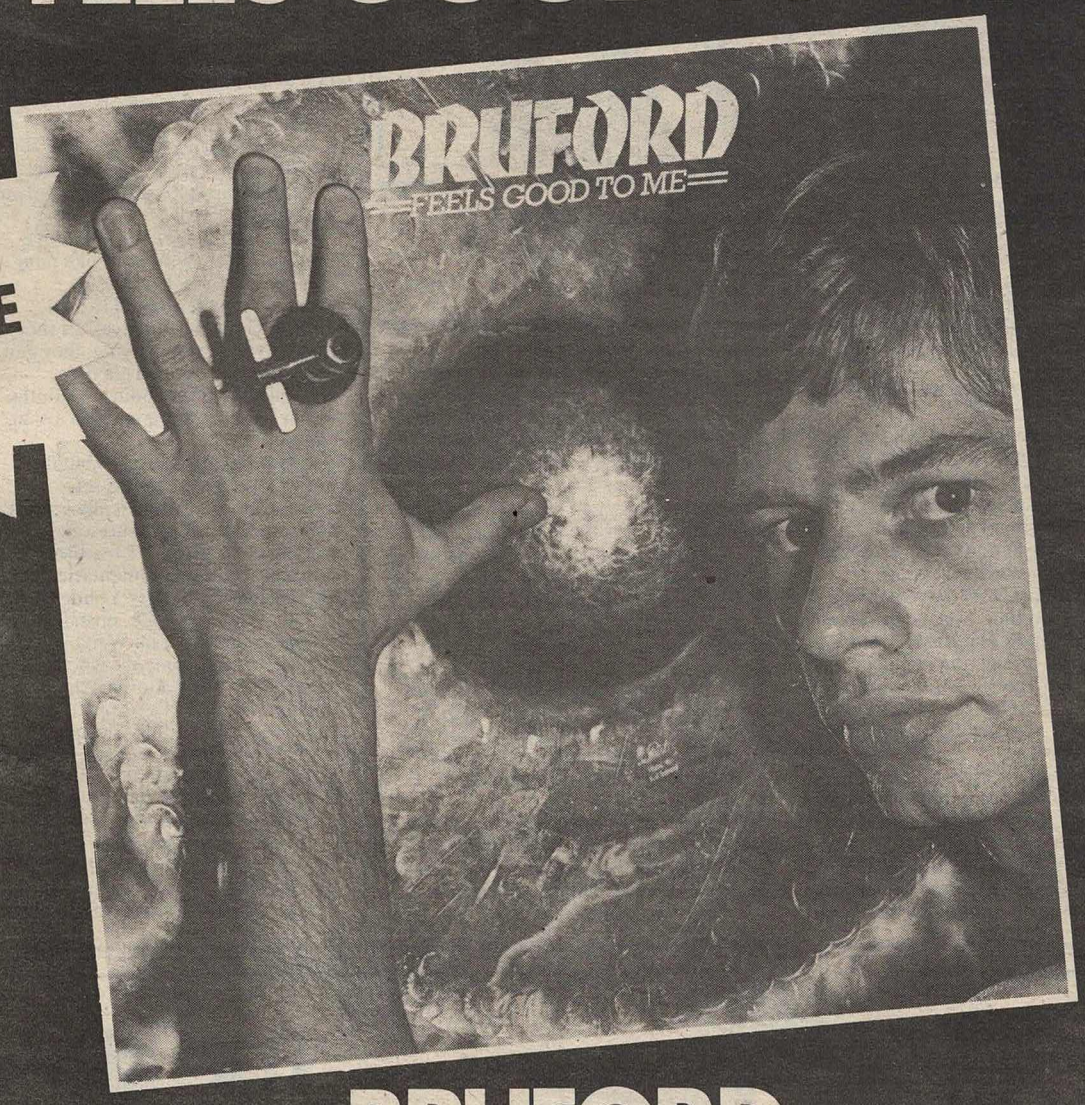

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BILLY JOEL — FROM THE SHANGRI-LAS TO HIP M.O.R. REBELLION IN 14 EASY MOVES

PHIL McNEILL follows the trail of a 28-year-old 'former punk' (??) and emerges v. impressed.

"BILLY JOEL, A 28-YEAR-OLD FORMER PUNK . . ." begins the new CBS biography. Oh yeah? Well, I guess it's better than being a poor man's Elton John, which used to be Joel's most common handle.

Both descriptions are some way from the truth.

Billy Joel is a highly articulate singer and pianist whose latest album and single have both shot high into the U.S. charts. At the age of 14 he played piano on The Shangri-Las' "Leader Of The Pack" (he thinks). At 28, he's gathering momentum to shove a spike of wit and honesty up the recumbent backside of America's hip and easy listening scene, and become a Major Artist in the 1980s.

I Met Joel back in February '77. Running to a ballbreaking tight schedule, Joe Stevens and I had winged our way into New York City in a CBS corporate limo direct from interviewing Southside Johnny out in Asbury Park, New Jersey, and dashed to meet Billy Joel in his exclusive Upper East Side apartment. ("Most people in that area have servants," the CBS press officer who accompanied us told me later — "but that was more like a funky Upper West Side apartment . . .")

We didn't have long to talk. Joel was just about to depart for the first gig of a tour, in Salt Lake City, yet he was completely unruffled by the sudden arrival of a carload of nosey people, and even continued the interview *en route* for Kennedy Airport.

He was polite, good humoured, and pleased to find someone keen to discuss the motivation for his then current album, "Turnstiles". Sitting across a low table in his airy living room, while his tour manager fretted over the suitcases, he laughed as I complimented him upon what I saw as the highlight of the live show I'd happened to see in Atlanta the previous summer: his crazy lights operator, a veritable Billy Bunter of a person who positions himself onstage at the opposite end to Joel — with the band strung out between — and bops and bounds like a lunatic throughout the show.

And it's quite some show. Joel heads a band who rock like an avalanche, a show which left me speechless beneath my seat (good booze, too . . .), a sound so clear you think you're hallucinating, a repertoire full of songs to shake you into laughter and leave you nodding maudlin over your cigarette . . .

Quite an act.

Still, so it should be — he's been playing piano for about 20 years now. As a kid he quickly graduated from *learning* Beethoven to faking up his own versions for the teacher, and it's this, he reckons, that first started him writing.

Going into his teens, he turned on to Phil Spector — indeed, Ronnie's Spector's 'comeback' single last year was a version of Joel's immaculate Spector pastiche, "Say Goodbye To Hollywood" — but it was the arrival of The Beatles that precipitated his entry to the world of rock'n'roll. All the kids on the block were forming bands, and Joel could actually play already, so it was a natural.

Then along came a man with a big cigar . . .

"Y'see, I was young, about fourteen, and somebody asked me did I wanna play on a studio session. And I thought: 'Oh wow, great — I'm gonna play on a record!' This was some little studio out in Long Island — and these guys were making Shangri-Las records.

"I didn't know I was supposed to get paid for this. I thought I was being honoured by being allowed to play. The singers didn't sing at the same time — we laid down an instrumental track — and the singers would come in later, so you never really knew what the record was. Then you'd hear the record on the radio and go: 'Hey, that's me!'

" 'Leader Of The Pack' I think I played on. I still wanna get the money for those sessions — although I'm not owed it because I wasn't in the union."

What sort of guy was the producer, Shadow Morton?

"Aah, he was a nut. Out of the Phil Spector mould: mysterioso kinda guy with a cape and the whole number. He'd lay it down all on two tracks, with strings and guitars and everything at one time . . . It was good experience for me."

After that, Joel moved on into the East Coast blue-eyed soul scene that centred upon The Rascals and Vanilla Fudge — though the band he admired most was The Vagrants, who included Leslie West (later of Mountain). Joel made an album with an outfit called The Hassles.

"It was kinda like a little clique of local bands — and then the Fillmore opened, and it killed the local band thing. Suddenly you could go see Jimi Hendrix, It's A Beautiful Day, for a coupla bucks — so why go to some lousy club out on Long Island when you could go to the Fillmore?

"I was in another band after that called Attila — we were gonna destroy the world with amplification! — but then I got out of groups and was just writing songs. This was about 1969, 1970".

So Joel decided to be a songwriter. But then folks started advising him that if he wanted his songs to be heard he ought to cut a record . . . so he did . . . and if he wanted any attention onstage then he ought to get into *performing* . . . so he did . . .

"And one thing followed another, and it became . . . BILLY JOEL!!! It's still funny, because I got into it to be a songwriter. Anyway, I'm not knocking it. Nice way to make a living".

Joel's first success was a ditty called "Piano Man", his first single for CBS, which went Top Ten in 1973. It was one of those stirringly sentimental waltz time numbers like "Mr Bo Jangles", and promptly earned him a hard-to-live-down singer-songwriter image. Its inspiration, however, was really strange.

See, back before the CBS deal Joel had cut a solo album called "Cold Spring Harbour" for a small New York company called Family Records. After six months promoting it, Joel became unhappy with the money coming from Family Records, and decided to opt out of the deal — which he did by the simple expedient of vanishing.

He changed his name to Billy Martin, aimed off for Los Angeles, and found himself a job playing piano in some grotty bar.

"This place called the Executive Lounge . . . y'know, stuff like *(sings)* 'You must remember this' . . . whatever people wanted to hear. 'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes'. If they wanted you to stop playing, they gave you a tip, you stopped playing.

"I only did it for about six months — but I knew I was gonna get a song out of it . . ."

A good song it is, too — but it wasn't until his third CBS set, "Turnstiles", that Joel really started honing a sharp edge to his songs. Among other gems, "Turnstiles" contains scathing commentaries upon hip radicalism ("Angry Young Man") and, most interestingly, nostalgia.

One song, "All You Wanna Do Is Dance", mocks someone who is "lost in the '70s", while another, the really brilliant, languid "I've Loved These Days", is a disdainfully elegant celebration of the decadence of modern luxury, from one who is kissing his bad habits goodbye.

"Now we take our time, so nonchalant / And spend our days so bon vivant / We drown our doubts in dry champagne / And soothe our souls with fine cocaine / I don't know why I even care / We get so high and get nowhere / We'll have to change our jaded ways / But I've loved these days . . ."

"Yeah, nostalgia . . . I think it's unhealthy. Remember a while ago there was the rock'n'roll craze, and everything was like the '50s — *Happy Days* . . . People were relying on the old days, and I don't remember the old days to be all that great. Yeah, we had fun, but y'know, we live now. All this celebration of the '50s — nobody got *laid* in the '50s".

"All You Wanna Do Is Dance" he describes as "a combination of anti-disco and anti-nostalgia".

Also on "Turnstiles" there were two songs deliberately boosting New York in the face of the financial crisis attacking the city when the album was conceived: "Say Goodbye To Hollywood" and, more pertinently, "New York State Of Mind" — "a sleazy sort of song, the kind of thing Frank Sinatra might sing".

The new album, "The Stranger", seems to me even more of a New York celebration. Gone are the previous obsessions with geographical location, to be replaced by a cool, urban cosmopolitan feel. Gone too are the preoccupations with social stereotypes (no derogatory sense intended), to be replaced by a concentration on personal alienation.

As Robin Katz pointed out in *Time Out,* Joel has homed in on the identity crisis of his generation, as the street kids and students struggle to adjust to adult responsibilities. To support this, his music has moved on into the adept, funky drift of the New York session world, underpinned by the haunting piano motif of the title cut.

A 28-year-old former punk, huh? If they all grow up to make music as honest, as witty and as stylish as Billy Joel's we'll be extremely lucky.

Pix: MICHAEL PUTLAND

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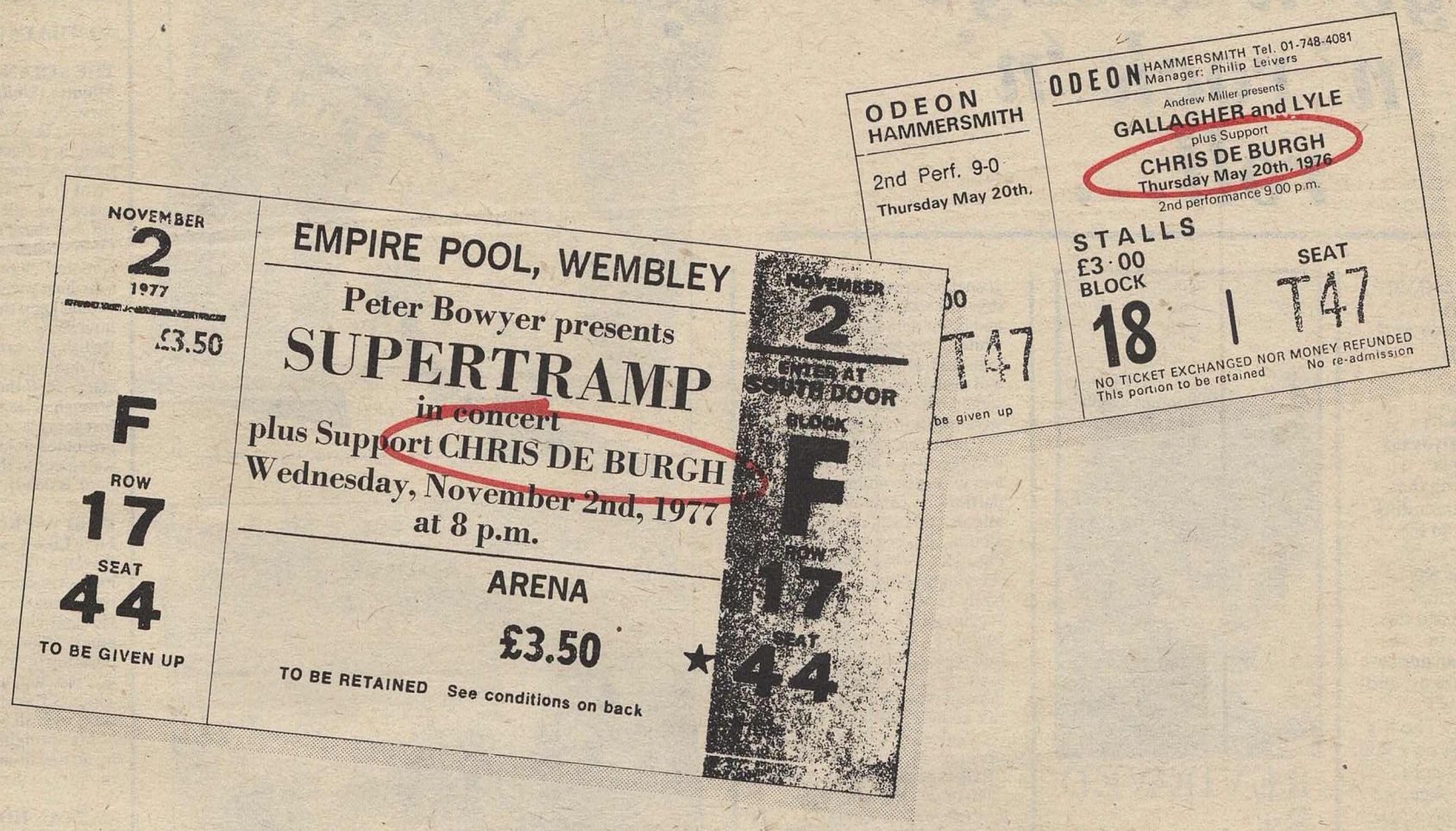

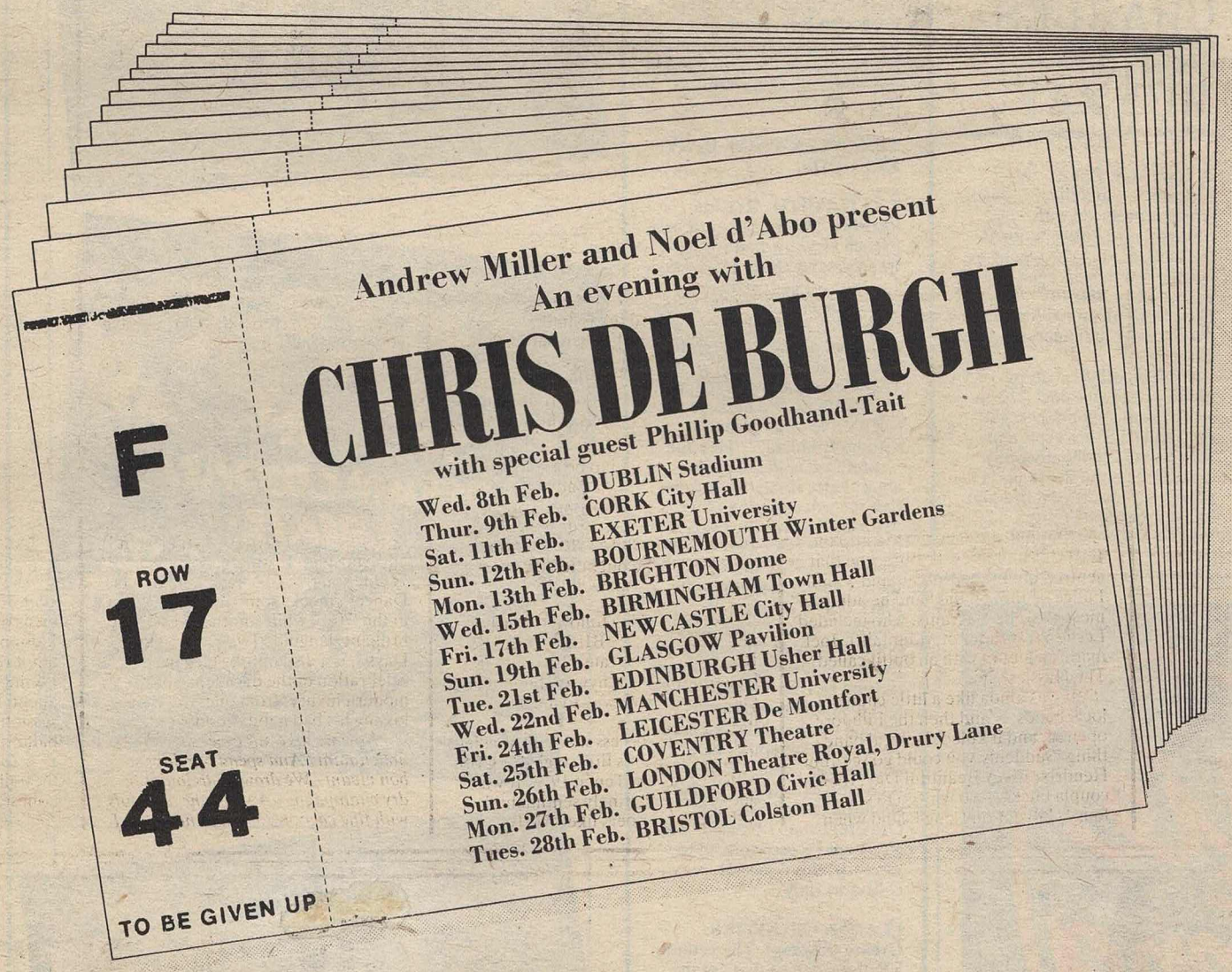
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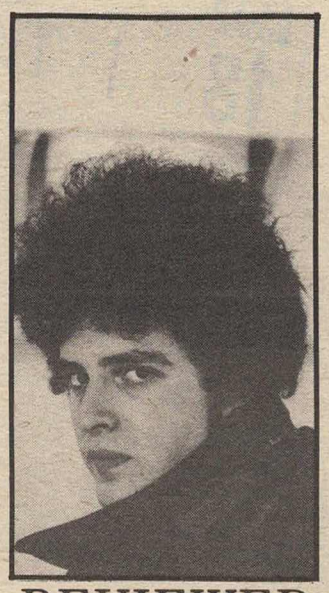


REVIEWED By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

GOTTA KEEP MOVIN', IGGY RECORDS POURIN' DOWN LIKE HAIL (AH SAID)

IGGY AND THE STOOGES: (I Got) Nothing (Skydog); Jesus Loves The Stooges (Bomp). One thing that even the most demanding apocalypse freak in the world couldn't grumble about this week is any shortage of Iggy vinyl.

The Ig mug graced this column last week in connection with an eepee of refloated out-takes, and over in the albums department Nicky The K's doing the business on a Pop *album*. Now right here right now on *this* page, we find a brace of eepees, one featuring two cuts from the "Kill City" album which originated on Bomp and which Radar will be releasing here in da nea-ah futu-ah, and the other drawn from the Stooges' last stand at the Michigan Palace back in '74! As a certain ex-rock paper would put it, "Yes, it's Iggymania!"

Biggest first. The Skydog job is a 12-inch three-tracker, the first side of which being a live take of "Gimme Danger". It's emphasised that it's a different version from the one on "Metallic K.O.", which now makes *three*, including the original prototype on "Raw Power". This one's heavy on the menace, but it's also heavy on the tape hiss.

Over on the other side, we got "Heavy Liquid" — little more than a mangled re-tread of Gary U.S. Bonds' "New Orleans" — and the title track, which is prefaced with "The Stooges' next presentation is for those of you who wanna do a little slow dancin', and it's called 'I Got *Shit!!!!*'". "(I Got) Nothing" turns out to be medium-paced, chaotic and defeated.

Underneath a revolting photo of a dead camel (cheap symbolism, anyone?) we get the "Kill City" excerpts and the title cut, euphemistically described on the sleeve as "a previously unreleased live jam by Iggy and The Stooges." What it is: over a limping gospel progression on piano, Ig does the most hideously inept and brain-damaged white-blues yowling known to mankind. He sounds so down and destroyed that I felt like some kind of necrophiliac voyeur just to be listening to it.

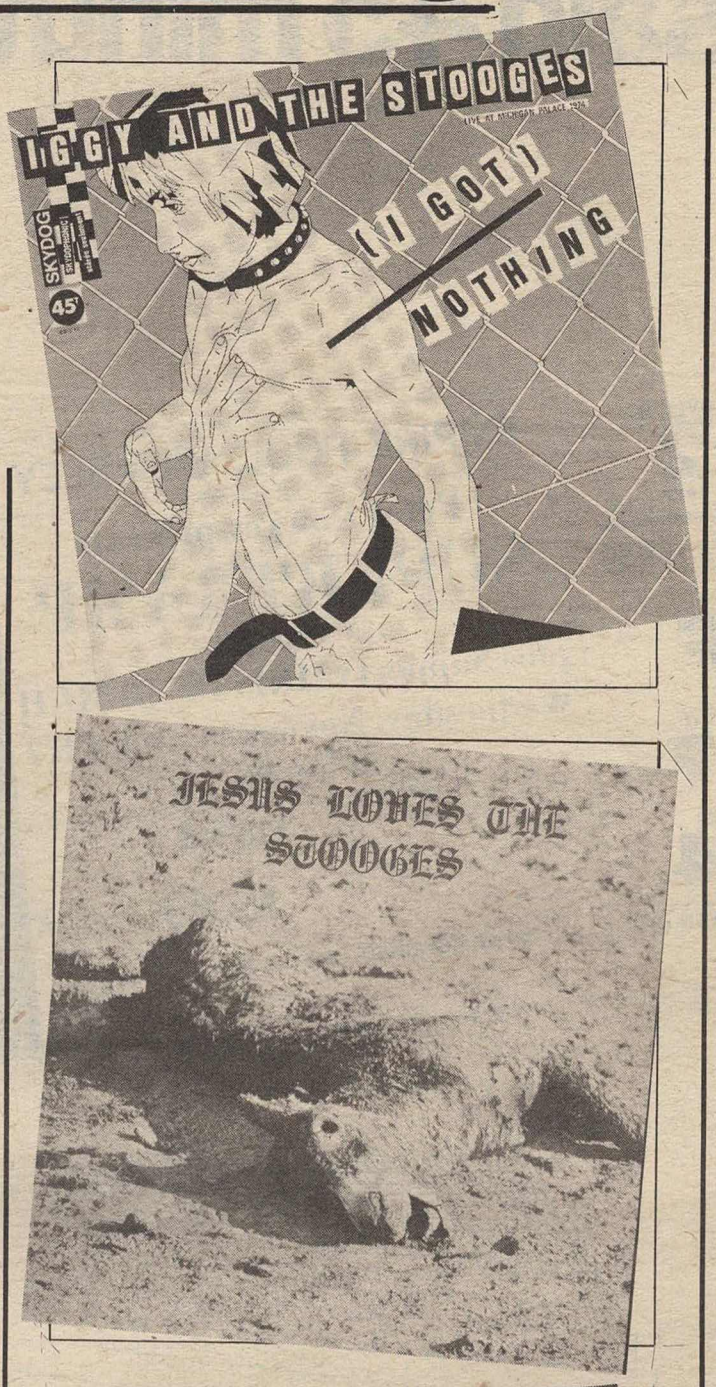
Unlike many folks, I don't find Iggy Pop's last belch, fart and junk-sick whimper to be of particularly compelling interest, and while I dig his albums, I'm not enough of an obsessive to want to listen to seemingly endless badly-recorded excerpts from the Stooges' bum nights. The sound of a band thrashing itself into its component parts before your very ears may be of documentary interest, but it fills no hole in *this* boy's soul.

"Consolation Prizes", the opening cut, sounds like "Exile"-period Stones as does "Johanna", the latter being graced by some demon saxophone that almost steals the stage from The World's Forgotten Boy. None of it sounds particularly essential. Necrophilia in the You Ess Ay, filtering over to the You Kay . . . .

THIS WEEK'S NON-IGGY RECORDS

PATTI SMITH: Hey Joe (Arista). Twelve inches of best French vinyl for Patti cultists, this pairs the "Sixty Days/Hey Joe" side of her original pre-"Horses" single (the other side, "Piss Factory", recently appeared on the Funnygram "New Wave" sampler) with a 15-minutes-plus live version of the title thing (I'd hesitate to call it "title *tune*") from "Radio Ethiopia." "Hey Joe" — prefaced with the poem about Patty Hearst — was the first recorded stirring of the "Horses" approach, and heard now sounds more than a little on the naive side (not that there's anything wrong with that), but by the time of "Horses" she'd gotten a lot better at it. Still, the verbal log-jam gets mesmeric towards the end as Tom Verlaine's guitar squitters and howls around the vocal and Richard Sohl's simultaneously detached and ecstatic piano. "Ethiopia" is an embarrassing mess that sounds like audition-night Grateful Dead. "Horses" was an album I'd recommend to *anybody:* this one's for collectors only.

FLAMIN GROOVIES: Grease (Skydog). The veteran EP of the demos that got the Groovies their ill-fated deal with United Artists back in '72 resurfaces in the new large-format edition. Recorded live in a real garage (ah, authenticity! Ah, Bisto!) but without an audience, this captures the Real True Spirit Of Rock And Roll better than anything else to fall into my lap this week. Three band compositions, "Slow Death", "Dog Meat" and "Let Me Rock" topped up with a flame-out overdrive rendition of Chuck Berry's "Sweet Little Rock And Roller: the vocals are buried under the roar from the amps but it sounds just fine. Now that the Groovies have been relieved of the duty to carry the torch of Beat Boom revivalism single-handed maybe they can get a little more "Grease" into their set. Check?



SO WHAT'S NEW?

THE STRANGLERS: Five Minutes (United Artists). If these boys (sorry, *men)* haven't been listening to Devo then they must be psychic. It's more apparent on the B-side "Rok It To The Moon", all spaced-out bleeps and lurching riff, but there's a whiff of Ohio's finest in "Five Minutes", a roaring, bass-heavy wall-of-noise that should keep the buddy-buddy boys off U.S. AM radio and on British jukeboxes. S'okay, but definitely not up to the high standard of the previous Stranglers singles (the foregoing is not to be presumed as any kind of statement to the effect that punk is dead).

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD: A Love Like Yours (Mercury). Revered '60s thrush makes long-overdue return to record-making with delightful Holland-Dozier-Holland song; pipes still in good nick, phrasing intact; arrangement and production by Roy Thomas Baker hideous; record sinks with all hands. No fault of Ms Springfield's, but this is by no means an auspicious re-entry to the arena.

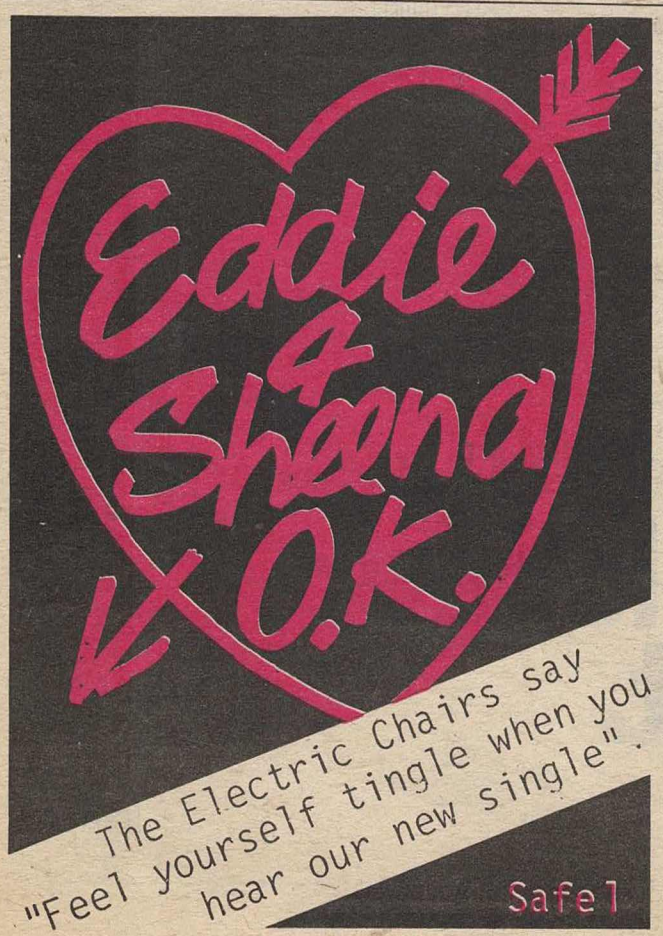
TARTAN HORDE: Bay City Rollers We Love You (United Artists). A Nick Lowe jape that sold a mint in Japan. This is an eepee featuring two tracks each by The Disco Brothers ("Let's Go To The Disco" and "Everybody Dance") and two by The Tartan Horde ("Bay City Rollers We Love You" and "Rollers Show"). Basher's skills as a pasticheur and parodist (let's leave "parasite" right out of this, okay?) are intact and functioning, making this an exquisitely twee little artefact of immense amusement-potential to anyone who doesn't actually have to pay for it. Incidentally (1) whatever *did* happen to The Bay City Rollers; incidentally (2) the drummer on this record used to call himself Rat Scabies.

SUZANNE: You Really Got A Hold On Me (Ring'O Records). Originally this song was recorded by The Miracles. Then The Beatles did it. After that came Laura Nyro and Labelle, Gregg and Cher Allman and new CBS hopeful Eddie Money. Now there's the enigmatically-monikered Suzanne. So how does this new revibe of that most wonderful of songs measure up? Well, it's certainly better than Gregg and Cher. Does Ringo know about this?

DARTS: Come Back My Love (Magnet). This one'll have every rock-crit worth his staple gun trying hard to remember how to spell "accapella". The greatest '50s act of the '70s go through their well-choreographed paces on an alternate version of the album track of the same name in a far more stylistically coherent — if not as arresting — manner than on the "Daddy Cool" hit. Unlikely to repeat the former's success (though it won't do at all badly), but if anything I like it better. Watch for them on *Top Of The Pops,* etc, etc.

BARRON KNIGHTS: Back In Trouble Again (Epic). Same format; two out of the three parodies are very funny

□ *Continues p.23.*



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MAGNET RECORDS

SINGLES

□ *From page 20.*

indeed. The "Bohemian Rhapsody" section is spot-on, and the Bowie "Space Oddity" bit about a freshly doctored cat ("Birth Control to Ginger Tom") is quite magnificent. These guys could be cult figures if they didn't look like The Brotherhood Of Man's dads.

PATSY GALLANT: Sugar Daddy (EMI). Facing up nobly to the challenge of making a record even more horrific than "From New York To L.A.," Ms Gallant returns with one of the nastiest discogum efforts of the decade. It'll be a smash. You can also see Ms Gallant's naugahyde complexion and javelin-thrower's shoulders on a deluxe 12-inch version if you hurry hurry hurry to your record shop NOW!

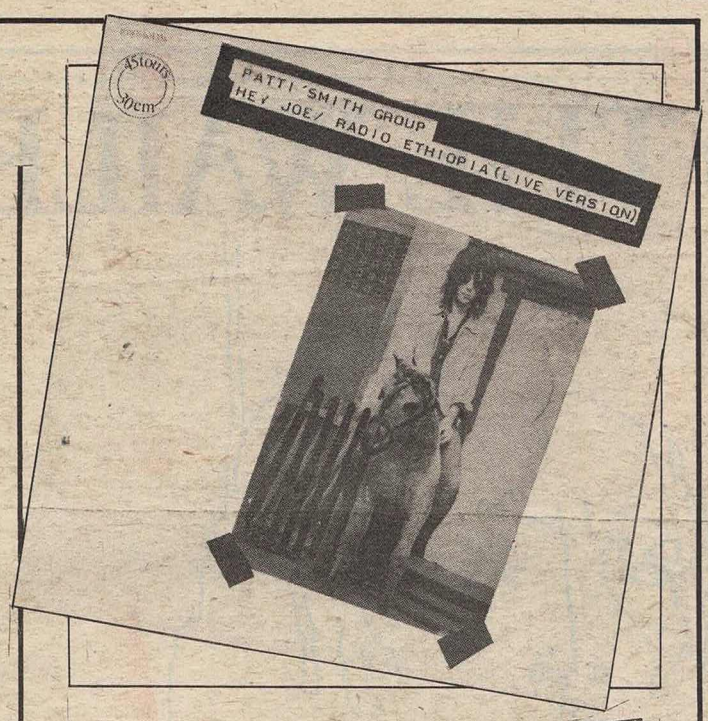
RUSH: Closer To The Heart (Mercury). Twelve-incher with "Bastille Day", "Anthem" and "The Temples of Syrinx" on t'other side. I say it sounds like bad Zeppelin and I say the hell with it.

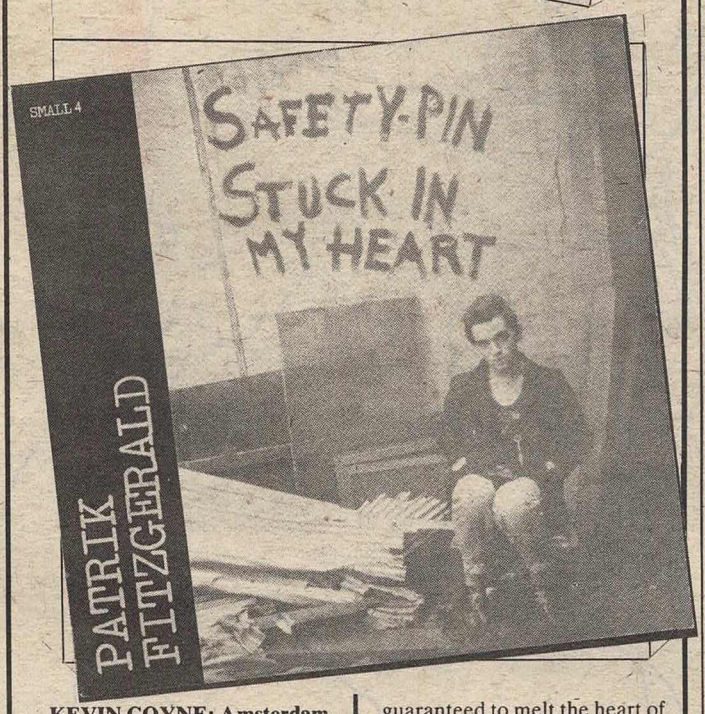
GREG LAKE: Watching Over You (Atlantic). Makes "Mull Of Kintyre" seem like "Anarchy In The UK." This guy sounds so wet he should've been dumped out of a helicopter over burning buildings during the firemen's strike.

ATTENTION . . . ATTENTION . . . REVIEW OF SINGLE OF THE WEEK IMMINENT . . . . CORRECTION . . . . REVIEW OF SINGLE OF THE WEEK FOLLOWS IMMEDIATELY AFTER THIS ANNOUNCEMENT . . . .

PATRICK FITZGERALD: Safety Pin Stuck In My Heart (Small Wonder). An unusually generous eepee, giving the world five tracks of the voice, guitar and Cosmic Worldview of one Patrick Fitzgerald. On the cover he resembles a young Bill Nelson in modern-world clobber; on the record he sounds like. . . . punk folk? Acoustic punk? A young Paddy Roberts? None of these descriptions make any sense at all, but it'd be a misdirection of energy to attempt to construct a neat little category for such a genuinely interesting oddball. From the punk-love pisstake of the title track, the reggae essays of "Work / Rest / Play / Reggae" and "Set We Free" (and on the latter he does a lovely job of getting the rydim in the absence of bass and drums, as well as blending his own idiom with reggae) as well as the defiant surrealism of "Optimism / Reject" (you may have heard Peel playing it on the radio: it's the one that goes "Hello I'm a reject"), this guy is *good;* someone should buy him a band immediately. You'll vill be hearink more of zis fellow — and zat iss an order!

LINDA RONSTADT: Blue Bayou (Asylum). You'll be hearing a lot more of this lady too, and that's a condolence. I'm not saying it's gooey, but I'd hate to step in it first thing in the morning.





KEVIN COYNE: Amsterdam (Virgin). Not — thank God — another re-make/re-model of the old Jaques Brel chest-beater. Instead, a pacey good-humoured stab at the mass market by a man of genuine brilliance, aided immeasurably by the demented guitar of Andy Somers. Doesn't sound like a hit, but it wouldn'arf be a pleasant surprise.

THE LEGENDARY LONNIE: Wine Glass Rock (Charly). Dunno what all this is about. Sounds like some geezer trying to play "Dust My Broom" with a wineglass instead of a bottleneck. Wossit sound like to you?

SHAKIN' STEVENS: Justine (Track). Track Records have their offices just below us — mind you, they're very quiet tenants and don't get in our way at all, thank you — so imagine our surprise when their annual single release arrived in our office *by post!!!!* Still, it appears to have been unaffected by the long detour. The British Isles' star greaser's latest single is one of the most honest and ballsy records of the week, charges along like a maddened rhino (I've never actually been charged by one but I seen 'em on *The World About Us* an't'ing) and we here at *NME* are right proud to have it on the premises.

RICK DANKO: What A Town (Arista). Happy, groovy, grainy, relaxed, snoozy, dozy, beaky, mick and tich.

DONNY AND MARIE: You're My Soul And Inspiration (Polydor). Y'know, if I get to hear these toothy siblings crooning love songs at each other much longer I'm gonna tell their mom about 'em and thassa *fact,* bub.

ANDREA TRUE CONNECTION: What's Your Name What's Your Number (Buddah). A touching little tale of love-at-first-sight guaranteed to melt the heart of anyone who ever took their toothbrush to the disco.

JERRY BUTLER: I Wanna Do It To You (Motown). A touching little saga guaranteed to melt the heart of anyone whoever took their toothbrush home from the disco.

IT AIN'T 'ARF GARF, MUM

THE POP!: Down On The Boulevard (Back Door Man). From Hollywood USA, the "Sweet Jane" riff gets mutated into an also-ran Byrds / Who meld in the modern manner, backed with their own "Easy Action" and a none - too - exciting re-splice of The Kinks' "I Need You", which isn't a patch on the Count Bishops' version or the original. Along with this little gem came an earlier single by the same band, when they were called Pop! instead of The Pop!, and were a glam-rock quartet instead of a semi - neo - pseudo - punk trio. I hope they get laid a lot, 'cause that's about the only recognition I can see coming their way. Wonder what they'll look/sound like next year?

STEVE ELLIS: Rag And Bone (Ariola). Written and co-produced by David Courtney of Leo Sayer (in)fame(y). Sounds a lot like Leo as well. File under "inauspicious comebacks."

INTERGALACTIC TOURING BAND: Starship Jingle (Charisma). How many ways do I hate this? Let me count the many ways. I hate it like I hate pub landlords who turn jukeboxes down when you put a rock and roll record on. I hate it like I hate buses that wait until you've almost reached them before driving off. I hate it like I hate holiday brochure commercials. I hate it like I hate Patsy Gallant records. I hate it. I hate it. I hate hate hate hate hate hate it. I double-hate it. I treble-hate it. It sucks. You can quote me in your ads if you like.

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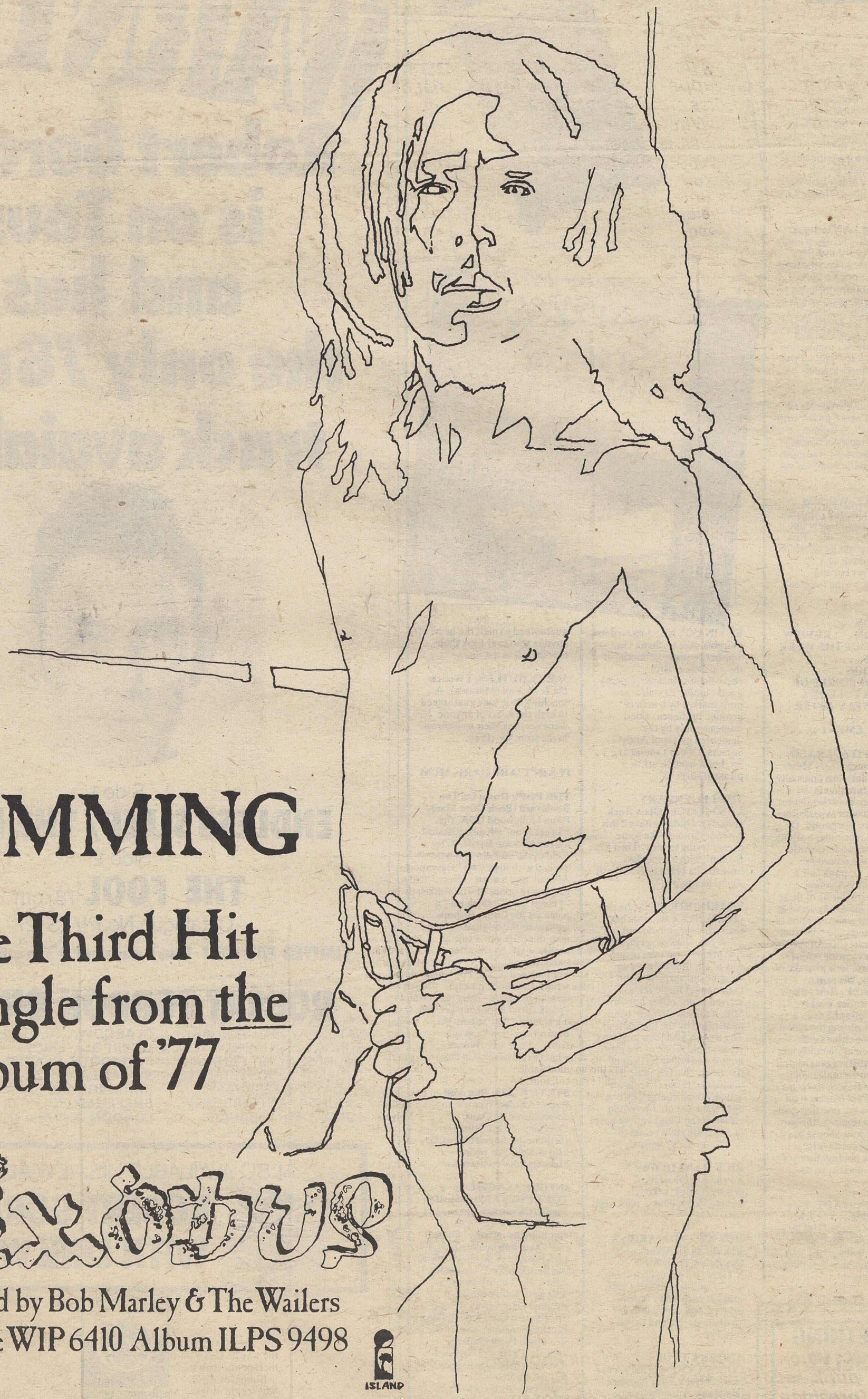

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STERN WORDS IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE

. . . when cynical ol' Uncle Frank knocks punk, record companies, and U.S. presidents, and reveals the CIA plot to spike San Francisco . . .

THERE EXISTS a very real possibility that we won't hear any new recordings from Francis Vincent Zappa until at least the turn of this decade.

This has nothing to do with any dearth of inspiration or lack of impetus on Zappa's part, because for an artist of such proven relentless creative imbalance, inertia is almost unthinkable. What it comes down to is politics — internal music business politics.

In March of last year Zappa delivered four albums to Warner Brothers: "Live In New York", "Studio Tan", "Hot Rats 3" and "Zappa Orchestral Favourites". His contract stipulated immediate payment of $60,000 per album. He claims he wasn't paid. True to style, he immediately sued.

By PAUL RAMBALI

FRANK ZAPPA looking for CIA drug pushers.

Since his contract had allegedly been breached, Zappa took his copy tapes of the four albums, added some new material, subtracted some old, and prepared a four-record set called "Lather", but pronounced "Leather".

Recorded over a three-year period with non-static personnel from later Zappa line-ups, "Lather" is nothing so much as a definitive overview of every mode the man ever tampered with, utilising new recordings and with few exceptions — notably a scorching instrumental version of "Duke Of Prunes" — all new material. If your interest in Zappa goes beyond mere frivolous acquaintance, it's essential.

And you nearly had a chance to buy it too, because a deal was set up last autumn with Phonogram records for a new Zappa label, kicking off with "Lather".

Here, however, the precise scam becomes lost in a flurry of law suits, threats and machinations. "Lather" remains unreleased. The fate of "Live In New York" is undecided due to some defamatory material included therein about a certain Punky Meadows.

It seems that Terry Bozzio, Zappa's spirited drummer, harbours a perverse fascination for Punky Meadows, lead guitarist with Angel, who are Casablanca's attempt to reach the kids who find Kiss too gross and any stray Queen fans with more bucks than sense in one fell swoop.

Bozzio, formerly a quiet jazz type, was so struck by a photo of Punky in the adonis pose favoured by groups of that nature that he took to emulating this over-the-shoulder pout position in various awkward circumstances. He has lately been seen on stage sporting S&M gear replete with fido studs and butt strap.

Zappa chronicled his drummer's strange antics in a broad send-up of the manufactured groups syndrome entitled "Punky's Whips". Meadows heard it, felt flattered, and gave Zappa permission to release it — but Warner Brothers wouldn't.

Impasse. Zappa's not about to co-operate with Warners. Any attempt to sign with another company would be blocked by Warners. It could be between three and five years before Zappa's case is dealt with due to the long civil court waiting lists in California.

Also shelved for the time being is a TV special Zappa made. Described as a combination of advanced video editing techniques, animation and live performance, it has been shown in France, Switzerland and Germany, but ongoing litigation between Zappa and his previous manager, Herb Cohen, reduces its present chances of being shown here or in the States, even presuming the TV companies would take it.

All in all, not the best situations for the modern-day composer.

ZAPPA SEEMS to be taking it very much in his stride though. In the sedate, pastel atmosphere of the Knightsbridge hotel where he is waiting to begin final rehearsals for the Hammersmith Odeon dates, he speaks more with resignation than bitterness as he tells me that his primary goal — no matter how long he takes to achieve it — is to disentangle himself from what he calls "a large, politically-connected, record company".

The prospect of not being able to release any new material doesn't trouble him. "I can still record", he points out — making clear by his tone that he considers this an undeniable imperative — "and I can still tour. So that's what I am going to do".

DESCRIBING the scope and portent of Zappa's output microcosm to the unprepared could take weeks. Let's just say he combines the aesthetic considerations of a contemporary composer with occasional acid social commentary and a manifestly bizarre sense of humour.

His favourite modern musicians are Edgard Varese, Igor Stravinsky and Anton Webern. His favourite records are Johnny Guitar Watson's "Three Hours Past Midnight", Don And Dewey's "Soul Motion", The Orchids' "Newlywed" and The Paragons' "Can I Come Over Tonight?" He says the ethnic strain closest to his own music is Bulgarian folk. He is, amongst other things, a rock musician.

"I was riding in the car and I turned the knob on the radio and heard this song," he reflects, obviously groaning inwardly at having to repeat what by now must be a well-worn story. "It was 'I' by The Velvets" — not Underground — "and it sounded fabulous. My parents insisted it be dismissed from the radio, and I knew I was on to something . . ."

But finding out what makes this mother tick is no easy task, especially in the half-hour allotted between two other scribes problably out to do the very same thing. I decide, rather unwisely it emerges, to start at the deep end.

Over the years, the amount of pointed social observation on Zappa's records has fluctuated greatly. Recently, however, he has returned to form, "Zoot Allures" containing pound for pound more pertinent points than most of his other 70's albums excepting perhaps "Overnite Sensation".

I find it interesting, though, that much of his recent concern has been with problems of, ah, sexual insecurity. Zappa, whether though misunderstanding my question or mistrusting my intentions, evades the issue.

"I disagree with your premise. I've got plenty to say about what's going on, it's just the way I say it might not be the way you want to hear it and also might not be about the things you want to talk about. Some people think social comment is saying the government sucks — God, that's so obvious why bother?

"Some people get upset when you talk about things of a sexual nature because that's just something you don't talk about, and the people who get most upset about that are journalists — there's probably some deep-seated psychological reason for that — the audience just enjoys it."

I happen to think that what Zappa has to say in his music about sexual matters is fairly important, because few others even say it, and because the way he says it is ultimately more therapeutic than most.

But never mind. Not wishing to put *both* feet in it right from the start, I switch tracks and ask how he deals with complaints from feminists in this quarter.

"I'm saying simply this: it's as much of a hype as punk rock as far as I'm concerned. Some of the things they wish to achieve are quite noble, but I resent the manner in which they are being advertised.

"It's not the ideals, it's the packaging. I find it repulsive and think it's an insult to men and demeaning to women."

Zappa, you see, used to preach *individual* liberation. He doesn't do it so much now, probably because so few people ever listened — ain't that right Johnny?

But in tow with this thorough and wise suspicion of anything offered as the one and only way comes an equally thorough suspicion of anything offered as the latest and greatest. Specifically, punk.

He says that there are things from the 60's that equal or surpass what's heard today, citing Sky Saxon And The Seeds and early Kingsmen as examples. Mention the popular youth movement theory though, and what was expressed in euphemisms above, but what I will now call cynicism, begins to show:

"The motivations — to judge from what I've read or heard in conversation with people in the business about the way some of these groups have been put together — have nothing to do with the pseudo-social or pseudo-political ideals expressed by its practitioners.

"The whole thing was a money-making venture right from the start, if not for the group then for the boutique owner who is packaging the thing.

"Punk rock is a phenomenon manufactured by managers.

"Rock has become a fact of life in the States," he continues, lighting

■ *Continues p.45*

THE DIGNITY OF A RAT STAR'S LABOURS

MONTY SMIFF in boozeless Sweden may be like a mountain goat in Holland but he's only there for THE BOOMTOWN RATS and to bend a sober ear to the mighty mouthings of Modest Bob Geldof. TOM CHEYENNE lends a lens

"ABBA-ABBA hey!" shouts Bob Geldof as we touchdown in Sweden. It's Friday the 13th, and the ten minute flight from Copenhagen has been undertaken in a 15-seater Twin Otter straight out of *Casablanca*, a real Buddy-Holly-was-here job, so the laughter is as much due to relief as Modest Bob's, er, wit.

Winging in over Malmo at 600 feet, Sweden seems like the genuine Christmas card McCoy, white on white with speckled fir trees that look like line-drawings. If there *were* any slums or hovels in 'Socialist' Sweden, the snow would make them seem pretty. What none of us realise is that the good people of Malmo travel to Copenhagen for their jollies, and there's sod all to do *there*.

One thing that strikes you straightaway is the near-impeccable mastery of the English language by every Swede you meet. "You'd better brush up on your English," I say to the blonde hotel receptionist, "It's not quite perfect." I intend my heavy irony to be met by a quizzical smile. "That's because I'm Australian," she says icily, making me feel like a prize berk. So they're not *all* turnip-heads in Malmo — some people *choose* to come here.

But Bob Geldof's worried about the possible turnout for tonight's stage of The Boomtown Rats' European tour.

"Will *anyone* be here tonight?" he asks the Swedish promoter, on the way to Dad's Dancing, the venue.

Maybe 300, maybe 500, says the promoter. The club holds 1,000. The frozen streets are deserted. Only one act *could* fill Dad's he says: Magnus Uggla. Blank looks are exchanged. Catchy name. Judging from the posters adorning Dad's walls, Mr Uggla looks like Bob Dylan's kid cousin, with bloody great earrings on. The 13-year-old girls love him, says the promoter, and there he is singing songs about the bitches on the street. If only they'd listen . . .

Dad's is like most Swedish rock venues, a clean, clinical cross between a youth club and a super-chintzy Wimpy bar. The polished wooden tables and benches are laid out in neat rows. "I bet they're in exactly the same position after the show," says Geldof. And he's right.

In the dressing room, which might have been spacious if it were inhabited only by bassist Pete Briquette (he's small, but fun), there's a scribbled message on the wall: "Dear Joe, The Clash are hippies, man. Watch out for Spiderman. Love Rick, The Jam." Which doesn't scan, but just about rhymes.

According to the promoter, The Clash drew 300 to Dad's, The Jam 320. The Rats come out top with 340, but that's still a lot of people who didn't go. The ones who are there lurch listlessly to support band Problems, a local outfit with more than their fair share.

Rapt attention, though, is given to the Rats, who clearly enjoy their own set, which is marred by Geldof's "Do The Rat" exhortations. It's a touch of *Opportunity Knocks*-rock which might get by on humorous intent in England, but seems sorely out of place in Malmo, where the jerks who do get up on stage don't attempt 'The Rat', merely impersonate Bob's commanding stance. More disturbing is my uneasy feeling that the Rats are just going through the motions of rock'n'roll, that Charlie Murray, Paul Morley and others who've enthused over their live shows have led me up the proverbial path. What a twat! I was listening to the meagre audience, not the band. The Stockholm gig put me right on that score.

On the dressing room wall, there's fresh graffiti: "Dear Joe and Rick, The Clash and The Jam are both out of date. Beware people who catch on to us. Love and peace, man, Bob (Boomtown Rats)."

Good sense of humour, has Bob. A sense of equanimity which is tried only by the pathetic excuse for alcohol they serve in Sweden. Beer, at 15 bob a bottle, is only 2.8% proof (like supermarket shandy), spirits prohibitive in price and rarely available anyway. Rats manager Fachtna O'Kelly has an attractively dumpy bottle of duty free schnaps, but that tastes like corrosive cough mixture, so everyone bemoans the unpardonable state of liquid affairs.

Virtual legalised prohibition has been in effect since July last year, when government measures attempting to stop kids drinking meant the introduction of this dreadful gnats' piss brew, precipitating a huge upsurge in the sales of wine and spirits from 'off licenses'.

"Sweden's famous for free love, right?" says Bob. "It'd be the only fucking thing that is free." As we wait in the departure lounge (ha ha, and Coca Cola only a quid) at Malmo's minimalist airport, Geldof looks out at the cold, grey, bleak surroundings and affects a t'ick Paddy accent:

"Dey say dere's a lot of suicide in Sweden."

THE ENTIRE Rats set-up is imbued with a rare spirit of camaraderie, right through to the road crew. Geldof has seen bands treat their roadies like scum, and he can't understand that. He's annoyed, too, by suggestions that he's 'doing a Ferry', using the band as a springboard for solo success — "We're all mates. If Fachtna could play an instrument, he'd be in the band too."

During the inevitable hanging around at soundchecks and before and after gigs, photographer Tom and I keep well in the background. You always feel a bit in the way at those times, a bit of a spare prick, but Geldof seeks us out and says, "You can go anywhere, you know, you're not in the way. If we go silent backstage, it's only because we're nervous, that's all." No one's bothered to say that before.

He does admit, though, that he gets pissed off with being the band's spokesman all the time. "The press keep talking to me because they think I'm good copy," he says. "Because I shoot my mouth off."

Modest Bob, right? He considers interviews — which tend toward dense interior monologues — to be essentially self-analysis. He peppers his loquacity with "you'll have to believe me" and "honestly", but reserves the right to change his mind tomorrow. He says he'd probably

"The New Wave h created through t there wasn't the s the '60s . . . The r us but they could they went looking scapegoats."

cringe if he heard himself talking on tape.

He's contradictory, tangential but very funny (he does a brilliant Joe Strummer impersonation). Sure, he's opinionated, but it's an attitude stemming from hard-headed rationalisation rather than mere arrogance.

He's a constant consumer of the written word, reads 'anything'. He has spates on authors. Recently, he's 'done' Somerset Maugham, Milton and Chandler. It's Tom Wolfe at the moment ("Good journalist, but I'm not knocked out"). He likes poets and playing with words. Puns litter "Neon Heart" and "Do The Rat". In "Lookin' After No 1", the *"I am an island / Entire of myself / And when I get old, older than today / I'll never need anybody's help in any way"* couplets are pastiches of Johns Donne and Lennon respectively. He likes watching TV, too.

In his *Pop* T-shirt and red, dead tight jeans (which barely manage to say 'hello' to his winkle-picker boots), his much-touted similarity to M. Jagger is about as vague as your humble scribe's resemblance to Robert Redford.

No, Geldof's a debauched Twizzle, all angularity and rough edges, with arms as long as an Orang-Utan's. The only soft thing about him is the persuasive brogue, and that can turn harder than a tub of Polyfilla at the slightest provocation.

After living with the Rats' solid debut album for a few months and seeing them play their bracing rock'n'roll on stage, it amuses me that they were ever referred to as 'punks'. (The *NME* asked if you were 'ready for Irish punks' in a Rats featurette last June).

"You come over to England with a name like Boomtown Rats and people just *assume*. November '75 was our first gig and no one had coined the phrase 'new wave' then. The Pistols in England and the Ramones in New York were starting then and it was happening because wherever people were they were sick of what was going down. *We* didn't know what the fuck we were, all we knew was that we didn't particularly dig the music which was around then.

"I think we are a part of the new wave in that our music embodies an assessment of the prevailing rock attitudes over the past few years and an unwillingness to accept those attitudes.

"The new wave can encompass punk bands as per Pistols, Clash, Damned and at the other end Nick Lowe, Elvis Costello, Graham Parker. In between those entirely separate poles there are an amazing number of bands and an incredible amount of music.

"I don't know where the Rats sit amongst that because I suppose 'No 1' comes from one end of the spectrum and 'Joey' from the other. But that's not plagiarism, it's just a fact that the band can actually play."

For their album, a conscious attempt was made to treat each track as differently as possible — hard and fast for "No 1" 's panicked scream for recognition, a drone-like beat for "Neon Heart" 's cold alienation, a 'club' atmosphere for "Joey" 's ballad of the city, and so on — an extension of the Rats' belief that a song should have a life of its own within the three or four minutes allowed it. The newer songs, including the anti-press "Don't Believe What You Read", are shorter, punchier, '78 pop if you like, an influence of producer Mutt Lange.

"It was a piss off when people came to see us expecting us to be punks and then reacting against us when they realised we weren't, as in the Music Machine incident last summer.

"Hegel and Marx man." — The Nietzs

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"Now I'm sure I sound arrogant and patronising, but that's confusion, because when somebody's inarticulate and they don't understand something, they lash out.

"We did 'I Can Make It If You Can' that night, a slow anti-love song, and we brought Albie Donnelly out to play sax on 'Joey'. And this guy couldn't handle it, that we were just playing our songs. Until a crowd came to see us because we are us, it *was* confusing.

"Now we have a cross-section of kids heavily into punk and the university kids desperately trying to be hip, who think they see some musical validity in us."

ACCORDING TO Geldof, the Pistols are the Ideal, The Clash are the Cause, The Stranglers are the Musical Intellectuals and The Jam and the Rats are the Dance Bands.

"I tell you, man, people give up on their causes long before they stop going to dances. There isn't any huge philosophy embodied in what the Rats are doing, short of one which has a tarnished reputation — That is, coming out of a gig thinking you've been to a party rather than a fucking political rally.

"In England, if I said to a crowd 'Smash up yer seats', they'd do it. Because you can make a crowd do what you want so easily. That's another aspect of the new wave which should be curbed — sloganising, making things seem easy.

"People tend to write in slogans now, which is a shame. The Clash do it. In sloganising potentially profound philosophies they make them trite, symplistic and essentially fascist.

"It's what Hitler did, taking a sinister philosophy and sloganising it. 'Freedom Through Work' — what the fuck does that mean? So many people screamed that at him that they couldn't hear the screams of six million people being murdered behind them.

"The only attitude to have, really, is pragmatism. All other philosophy is bullshit. Hegel, Marx — they're wankers, man, they were writing about hypothetical situations which never occurred. The one thing they never foresaw was modern technology and the huge impact it made on this century, far exceeding the impact of the Industrial Revolution.

"They never foresaw it, and it essentially made the 'dignity of man's labour' redundant. And wanky little bands like Chelsea singing about the Right to Work are totally off the wall."

GELDOF TALKS a lot during gigs, too ("Sometimes too much, sometimes not enough"), tells people "don't believe what you read" and gets kids on stage to "Do The Rat". Isn't that crowd manipulation?

"It's certainly not intended to be some sinister Svengali-type manipulation. We could just as easily go 1-2-3-4 dudduddudduh! If I want to make the crowd do the Rat, you've got to accept it for what it is — a way to get the crowd involved.

"When they see their mates being helped on stage by a bouncer, it connects, involves. It's a way of getting the crowd to realise that the band is not the event, the fucking audience is the event. When it's very hard to differentiate between the crowd and the band, then you have a great rock'n'roll gig."

And what doesn't contribute to a great rock'n'roll gig is gobbing.

were wankers
che of the New Wave.

Above: Rats at play — but what's this got to do with Punk Rock.? Right: My nose is clean. Below: The Warden threw a party at the county jail. Bottom: We're a happy family, meet Johnny Pyjamas (right). Garry Roberts lurks in the background as the other Rattus fall down the stairs. (l to r) Simon Crow, Pete Briquette, guess who, Gerry Cott and Mr Fingers.

Geldof hates it.

"If kids gob at us I pick one out in the spotlight and say, 'See this guy here, he's an arsehole.' Big cheers. 'He's been reading the *Sun* and the *Daily Mirror* this week.' Boo! Fuck off! 'The reason he does this is because he's so fucking stupid, he can't think for himself. He gets all his opinions from the papers and he thinks it's hip to spit.' Now that's unfair to the kid, possibly, but . . ."

So you do use your position of authority?

"Yes, but I use it to stop them getting at me, which is better than saying 'Fuck off!' Rather than lashing them over the head with a guitar, which I'd prefer not to do thank you very much, because I don't want to see a punter's blood on the floor or a bouncer's blood on the floor.

"That might sound like middle class liberalism, which it's *not*, I just don't get off on seeing blood anywhere. I would rather be able to handle a situation like that by talking to the crowd and saying what I think.

"Because I *do* think that guy's an arsehole for spitting. He *does* get his ideas from the *Sun* and the *Mirror*. And probably the *NME* as well, hence your position of responsibility."

The music press, thinks Geldof, used its power to a positive advantage in helping to *create* the new wave.

"It started around the time of Mick Farren's piece 'The Sinking Of The Titanic', where he almost demanded that bands come out from wherever they were lurking and *play*.

"It was just a reflection of what people were thinking because music at that time — forget it. They did come out and the press fed them with encouragement and created an audience for them, where one didn't exist before.

"Because *disco* (he spits the word) had pushed live music to the wall. It *had* to be created through the media because there wasn't the street scene of the '60s, there were no beat clubs. They were all fucking discos, technology *had* taken over.

"So the media actually spawned us, nurtured us, but when it became a Pandora's Box, they went running round their office desks looking for the keys and they found someone had stolen them. They couldn't handle it and they went looking for scapegoats, anyone but themselves, hence we had the *NME* cover, the Summer of Hate, but who's to blame?"

THE PREVIOUS evening, I'd heard Geldof talking to a Phonogram promotions female from Copenhagen. He was dissatisfied with the Dane's lack of promotion on the Rats' album and spoke of attracting the 'woodwork market'. I thought it was a cynical term and also detected cynicism at work in "Don't Believe What You Read", which Geldof finishes with the throwaway aside, "Don't believe us, either."

"No, no, no!" he shouts. "Don't believe *anybody*, man, believe yourself. Take your opinions from anywhere, disseminate them and then follow through.

"It's not a cynical attitude, it's just the way I live my life. I've got nothing to preach, nothing to *teach* anyone. I'm giving advice, advice I believe in. In the end, it's the 'don't follow leaders' number.

"When I spoke to that record company person, I could've just as easily ignored the conversation because you were around, but I won't be placed in a position where I'm scared of saying what I want, right?

"Sure I mentioned the woodwork market, and that's exactly what you're going for. Farren demanded that the woodwork market come out and stand up for themselves. When I talk to record company people, I must talk in their terms or they don't know that I'm serious.

"They're out to get as much from you as they can, for a minimal outlay. You've got to screw them, you've got to tighten the noose around their neck until they're squealing. That's how you deal with record companies, because they don't do shit for you otherwise.

"And you must understand record companies, man, because they're

● *Continued over page*

Rattus Rambleus Contd.

● *Continued from previous page*

your future. I mean, what the fuck are most bands gonna do if this breaks up on them?

"This is the best job I've done. I get off on every aspect of it. I get off on the airplane, that's what this whole thing is worth to me, that one air ride. I get off on the writing, the playing, the rehearsing and I get off on the business end of it.

"I realise that a lot of it is a joke and a sham, I realise that those limousines are a fucking joke. I know who *I* am and it constantly amazes me that there's a limousine waiting for me or that I get taken out to these flash restaurants all over Europe.

"I made a rash statement once, which always comes back at me: I want to be famous. I want to be recognised as Bob Geldof the individual. I despise the common lot. I don't despise the common herd, I despise their lot, and I want to rise above that. Which I realise indicates a chronic psychological deficiency on my part, but I don't give a bollocks, so I don't see why anybody else should.

"It just shows how fucking small I am, which I think is pathetic, because if someone told *me* that, I'd think he was a wanker. But you talk to Strummer, right, who's a straight guy and more than sincere about what he's doing, even if it is naive and trite. But I was at the Rainbow gig and he said to me 'Oh fuck, I wish I'd said I wanted to be rich and famous', because he *does*, right?

"'What's it like to be in the Top Ten?' he said. 'I wish I had a fuckin' record on K-Tel'. Because he understood the point. People scream when they realise 'No 1' is on K-Tel's 'Disco Fever'. Not only will it make us a lot of money, but it's the ultimate subversion.

"That album's sold over a million and a half copies, we've got into a million and a half homes of people that won't hear anything we talk about. There they are dancing in the privacy of their own toilets to Silver Convention and Baccara, then the next minute — dudduddudduh! This racket comes out and we're reaching people we never dreamed about.

"Can you imagine if 'White Riot' was on it? Joe said he'd love to be on that album. Of course, if he was it would be 'a brilliantly revolutionary coup by The Clash'. But the Rats, it's 'a cynical sell-out.'

"I told him he's living contradictions, CBS have never led a revolution and they're not likely to. If people stop going to their gigs or if their records don't sell, they'll freak. You're trying to make a living and he said 'Yes'.

"That's not cynical, it's just being aware of and not disguising the fact that bands have to tour to sell records, have to make hits to make money for themselves. The new wave is rife with lies and hypocrisy and if anything it should be about a little more honesty.

"I write a song as I see things at the time and the band play it as they see fit. We won't be hampered by style, we won't be hampered by fashion because long, *long* after these facile fashions have departed the Rats will be around.

"That sounds like nauseating, overbearing, confidence but it's not. It's just me saying that to myself — often enough — so that it becomes a sort of mental factoid."

STOCKHOLM'S DOMINO club is packed to the arsebone by 1400 people. Under a constant hail of gob, Geldof is attacked during the opening number (*T-Zers* last week). Midway through the set a pint beer mug hits drummer Simon Crowe in the jaw.

"We're not gladiators!" screams Geldof. "You don't pay to see us bleed. Any more shit from you fuckers and we're gone!"

They play three encores. It was a great rock'n'roll gig, but it was easy to differentiate between the crowd and the band. The band had more guts.

Junkyard Angels

AIN'T IT just like some folks to get things wrong?

Take the tag 'New Wave'. The expression first appeared in the '20's, a reference to the German Bauhaus school of architecture. In the late '50s, it was pinned on both French nouvelle film-makers and a breakaway bunch of experimental jazz musicians. A third reincarnation of the phrase was trotted out in the early '60s, when the world of SF literature locked horns ocer the Ellison vs Pohl argument.

When applied to rock, the term was first used in these pages to report the activities of a plethora of new bands that emerged at the beginning of last year.

New Wave was open-ended, encapsulating those young new musicians (of which punk was just one attitude) intent on restoring natural energy to The State Of The Art.

At its extremes, New Wave embraces Talking Heads, The Clash and Steel Pulse, and the term could also be aptly applied to local teen Rockabilly bands like Whirlwind, four brash young upstarts from Middlesex.

AN AMERICAN phenomenon which exploded out of the Southern states between 1954 and 1958, Rockabilly was a natural white fusion of R&B, country honky tonk and western swing.

Unlike the more sophisticated brand of arranged rock'n'roll cranked out by urban artists from the North, who placed more emphasis on saxes and chorus singers, Rockabilly was uninhibited grass-roots music performed by a singer, an acoustic guitar strumming a fragmented rhythm, an electric lead, a slapped upright bass, drums and, occasionally, a boogie piano player.

By the time Rockabilly had made its presence felt at the end of the '60s, The Golden Age Of Rock 'n' Roll was already making death-rattle noises. Many of the original rock'n'roll stars were either dead or beset with personal problems, clearing the pitch for the likes of such wimps as Fabian, Frankie Avalon and Bobby Rydell.

It was dark days. Rockabilly went underground, achieving a cult status not dissimilar to Northern Soul. And there it remained up until recently.

In America, it was the beer-hall footstomp for rednecks and bikers; in Britain Rockabilly was commandeered as the sole property of the Teds.

By the very nature of their attitude, *traditionalists* are invariably a joyless lot. So intent are they on adhering to the ethics of a preservation society, they are (more often than not) totally intolerant of progress. They live in a self-made elitist vacuum and don't appear kindly disposed towards "musical tourists".

As far as Britain is concerned, after Billy Fury (arguably this country's only genuine Rockabilly artist) got bogged down in ballads and then lost out to the '60s Beat Boom, the music fell into the hands of musicians who were so earnest in their devotion to the original American blueprint that most of them lost the youthful inventive spirit of their models.

Any slight deviation from the original text was instantly dismissed as sacriligious. At the other extreme, the "serious" long-term record collector wouldn't be seen dead at a gig given by even the most dedicated revivalists. Furthermore, the persistent overtones of senseless violence transformed British rock'n'roll and Rockabilly — both visually and aurally — into a slightly grotesque parody of the genuine article and quite unattractive to the public at large.

The four musicians who comprise Whirlwind: Nigel Dixon, Michael "Redhead" Lewis, Chris Emo and Phil "Foghorn" Hardy, desperately want to reverse this situation. Even though they're aware that should they break out of the Ted circuit (a strong possibility), they'll come in for some stick from the many who insist that rock records stopped being made in 1960!

AT 20, SINGER Nigel Dixon has more natural style at his fingertips than most performers of his age. He's already firmly set his sights. Dixon has already decided that it's him and not Billy Idol who can lay claim to being the Billy Fury of the Now Generation.

"Idol," says Dixon of his newly acquired friend, "will have to be content to be Shane Fenton!"

So what makes Whirlwind so special?

One of a fast-growing breed of young Brit Rockabilly bands, Whirlwind reflect the increased preoccupation by

Junkyard Charts

1 TORE UP..... Ray Campi (Rollin Rock)
2 SCHOOL OF ROCK 'N' ROLL .... Gene Summers (Jan)
3 ROCKIN' AT THE RITZ ..... Ray Campi (Rollin' Rock)
4 TILL I WALTZ AGAIN WITH YOU
Bill Reeder (Spade)
5 DON'T MEAN MAYBE BABY
Alvis Wayne (Vintage-Starlite)
6 HANG LOOSE ..... Tommy Spurlin (Record Mart)
7 PUT YOUR CAT CLOTHES ON .... Carl Perkins (Sun)
8 BOPPIN' HIGH SCHOOL BABY. Don Willis (Satellite)
9 HEY BABY!.....Bill Lawrence (Freedom)
10 JUKEBOX ROCK 'N' ROLL
Ray Coleman's Skyrockets (Roller Coaster)

Chart supplied by Rock On Records, 3 Kentish Town Road, London, NW3.

1 WASHING MACHINE BOOGIE
Echo Valley Boys (Record Mart)
2 DON'T MEAN MAYBE BABY
Alvis Wayne (Vintage-Starlite)
3 PAN AMERICAN BOOGIE. Ray Campi (Rollin' Rock)
4 OAKIE BOOGIE .....Hank Swatley (Record Mart)
5 SHOTGUN BOOGIE ... Tennessee Ernie Ford (Capitol)
6 TILL I WALTZ AGAIN WITH YOU
Bill Reeder (Spade)
7 COME ALONG LITTLE GIRL
Aubrey Cagle (Vintage-Starlite)
8 MISS PEARL.....Jimmy Wages (Sun)
9 NO NAME GIRL.....Billy Riley (Sun)
10 ROCKIN' AND ROLLIN' WITH GRANMAW
Carson Robison (MGM)

Chart supplied by Vintage Record Centre, 91 Roman Way, London N7.

Roy Carr on Rockabilly

l. to r. Chris Emo, Nigel Dixon (kneeling), Phil Hardy, Michael Lewis. Pic: CHRIS GABRIN

WHIRLWIND: Roll over Chuck Berry and tell the Teds the news.

Don't Wanna Ape The Originals — Wanna Be An Original Myself

kids of his own age for this specific brand of '50s Americana.

If, according to Dixon, such celebrations of that era like *American Grafitti, The Lords Of Flatbush* and *Happy Days* sparked off the initial interest, then the current availability of Rockability compilations and suitable threads has turned it into a full-blown trend.

With something like a dozen truly excellent Rockabilly compilation albums moving out of the stores as quickly as they're re-ordered, another half-dozen collections are being readied by ABC-Dot, Chess, Roulette, CBS, MCA and UA-Imperial to meet the demand.

No less than 90 percent of these albums, claim The Vintage Record Centre, sell to a 17-23 year old age group, the remaining ten per cent being grabbed by much older first generation devotees.

Rock On Records confirm this sales trend.

"These young kids," Vintage reveal, "also buy a lot of singles, in particular Ray Campi, Alvis Wayne and Bill Reeder, anything which could be termed incredible boppers!"

The truth is, Rockabilly is so old that it sounds vitally brand new to a generation too young to be nostalgic. Wrap your ears around any one of these compilations, and the music comes across as unadulterated, primitive and oozing with the same kind of raw spontaneous clout that many late '70s bands vigorously strive to attain.

For some, the music is just one aspect of the trip. The kids are also fascinated by the street class of the old rock stars: seminal Vincent, Cochran, Burnette and other taste-makers appealing to the blokes, while The Shangri Las and Sandra Dee offer a point-of-reference for their molls.

Moreover, this new generation can't find anything remotely attractive about those frayed Ted bands who take the stage looking like they've just completed a 50,000 mile oil-change on a Sherman Tank!

While readjusting his coiffeur, Dixon admits that even though Elvis, Fury and Vincent are amongst his major influences, he harbours no desire to project himself (like so many of his elders) as a third-rate imitator.

"Me," he says with the kind of confidence that can't be affected, "I just wanna be myself."

Though, for the time being, their work is largely restricted to Ted venues, Whirlwind are not in harmony with most of the dictates *imposed* upon the bands that tour this extensive circuit.

For starters, they want no truck with the ultra-violet imagery continually pushed — much to their detriment — by many British rock revivalists. Dixon cites the sleeve of a Crazy Cavan album which had a large photograph of a bike chain tightly wrapped around a clenched fist as its selling point.

These bands, Dixon concedes, are their own worst enemies. "Trouble is, around London, there's lotsa phoney Teds . . . poseurs. They just stand around at the front of the stage looking at the bands with an attitude of 'I'm a hard-nut, so don't mess with me'. And, they ain't about to applaud no band 'cause the bloke over there is just as hard as them and he ain't applauding.

"So you end up playing to a hall full of Fonzies. Other places, it's totally different . . . the kids and the Teds go wild and have a good time."

Having a good time while at the same time looking good is, what Dixon and his drummer Phil "Foghorn" Hardy insist, Whirlwind are all about.

"We're just a fun band and we wanna put on the best show we possibly can," Hardy delivers his lines with pride.

Hardy continues, "We take our direction from all the great rock stars — those people had genuine style. Not only did most of the Ted bands lose the whole idea of the rock'n'roll idol trip, but most of their material is predictable and boring."

"Their attitude," Dixon interjects, "seems that their only excuse for being on a stage in the first place is to try and frighten the life outta an audience . . . all think they're bleedin' Jacko The Lad, eh!"

WITH GLORIOUSLY packaged 10 and 12 inch versions of their Chiswick debut album selling predictably, Whirlwind are nevertheless aware of an undercurrent of resentment from the much older established revival bands who've carried the Rockabilly battle standard throughout the '60s and '70s without any real recognition outside their own closed fraternity.

That Whirlwinds refuse to become human xerox machines has widened the gap.

"See, what originally attracted me to Rockabilly," Dixon explains, "was the way they used the echo on the voice — great — and that was the only sound I wanted to make. Also, you gotta admit, they sounded as though they were having fun when they were recording those discs. Nowadays, not many records sound as though the group is having anything like a good time in the studio. Most of it sounds contrived!"

True.

"But when we put Whirlwind together we didn't want to copy a song note-for-note off the record . . . I mean, what's the point?"

Hardy is in agreement. "I don't believe that we would ever be able to cross-over into a much wider audience if we did," continues Dixon, "because nowadays records are much heavier and have much more punch to them.

"We use all those obscure records as demos. First we learn the song and then re-arrange it to suit our style and personalities."

Yet, despite the fact that die-hard Teds abhor such *tampering*, Whirlwind are convinced that any compromise in their approach to Rockabilly will not lose either the original feel on their audience potential. All that they're doing is bringing the '50s into the '70s.

This was corroborated when, a week or so ago, Whirlwind performed at The Speakeasy before a packed punk-heavy audience without any hassles. Quite the reverse, they KO'd the crowd.

Sadly, Dixon insists that if a punk band played before a Ted crowd, they'd have absolutely no chance. Punks may well be picking up on Rockabilly records but Teds hate punks and not even a Kissinger could bring the two factions together without blood being drawn.

"Teds," explains Dixon, "live in their own little world and they resent other people listening to *their* music. It's like when 'Barking Up The Wrong Tree' by Don Woody and Hank Mizell's 'Jungle Rock' made the charts, they didn't like the idea of other people getting into the music. On the other hand, there are those who are beginning to accept the fact that the more people get into Rockabilly the better for the music. And, we aim to get our music to as many people as possible."

America's Robert Gordon and Britain's Whirlwind could quite possibly prove to be the tip of this year's iceberg.

RECOMMENDED LISTENING

For a crash course in Rockabilly any of the following compilations offer an excellent starting point. Asterisk denotes special recommendation.

IMPERIAL ROCKABILLIES (United Artists UAS 30101)*
Featuring: Bob Luman, Weldon Rogers, Bill Mack, Billy Eldridge, Lew Williams, The Strikes, Merle Kilgore, Ball Allen, Roy Brown, The Burdette Bros, Laura Lee Perkins, Johnny Garner, Warren Miller, Dennis Herrold, Sammy Gowans.

CAPITOL ROCKABILLY ORIGINALS (Capitol CAPS 1009).
Featuring: Charlie Bop Trio, Ferlin Huskey, Ray Parks, The Farmer Boys, Merrill Moore, Rose Maddox, Jimmy Heap, Simon Crum, Johnny Fallin, Bobby Norris, Kenny Loran, Bobby Louis, Faron Young, Bobby Lee Trammell.

MGM ROCKABILLY COLLECTION (MGM 2315394).
Featuring: Andy Starr, Marvin Rainwater, Cecil Campbell & His Tennessee Ramblers, Buck Griffin, Bob Gallion, Carson Robinson.

CBS ROCKABILLY CLASSICS VOL. 1 (CBS 82401).
Featuring: The Collins Kids, Ronnie Self, Bobby Lord, Jimmy Murphy, Marty Robbins, Wayne Walker, Freddie Hart, Cliff Johnson, Johnny Horton, Sid King & The Five Strings, Billy Brown, Little Jimmy Dickens, Onie Wheeler.

RARE ROCKABILLY VOL. 1. (MCA MCFM 2697).*
Featuring: Johnny Carroll, Don Woody, Roy Hall, Peanuts Wilson, Autrey Inman, Jimmy and Johnny, Arlie Duff, Gene Maltais, Jackie Lee Cochran, Webb Pierce, Donny Young.

RARE ROCKABILLY VOL. 2. (MCA MCFM 2789).*
Featuring: Jackie Lee Cochran, Roy Hall, Johnny Carroll, Terry Noland, Eddie Fontaine, Wayne Raney, Billy Guitar, Roy Duke, Johnny Bell, Justin Tubb, Bobby Helms, James Gallagher, Billy Lee Riley, Arnie Derksen, Al Coker, Lou Graham.

HILLBILLY ROCK (DJM 22069)
Featuring: Al Terry, Jack Turner, Joe Melson, McCormick Brothers, Wiley Barkdull, Ernie Chaffin, Melvin Edsley, Rusty & Doug Kershaw, Bob Gallion, Bill Carlisle.

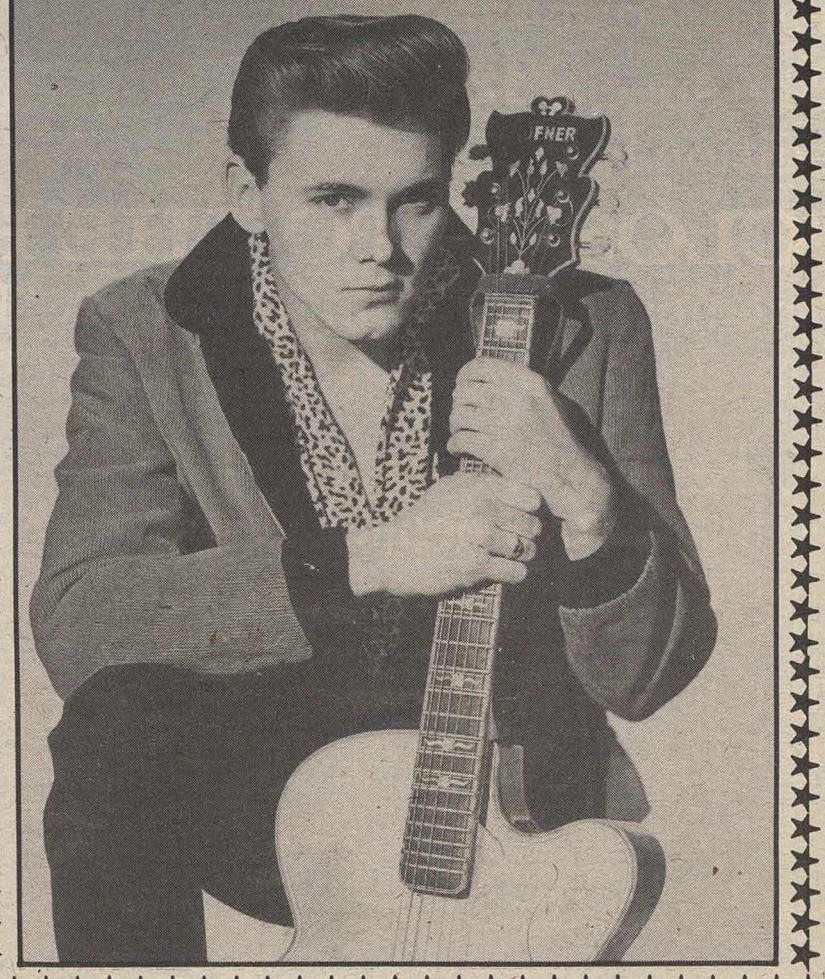
MERCURY ROCKABILIES (Mercury 6336257).
Featuring: Eddie Bond Stompers, Curtis Gordon, Roy Moss, J. P. Richardson, John T' Talley, Conway Twitty, Billy Wallace, Thomas Wayne.

BEST OF SUN ROCKABILLY VOL. 1. (Charly CR.30123).*
Featuring: Carl Perkins, Harmonica Frank, Jack Earls, Roy Orbison, Ray Harris, Miller Sisters, Warren Smith, Sonny Burgess, Billy Lee Riley, Jerry Lee Lewis, Slim Rhodes, Gene Simmons, Malcolm Yelvington, Hayden Thompson.

BEST OF SUN ROCKABILLY VOL. 2 (Charly 30124).*
Featuring: Sonny Burgess, Ray Harris, Jack Earls, Mac Self & Charlie Feathers, Malcolm Yelvington, Carl Perkins, Edwin Bruce, Ray Smith, Johnny Carroll, Carl McVoy, Eddie Bond, The Jesters.

ROCK & ROLL HALL OF FAME

★★★★★★★★ BILLY FURY ★★★★★★★★



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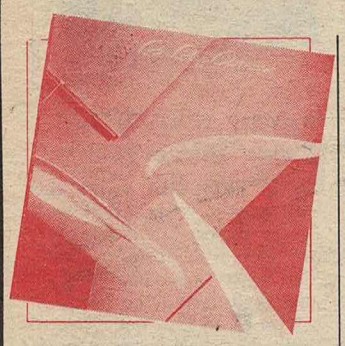


BE BOP DELUXE
Drastic Plastic (Harvest)

POP MAY come and punk may go, but Bill Nelson still writes songs with titles like "Surreal Estate" and words like "telescopes", "dreams" and "mystery".

Which is as it should be. Bill is a dreamer. Whether this makes him, as he would claim, a poet, I'm not sure. What it does do is to make him blissfully impervious to the whims of fashion, whether they dictate that he sing about ogre battles, dole queues, or who's-your-boyfriend-now.

This is not to say that Nelson is an original thinker. Without wishing to sound insulting, wimps and adolescents throughout history have scribbled poetry with identical amounts of wistful sentimentality. Bill's writing reflects the particular forms of romantic escapism most readily un-available in his age; science fiction, apocalypse, the supernatural.

Bill's use of these elements is genteel and precious, timid even. There is no emotional involvement. Despite their titles, "Panic In The World" and "Islands Of The Dead" possess precious little in the way of distraught passion and terror. Instead, "Panic" is almost jolly and "Islands Of The Dead" absurdly serene.

In fact, Nelson uses words principally for their 'poetic' value, to construct essentially meaningless but hopefully beautiful phrases.

And he gets away with it too. 'Poetry' may not be 'relevant' in the crass terms of stark reality, and Nelson's 'poetry', with its total lack of passion, may not be relevant to the heart or even to the soul — but Bill's gentle surrealism is generally a suitable match for his neat, picturesque music.

Music which, let it be said, has moved on.

Mind you, it's 18 months or thereabouts since his last studio set, "Modern Music", so you'd expect something new.

To quote the press hand-out, " 'Drastic Plastic' marks a change to a simpler, more direct approach." Not a *return*, notice — a *change*. For Bill Nelson, simplification equals experimentation.

It was on the awful "Sunburst Finish" album that Bill's yen for musical complexity got most overbearing, and it always seemed as if the endless time, rhythm and riff changes were more a smokesscreen to hide behind than an attempt at communication.

This album sees the straightforward approach of "Modern Music" taken several steps further. I wouldn't like to say which is the better album, this, "Modern Music" or "Futurama", but I still regret that Bill has never tried to take the explosive fury that the much-maligned Roy Thomas Baker brought to bear on "Futurama" and apply it to some of his more coherent later compositions. Excessive it may have been, but you certainly couldn't accuse "Futurama" of being muzak.

"Drastic Plastic" (lousy title) does tend to stray that way. It's easy not to listen to it.

Still, let's not carp. After all, Bill finally seems to be doing what his critics have wanted all along . . .

Oh, but he's a brilliant guitarist. His first notes on the record, coming in with a marvellously understated resonant bridge after the first verse of "Electrical Language", are almost worth the price of admission on their own.

Almost every number features at least one guitar part that makes you gasp with admiration at his exquisite feel for tone and emphasis. Needless to say, every note is squinky clean and judiciously selected.

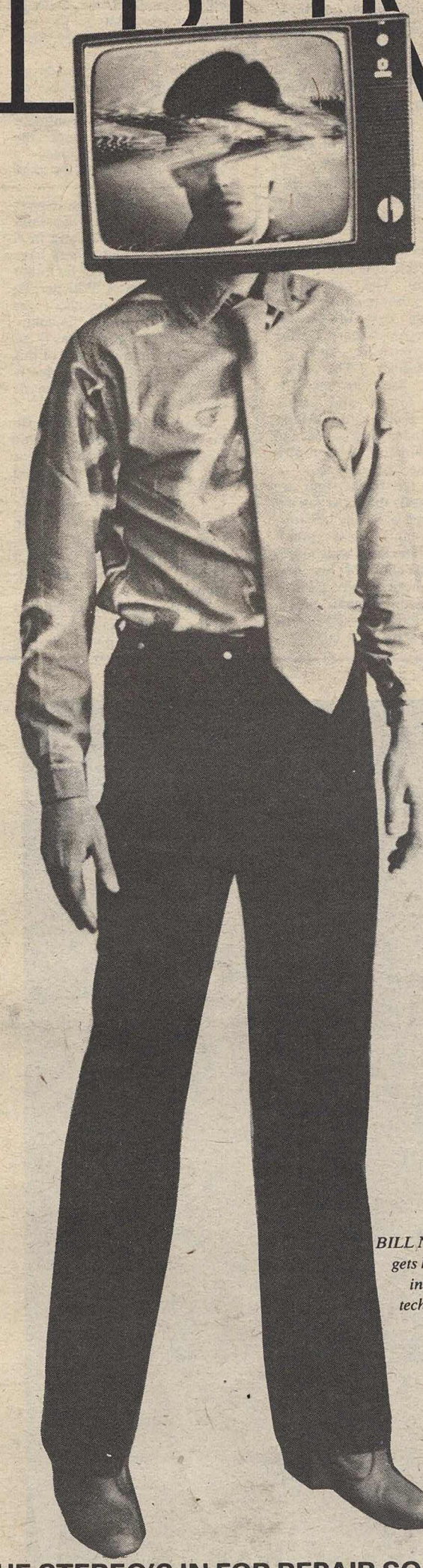
Also needless to relate, Be Bop Deluxe's response to Nelson's muse is likewise faultless. Apologies to Charlie Tumahai (bass), Simon Fox (drums) and especially to Andy Clark (keyboards) for neglecting them, but it's undoubtedly Nelson's vision which completely dominates the proceedings.

And Bill's in pretty good shape. Sure, there's a couple of less than magical moments, like the tiresomely repetitive "New Mysteries" and the hideously titled "Superenigmatix (Lethal Applicance For The Home With Everything)", but that's made up for by the crafty riff of "New Precision", the sparkling appeal of "Surreal Estate" (at least, until the jiggerpokery towards the end), and the infectious "Heroes"- ish single "Panic In The World".

Even so, it's still a case of flashes of inspiration among a welter of mere immaculate craftsmanship. Be Bop Deluxe have yet to cut an album that sustains both commitment *and* control throughout (this one, of course, being heavier on the latter quality), and I guess ultimately that comes down to Bill Nelson being such a nice normal guy.

The ironic thing is, it's not the words that are to blame. What's missing is the killer instinct in the music.

Phil McNeill



BILL NELSON gets his head into C20 technology

THE STEREO'S IN FOR REPAIR SO WE'RE GLUED TO THE BOX

"This programme comes to you in tasteful shades of grey."

MUDDY WATERS
I'm Ready (CBS Import)

LAST YEAR the Muddy Waters/Johnny Winter alliance put out "Hard Again" — certainly the most powerful blues album of the '70s.

It's primary virtues were its unremitting ballsiness and energy, and the uncompromising traditionalism of both the performances (Waters backed by an all star band featuring Winter on lead guitar and James Cotton on harp) and the production (by Winter himself).

As the title would imply "I'm Ready" is another rumbustious, assertive album of hand-crafted 50s style Chigago blues, and I'm happy to report that it easily maintains the standard of its illustrious predecessor.

The stellar cast of "Hard Again" has undergone a few reshuffles for "I'm Ready". Cotton and his bassist Charles Calmese are nowhere in evidence, but Big Walter Horton — a Chicago veteran and the man who taught Little Walter much of his stuff — and Muddy's regular harpist Jerry Portney keeps the reeds vibrating.

Bob Margolin, who's usually heard playing rhythm guitar for Muddy, moves to bass, and Muddy's old sidekick Jimmy Rogers (himself responsible for some superb solo recordings in the 50s) takes over on second guitar. Pinetop Perkins (piano), the magnificent Willie "Big Eyes" Smith (drums) and Winter himself remain where they are.

The material is an appealing mix of standards and new creations. Muddy and his crew sail majestically through devastating re-creations of number such as Willie Dixon's "I'm Ready" and "Hoochie Coochie Man", Sonny Boy Williamson's "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl", B. B. King's "Rock Me" (which inexplicably bears Muddy's own composer credit) and his own "Screamin' And Cryin' ". The new songs are all by Muddy — one written solo, one with Rogers, one with Charles E. Williams (whoever *he* is) and one with Marva Brooks (whoever *she* is) — and they're all good.

Muddy's own extraordinary slide guitar work has been getting increasingly rare on his records and gigs of late: he's been more and more content to lay back on the guitar and just sing as age and ill health take their toll. But the master's touch is evident on several tracks here: "Mamie" (a fine slow blow), "Screamin' And Cryin' " and "33 Years" (a variant on Eddie Boyd's "24 Hours"). Winter adds some Waters-style slide to "Who Do You Trust".

The main innovation on "I'm Ready" is the extended duelling between Horton and Portnoy, featured on "Hoochie Coochie Man" and the title track. Horton plays acoustic and Portnoy electric, and it's a sheer delight to hear them blazing away at each other over the swaggering rhythms.

As on "Hard Again", one of the main attractions is the two-fisted punch of Willie Smith's drumming, and on "Rock Me" winter gradually raises the volume on Smith's drums all the way through the track, bringing them further and further forward until you feel like the top of your head's coming off.

A few more points while I'm backing out the door. I'd like to commend to you the Dixieland bounce of "Schoolgirl", the good-humoured assertion of the title track, and the flawless production throughout.

There's paradoxically little to say about the two principals except that Winter's stinging guitar is both understated and sympathetic and that Muddy himself sounds as good as he ever did, and that's the highest recommendation possible.

One last thing. It's weird that an album so determinedly revivalist should sound so contemporary at a time when Thamesbeat quaintness is upon us. Believe me, The Pleasers sound much more dated than Muddy Waters does, because good blues never sounds old fashioned. It's a great idiom that's been neglected too much for too long, and it sounds as good and as real in '78 as it did in '58.

The blues is real music for real people, a glorious blend of emotion and craftsmanship. I've heard too much imitation-of-life music of late. "I'm Ready" is music that's been made by hand, and it shows.

Charles Shaar Murray

VARIOUS *Dance Paarrrty (Atlantic/Contempo)*

BEHIND EVERY *Mandingo* fantasy sleeve an earache. Samplers are fine, functional, but some things you don't have to sample to know they suck.

Here Atlantic have dredged up their dumbest for you to get down/get done/get doctored to . . . and stomp your feet to, bro', if you can get 'em unchained.

Whites ripping off blacks was pitiful enough, but blacks ripping off whites is worse. Every track of tripe is worthy of Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass (now there's the New Musick for you, kidz — you don't get no blanker!): meaningless music, meaningless words, meaningless mirth.

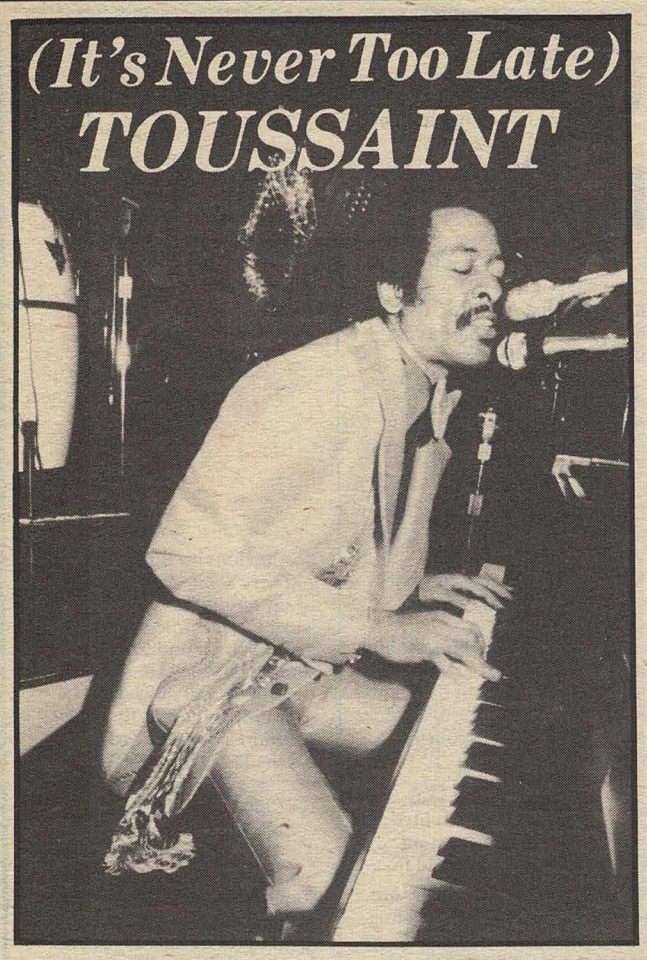
"Welcome to Our World (Of Merry Music)" mouth Mass Production. Rhubarb in any other colour would sound as lousy. The Armada Orchestra's "The Love I Lost" lies limp, J. J. Barnes's "How Long" shows that he cares about Ace just as much as he cares about Civil Rights. Bands like Slave singing songs like "Meat Heat" and "Hymn For Africa" — ethnic pride and black ass, how can they fail to sell?

But sell they will, because this mishmash is the exploitation of exploitation — which is not a selling technique but the bottomless pit.

Please Atlantic — a little art in your artifice, if only for your sales sake.

Julie Burchill

"If you're watching me and Johnny Winter, the show is MEANT to be in black and white."



ALLEN TOUSSAINT
Toussaint (DJM)

SO NOW the whole Toussaint catalogue is available again, enabling listeners of taste to trace for themselves the development of the New Orleans man's approach, resulting in the apogee of "Southern Nights" a few years back. And at a shade over £2, "Toussaint", his first album, is an absolute gift.

Unlike the two later albums, this one doesn't use the ubiquitous Meters, with whom he enjoyed a long and fruitful partnership. The only really noticable absence, however, is the loping bass of George Porter, replaced here by the more unobtrusive style of Eddie Hohner. The other musicians used include Dr. John on Guitar and organ, Venetta Fields and Merry Clayton on backing vocals, and Earl Turbington, who contributes some fine alto sax.

Of the ten tracks, four are instrumental, the most satisfying of which is "Louie", featuring Toussaint's jerky, multi-layered piano style which nods in the direction of his New Orleans heritage in pianists like Professor Longhair. "Pickles", the longest track on the album, is a bit of a curiosity, however, changing back and forth several times between his lazy funk and an incongruous, high-flown Jarrettian romanticism. Unfortunately, the two don't quite mix, and the result is rather ungainly.

That's more than made up for, though, by the tracks on which Toussaint sings. He's not the world's most confident singer, and double tracks the vocal lines to produce a warmer, mellower sound than most.

Some of the songs are covers of Lee Dorsey hits Toussaint produced, like "Working In A Coal Mine", and others have since been covered by other artists: "From A Whisper To A Scream", for instance, was on Robert Palmer's "Sneakin' Sally" album, and it has to be said thay the quiet pain of this version succeeds perfectly where Palmer's melodramatic overkill fails to move.

"Everything I Do Gonna Be Funky", given a limply frenetic treatment by Claudia Lennear on the Toussaint-produced "Phew!", here basks in a lazy, J. J. Cale style of easy funk, and is all the better for it. The best of the vocal tracks, however, is "Sweet Touch Of Love", which ends infuriatingly early.

The dominant musical facets of the album, taken as a whole, are Toussaint's piano, chunky rhythm guitar (Dr. John?) and the horns, produced by Toussaint in a style which displays an inherent grasp of the rhythmic principals of dub; indeed, the result of a Toussaint/King Tubby collaboration is something I can only dream of. (Although, judging by his disastrous pairing with the Mighty Diamonds, perhaps it's best left as a dream).

In his grasp of traditional elements and contemporary techniques, Toussaint has achieved the stature of an artist who's successfully developed a style to the point where his approach has long since become a soul cliche. Which isn't to be derogatory: imitation is, after all, the highest form of flattery.

Purchase this product, people!

Andy Gill

JAH WOOSH
Lick Him With The Dustbin (K&B)

THIS LATEST Jah Woosh album — his fifth to date — has breached the new-wave crossover: a feature it shares in common with "African Dub Chapter 3", Culture's "Two Sevens Clash" and U Brown's "London Rock" sets, the 12" discomixes of the Chantells and George Faith, plus, currently, Althia and Donna's execrable "Uptown Top Ranking". A completely random and arbitrary selection.

"Lick Him With The Dustbin," however, is hardly to be compared with Woosh's best work. This is to be found on the toaster's "Psalms Of Wisdom" (Black Wax) and "Dreadlocks Affair" (Trojan) collections, as well as assorted singles like "Shine Eye Gal", "Love Jah And Live" and "Religion Dread".

This said, it's worth pointing out that the set does contain some music of interest, namely "Fire", "Peace And Love", "This Old Man" and the title track — a version of Errol Holt's "A You Lick Me First". Sadly, this is more due to the strength of the rhythm tracks than Woosh's improvisations.

I doubt whether this is a permanent deviation, as he is every bit a contemporary toaster: witness the recent live gigs, which have marked his improvement with each appearance.

Go deh Neville, you can make better argument than this, skip!

EDDIE HENDERSON
Comin' Through (Capitol)

THE TROUBLE with this crossover-jazz / jazz-funk stuff is that the critics who have got the mental dexterity to match the artists are generally too distraught about the bastardization of all they believe in to just lie back and coolly consider the music, and those of us who actually enjoy the music are generally far too thick to know what to say about it.

I mean I really like this album. But beyond the fact that trumpeter Henderson blows as cool as a commercial for a menthol ciggy and his accompanists — most of whom are respected in their own right, including a couple of Earth, Wind & Fire — each contribute faultless parts of a very round whole (particularly the rhythm section), I find it decidedly tricky to evaluate my enthusiasm.

For starters, Henderson and I have little if nothing in common, and I don't just mean that he's a black American and I'm a white Briton. Here's a man who has graduated musically, under the benevolent eye of Miles Davis, from a Music Conservatory (whatever that is) to play with John Handy and Herbie Hancock before stepping out to front four successful jazz albums prior to this. Along the way he has managed to excel at figure skating, basketball and track events while collecting a degree in zoology and doctorates of medicine and psychiatry. He can probably cook a decent lunch for himself as well.

All I can deduce from that little lot is that the familiar cries of "sell-out" applied to this kind of music are not on when you consider what Henderson rejected in order to play his trumpet for a living.

Anyhow, I don't really give a damn if he is opting for commercial compromise, "Comin' Through" is a fine mixture of funky dance riffs and soothing ballads, all performed with a skill that street bands like to thing they have but usually couldn't hope to match.

Am I being played down to? I doubt it, but even if that was the case I wouldn't mind. If it feels good, lie back and enjoy it.

Cliff White

IMPORTS

IT'S BEEN old time revival week in Krautland, judging by the resent crop of imports landed at our nearby zeppelin terminal.

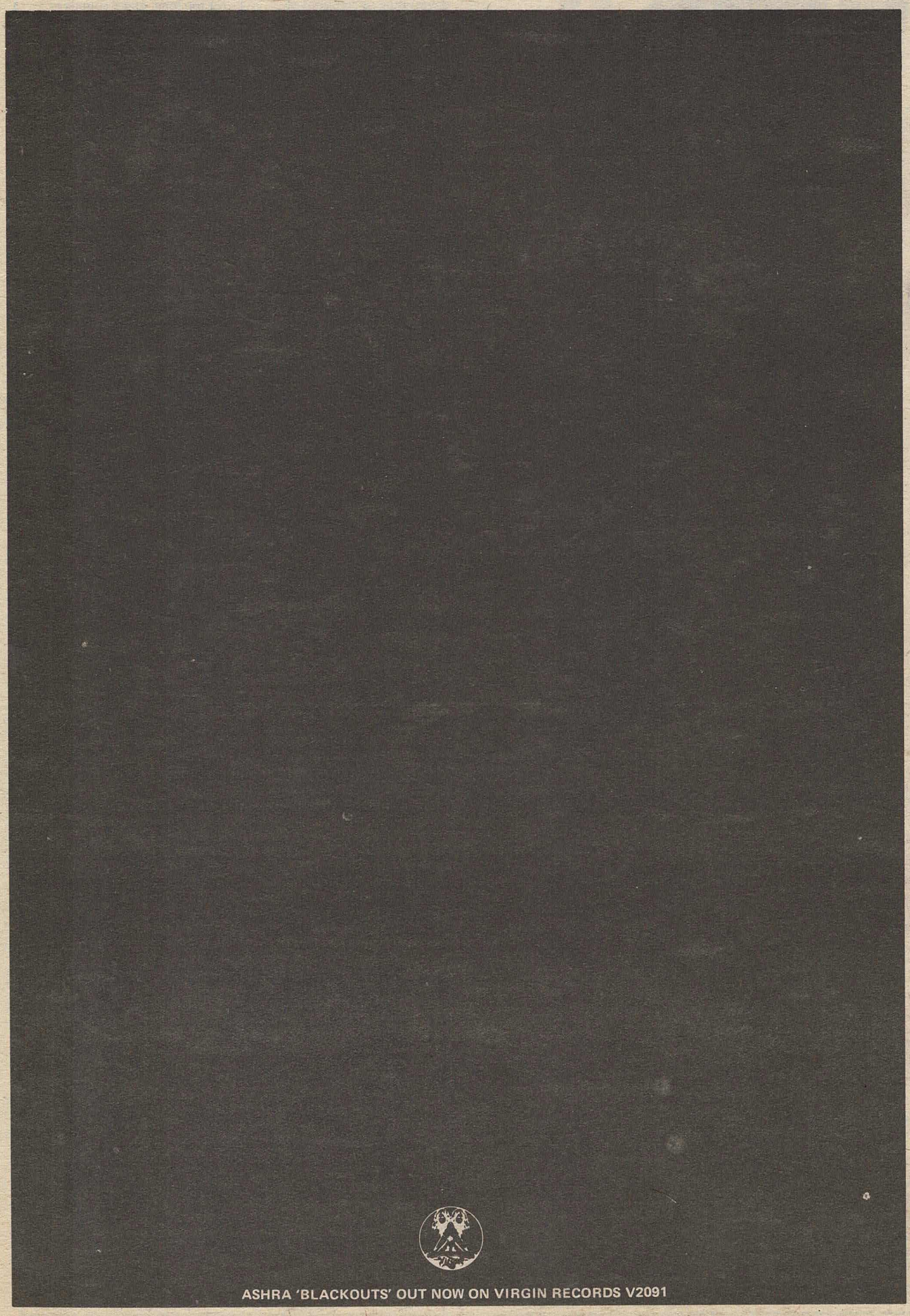
For Bellaphon-Fantasy have released "Live In Germany" by **Creedance Clearwater Revival,** while Telefunken have got in on the act by providing two releases from an outfit calling itself **The Beatles Revival Band — Frankfurt.**

Whether or not the CCR album is substantially different to the previously released "Live In Europe" is difficult to fathom without aural comparison. Certainly many of the same songs appear on both albums, though the running order is completely different and these may be different versions. And though no personal listing is included, the sleeve portrays a trio version of the band — which may or may not be a clue.

About those other revivalists I can provide more definite info. For Christian Engle (drums), Hans Robert Matthes (guitar), Klaus Larisch (guitar) and Richard E. Kersten (bass), to name the guilty men, are blatant Beatle copyists who have cut both a "Live" album, sung in best scouse, plus "Beatles Songs In Deutsch", a studio job that'll have you all singing along to the strains of "Schwarzer Vogel" (that's "Blackbird" to you at the Kop end), "Sie Kommt Nicht Mehr" ("Ticket To Ride"), "Ein Verlierer" ("I'm A Loser") and other songs that made Frankfurt famous.

All I can say is "Hilf!" ("Help") and move on to declare that some of the week's healthiest sounds have emanated from **"The Real Kids"** a debut album by a Boston band who record for Red Star, a label launched by ex-Dolls manager Marty Thau.

Also around have been a gaggle of Warner offerings, including **Ronnie Montrose's** "Open Fire" — an Edgar Winter-produced/Bob Alcivar-arranged affair which opens with an orchestral item of epic proportions (movie epic that is) before settling into a more natural groove; **Taj Mahal's** "Evolution — The Most Recent", a release that features the bluesman in disco mood on some tracks: and "Music Web",



EDGAR WINTER'S WHITE TRASH
Recycled (Blue Sky)

"THERE'S a new wave coming to wash us all away," growls Jerry LaCroix happily on one track on "Recycled". Well, you said it buddy, not me.

Re-forming White Trash certainly looks like a regressive step for Edgar Winter. White Trash was the awful conglomerate he put together after his brilliant "Entrance" debut album — a seven-piece sanctified funk unit featuring the beefy LaCroix as co-lead vocalist. They broke up in 1972, having perpetrated the self-indulgent live double album to end 'em all before self-indulgent live double albums even get off the ground — "Roadwork", also starring J. Winter and R. Derringer.

Jerry LaCroix has been recalled from huffing and puffing with Rare Earth, and there's also guitarist Floyd Radford and tenorist Jon Smith from the Old White Trash.

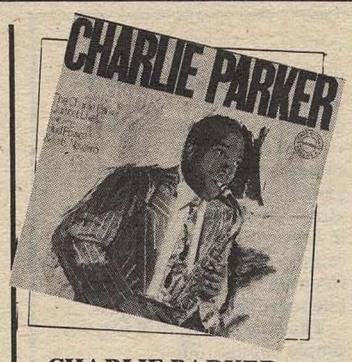
Thankfully, the music isn't too similar. Rather than endless jams on crass gospel-loid work-outs, it's now endless jams on sneaky AWB style themes. And, as it happens they're extremely good at it.

Winter's extraordinary voice is a little wasted on most of the mindless material here, but there's one cut — "Stickin' It Out" — that actually *does* deserve Edgar's presence. Coasting real flash on a riff out of the Brothers Johnson scrapbook, White Trash play a baffling number of variations as a backdrop to Edgar's marvellously cool vocal.

In humorous, subtle funk terms, it's a track to rank beside Joan Armatrading's "Never Is Too Late" and the AWB's "Fool For you Anyway" — clear standouts of their respective latest albums.

Nevertheless, musicle styles *do* become obsolete, and this tightass funk thing has been done to death already. White Trash certainly do it with great skill and surprising amount of sensitivity, and "Recycled" is far more enjoyable than I expected it to be after the old White Trash.

Phil McNeill



CHARLIE PARKER
Summit Meeting At Birdland (CBS)
One Night In Birdland (CBS-Import)
Bird With Strings (CBS-Import)

IF YOU think Jimi Hendrix's posthumous recording career is a shambles, try checking out that of jazz alto sax supremo Charlie 'Bird' Parker.

Only now, almost 23 years after his tragic death (in 1955 at the age of 34), are concerted efforts being made to chonicle much of his 'live' performances and give them a permanent home.

As we now live in an era of sophisticated portable domestic recording apparatus, mass-media communication and rampant bootlegging, you can bet top dollar that few truly great moments in music aren't captured on tape by somebody.

During the late '40s/early '50s, it was left up to amateur recordists like Boris Rose (from whose archives the material for these albums has been drawn) to go to (hitherto) unprecedented extremes to either lug cumbersome wire or tape machines from gig to gig or (as in the case of Rose) hook-up a disc-recording machine to an AM radio and painstakingly record the regular broadcasts from various Big Apple niteries.

As Piet Koster and Dan M. Bakker's invaluable four-volume Parker discography substantiates, Bird's 'live' outpourings not only far outweigh his prolific studio work but adds credence to the oft-quoted line that "Even when Bird farted, there always seemed to be someone on hand with a microphone to capture the sound for posterity!"

Though more often than not, the fidelity of such amateur recordings might leave something to be desired, the music doesn't. Paradoxically, no matter how low the fi the penetrating timbre of Bird's sax had an almost supernatural ability to cut through and emerge pure. Arguably the greatest jazz improviser (though I feel the term jazz pigeon-holes his art) of the last 40 years, many insist the greatest-ever, Bird was (and probably still is) the most widely imitated horn player.

His music transcended the Be-Bop tag — a post-war new wave jazz movement which he spearheaded along with such Young Turks as Dizzy Gillespie, Fats Navarro, Kenny Clarke, Art Blakey, Bud Powell, Miles Davis and Thelonious Monk, all of whom (save Monk and Miles) are extensively featured on these eight sides.

Get this straight, this wasn't a bunch of clapped-out old jazzers at play. Most of these guys were still in their twenties, inspired beyond belief and uncompromising to the extent that, like so many creative artisans, they were to suffer dearly for their pertinence. For instance, trumpeter Fats Navarro (featured on the double 'One Night In Birdland') gives absolutely no indication that one week after this date he'd be dead of tuberculosis.

Except for the cuts with strings (often a bone of contention with devotees), these tracks feature Bird fronting the most comfortable of units — a quintet (alto, trumpet, piano, bass, drums) and blowing on such familiar material of the day as "Round Midnight", "Night In Tunisia", "Ornithology", "Cool Blues", "Groovin' High" et al.

Many of these tracks may have been previously available in one form or another (often strewn over innumerable albums), but to CBS President Bruce Lundvall's credit these tracks (recorded between 1950-53) have been meticulously cleaned up and presented with loving care and dedication for which I for one am extremely indebted.

Miles Davis (a constant Bird sideman) once said that "Parker could play in forty different styles". And, as these records prove, then some.

Roy Carr

PETER SKELLERN
Kissing in the Cactus (Mercury)

PETER SKELLERN does a 30s pastiche, "Put Out the Flame", with such ease that you imagine he recorded it in his dressing gown and sang it with a cigarette holder clenched between his teeth. That would perhaps explain his distinctive voice, which is so close to a murmur, it's as though he's thinking aloud

"Flame" is the sort of thing that Paul McCartney's been much taken with over the years, from "When I'm 64" through to "You Gave Me the Answer". Except that when Skellern does it, it sounds less like a jolly novelty, and more as though he means it.

Skellern's new collection of songs is heavily sprinkled with similar weepies. The major themes are hackneyed but Skellern avoids cliches and sounds convincing. "Soft Falls the Rain", which sounds like a strong potential disco single, and "A Shadow of a Dream" are both cases in point.

Skellern never exactly wallows in emotion, he just goes for a quick paddle. He's not about to conquer America or set the Sunday Colour Supplements alight with stuff like this. But it's hard not to be quietly amused by him.

Bob Edmands

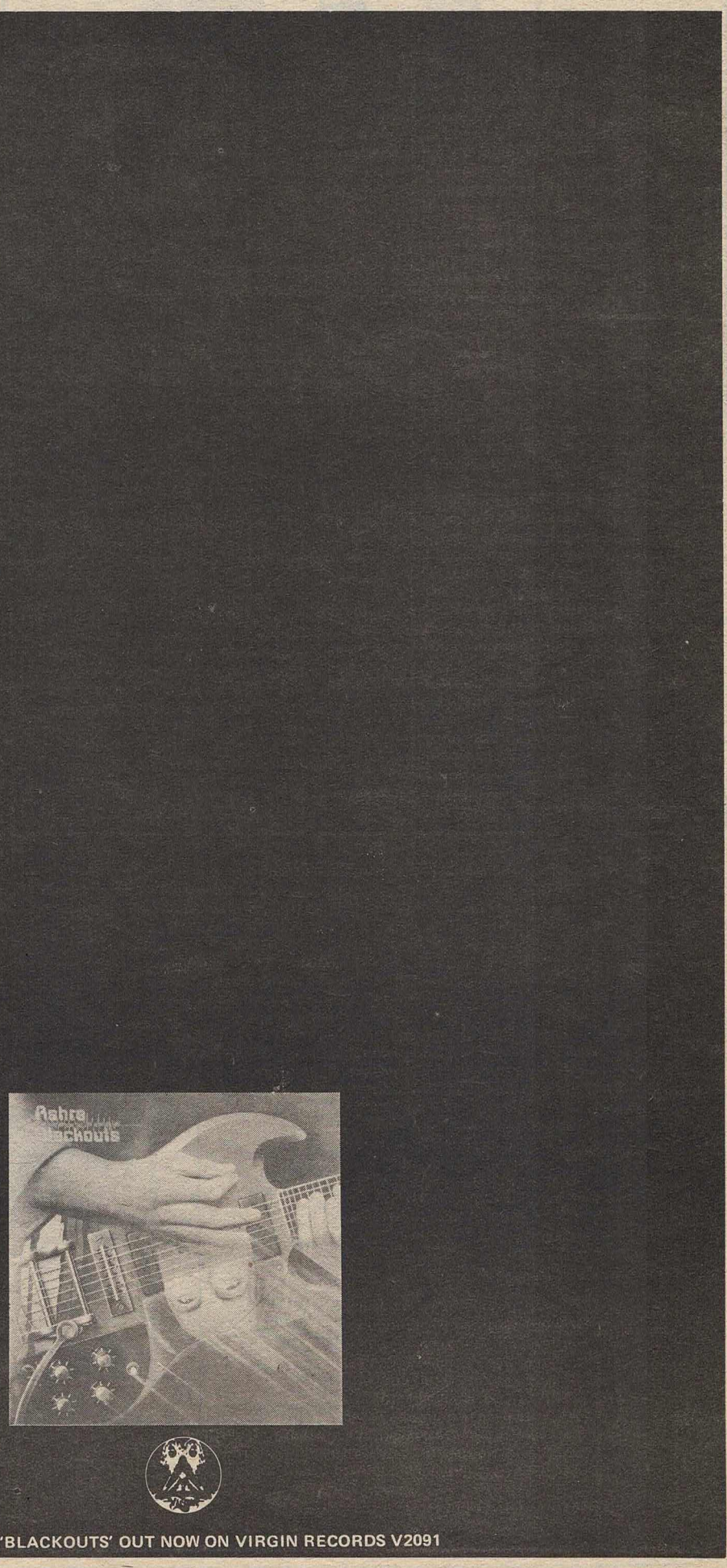
an album from **Spyder Turner,** the latest act on the Norman Whitfield protege parade.

Proof that **Suzi Quatro's** been rockin' in Osaka comes in the form of "Live And Kickin' (RAK), a live-in-Japan effort cut during Suzi Q's 1977 jaunt to the Far East. Featuring such cuts as "Keep A Knockin'," "Roxy Roller", "Heartbreak Hotel" and "The Honky Tonk Downstairs", this one's a double that'll set you back something around £14. Better value is the Jap edition of the **Lennon-Yoko Ono** "Wedding Album" (EMI-Odeon) that comes complete with box and trimmings for £9.25, while at the other end of the financial scale is The Tartan Horde's "Rollers Show"/"Allorola" (UA), a Nip pressing of a Nick Lowe item. You'll need at least £2.25 to lay your hands on this one — and that's for just a single!

Certainly the most overdue arrival has been **Art Garfunkel's** "watermark" (Columbia), which was originally scheduled for British release a couple of months back but apparently held up because Artie wanted to go on a remix spree. In case you've forgotten, The Chieftains, Dave Crosby, Bill Payne, Stephen Bishop, The Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section and the late Paul Desmond are among those who hustled this together with the fuzz-top kid, while Paul Simon and James Taylor helped form a highly-expensive vocal back-up squad on Art's version of "(What A) Wonderful World".

Latecomers include **Space's** "Deliverance" (Vogue), which comes equipped with Madeline Bell's vocals and a Hipgnosis sleeve; **Konga's** "Africanism" (Crocos), a Cerrone concoction that features a disco version of "Gimme Some Lovin' "; **Lonnie Jordan's** "Different Moods Of Me", an MCA release that provides vinylspace for the talents of War's keyboardist; "White Hot" (Casablanca), yet another synthesiser-powered shot from **Angel,** the band with the reversable logo; and, finally, "The Voltage Brothers" (Lifesong), by a 10-piece black band who have Eugene McDaniels employed as resident Svengali.

Fred Dellar



ASHRA 'BLACKOUTS' OUT NOW ON VIRGIN RECORDS V2091

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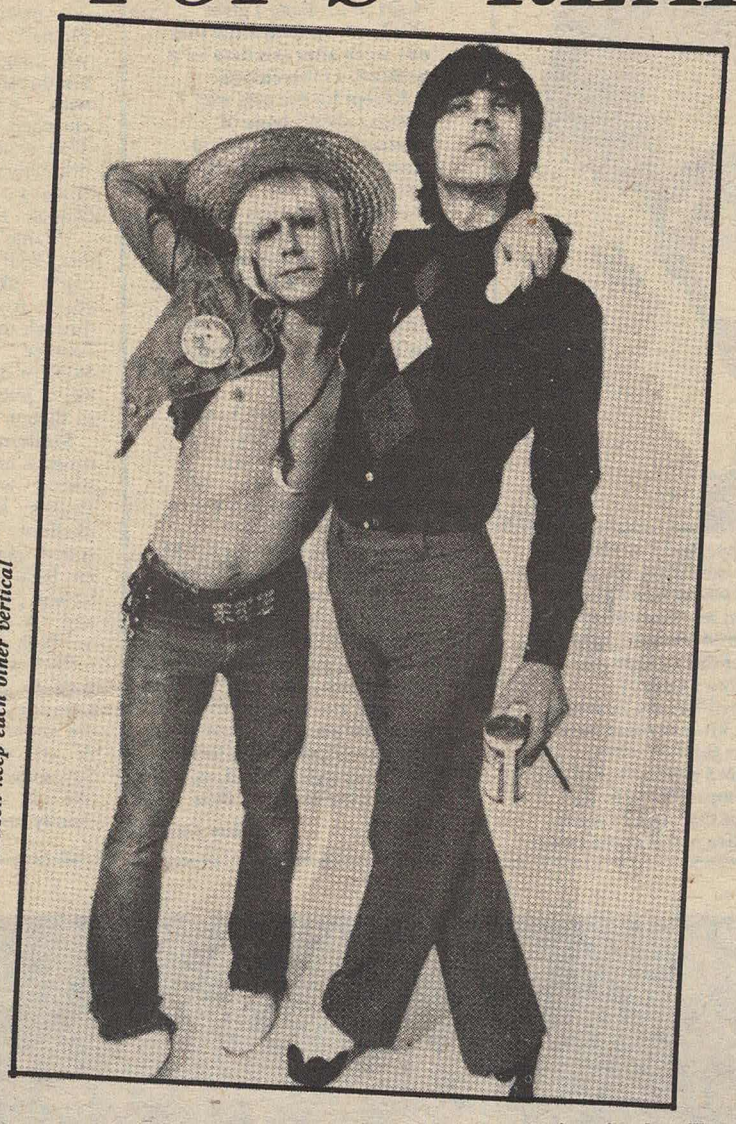


Messrs. Pop and Williamson keep each other vertical

IGGY POP AND JAMES WILLIAMSON
Kill City (Radar Records)

WELL, IT'S finally out and yup, disregarding the shoddy cover, it's a great album.

The timing however couldn't have been worse for this, the only legitimate recorded link between the rabid Stooges hyper-drive of "Raw Power" and the duress of Bowie's motorik on "The Idiot".

As I'm writing this CSM is similarly reviewing a 12 inch Skydog three-tracker of "Metallic K.O." outtakes as well as a Bomp EP including two of "Kill City's official cuts coupled with a dreadful blues dirge entitled "Jesus Loves The Stooges". Not to mention the EP of "Raw Power" outtakes that Paul Morley reviewed last week . . . but let the facts speak for themselves.

For a start, "Kill City" wasn't recorded between '74 and '75 as claimed elsewhere. All but one track — the instrumental "Master Charge" — were laid down in (almost certainly) May of '75 at the expense of ex-rock critic/A&R man Ben Edmonds and famed MOR songwriter Jim Webb, using a modest financial donation from the former and the LA demo studio owned by the latter.

The tracks themselves were pretty basic in terms of instrumentation and were certainly unmixed when someone — who for convenience's sake will remain anonymous — decided to take possession of the tapes and hawk them round American record companies.

Some of these expressed interest at the time. Sire for example was hot for their release but, like others, baulked at the price this anonymous gent was asking for their ownership. The final straw snapped when this same character demanded that if these tapes were to be released, then one Iggy Pop should sign a five year contract donating a charming 50% of anything he was to make into the gent's possession.

Even Iggy wasn't going to fall for this old stunt and the tapes were abandoned by their creators in a mixture of despair and disgust. Subsequently, by early '76 Iggy had departed with Bowie and Williamson had returned to his record engineering job in LA.

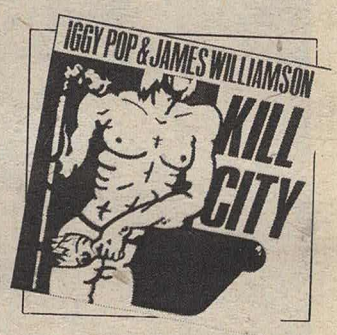
Then came the Iggy goldrush and — well, I don't know the details — Williamson got the tapes back somehow and, after adding further instrumentation and mixing down decently, sold the album first to Bomp's Greg Shaw who duly passed on their lease to Andrew Lauder for his Radar Records' first release.

So that's the story behind the album's three year neglect. Now — never mind the facts, here comes the bollocks!

"Kill City" is rightly credited to just The Pop and Williamson because when these songs (except for "I Got Nothing") were conceived and recorded there was no Stooges left. As such most of these numbers could rightfully be credited as the pair's third shot at a fruitful songwriting partnership, following "Raw Power" and the transitory "Head On The Curve", "Cock In My Pocket", "Wet My Bed" phase.

The "Kill City" tapes have often been compared favourably with The Stones' "Exile On Main Street" and The Doors' "LA Woman". Both comparisons have their points of relevance and their shortcomings.

This is after all a definitively



Los Angeles album: a real deal gutter view shot at the plush, decadent cameos that The Eagles considered on "Hotel California".

The title track says it all really with its keen, sharp images of The Promised Land as *"Kill City, where the debris meets the sea"*. Lines based at the jugular vein of despair itself, motivated purely by the sheer adrenalin pulse of dancing in the ruins and the vaguest feeling that somewhere — beyond all the garbage, beyond all the vicarious highs, lows and in-betweens — might just lie some grand, unimaginable freedom that will swoop down like some great white bird.

The imagery of "Kill City" is simple enough. That playground Land which can only lead to indulgences that leave you *"overdosed and on your knees"* is counterpointed by a raging chorus in *"Give it up, turn the boy loose"*. You just take it from there.

The album proceeds through a collection of gutted confession, including a bonus in the classic punk anthem "Beyond The Law", a bulletin from the abyss where love and hate are inter-changeable in "Johanna" and then the frankly succinct "I Got Nothing".

"Lucky Monkeys" seals the "Exiles" connection; the sound here is straight from the same claustrophobic mould pioneered by such wasted, warped masterpieces as "Ventilaor Blues".

Elsewhere Williamson's arrangements meet Iggy's lyrics punch for punch — the fearsome crashing piano chords of the finale to "Johanna", for example, or the exquisite acoustic guitar that lulls one into "No Sense Of Crime". In fact this is arguably more Williamson's baby than Iggy's. He picked up the pieces on this project and his talents are what often gives "Kill City" its leading edge.

Both partners are in the ascendant for the album's finest work, "Sell Your Love", where Ig's passionate diatribe is set against a haunting, tragic melody embellished by fierce sax howls courtesy one John Harden (who knocks previous Stooges collaborator Steve Mackay into a cocked hat). Williamson in fact uses saxes and keyboards more than his own guitar drive.

Watch this man's work carefully but meanwhile don't bother with most of the other Ig stuff floating around — too much of which strikes me as too ghoulish to bear — and stick with "Kill City", a potent and suitably dangerous set of excellent rock.

Nick Kent

JOE SIMON
The Best Of Joe Simon (Polydor)
JOHNNY BRISTOL
The Best Of Johnny Bristol (Polydor)

JOE SIMON had 16 hits in four years, culminating in 1969's "The Choking Kind", but *these* are culled from his four albums with Spring-/Polydor. If you hesitate, the good ones are gone . . .

When they're good, they're *very* good. When they're bad, they're indifferent. In common with Paul and Carly, Joe seems to have traded the initial finesse for the infinite fodder.

"Excuse me while I do my thing, y'all"?? Really. Stereo monotony concerning parting and partying — fairly standard fare glazed with a sly veneer of credibility. Too much is weak ("Music In My Bones" "Cleopatra Jones" and more), too much is sleek ("Help Me Make It Through The Night", "You Are Everything" and more) but the best ones go slow, quick, quick slow.

"Georgia Blue" is distraught calm while "Step By Step" combines humility with arrogance, unusual in this breed of man: *"I'm a Human, I spell that H.U.M.A.N."*. "Drowning In The Sea Of Love" (by Gamble and Huff arranged out of Thom Bell — Motown under any other motif) made me turn up the speakers and put down my pen, a rare indiscretion for an older, blunter "Submission" — *"I been down/One time/I been down/Two times/But right now I'm drowning . . .* It's very delicate and strident with just enough girl singers in the background (best place for girl singers, as a rule — although not the best place for girls).

"Your Time To Cry" is a sucker's lament for over 18's, nowhere near as triumphant as its name suggests. Never mind the ballads, here's the Phyrric victory — though all for the best. Simon is best when he tries to harm, not charm. But it must be very disheartening to just cut it once in a while, to keep churning it out hoping it'll hit home, not polishing every segment like a diadem.

Which transports us to Johnny Bristol, superficially superior, smoother and less sympathetic than Simon's brave failures. After a decade of writing/producing for Junior Walker and The Spinners (Detroit div.), he had a 1974 gold album with "Hang On In There Baby", erected *(really)* around the single.

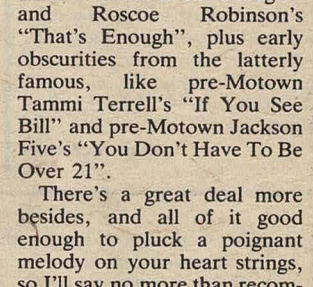
The single sold profusely, but was too much like one of those moronic "Women Too Can Enjoy Sex" manuals for my sensibilities. Here it's shielded by other "suggestive" songs such as "Do It To My Mind" and "I Sho Like Groovin' With Ya".

"Love Me For A Reason" was an Osmonds hit for a reason while "You And I" clinches the cinch . . . it could be George Benson, Bill Withers or J.B. himself. "Leave My World" made that great playlist In The Sky and as such might persuade a few to linger longer before dropping this album back into the rack (it could *use* a little torture).

Slow crap, fast crap, fast bucks all at the drop of a needle — but "Memories Don't Leave Like People Do" (not half the hit "Hang" was — ain't folk queer?) has IT. *"Close my mind/Shut out the world/Step into my private Harlem"* — Wolfe and Mishima should be so visionary!

Joe Simon and Johnny Bristol are not sharp as a pistol — they're HBM (HIP BLACK MUZZZZZZZZZAK) and like the old evergreen says . . . *"Forgettable . . . that's what you are . . ."*

Julie Burchill



VARIOUS
Soul On Fire (DJM)

THE THIRD 28-track, mid-price, '60s pop-soul compilation from DJM, this one a miscellany of hits and misses from the vaults of Scepter-/Wand (erstwhile home of such memorable names as The Shirelles, Dionne Warwick, Chuck Jackson and Maxine Brown) and Musicor/Dynamo (The Platters, Inez Foxx and The Jive Five).

If you've ever been touched by the unwittingly precious combination of New York music hustlers going about their daily business of packaging keen young black talent for international teen appeal (as was) then this one's for you.

As well as a splash of golden memories from the aforementioned artists — especially Maxine Brown's "Oh No Not My Baby" (oohh) and The Shirelles' "It's Love That Really Counts" (aahh) — there's a bumper bundle of one-off classics like Theola Kilgore's "The Love Of My Man", Timmy Shaw's "Gonna Send You Back To Georgia" and Roscoe Robinson's "That's Enough", plus early obscurities from the latterly famous, like pre-Motown Tammi Terrell's "If You See Bill" and pre-Motown Jackson Five's "You Don't Have To Be Over 21".

There's a great deal more besides, and all of it good enough to pluck a poignant melody on your heart strings, so I'll say no more than recommend that you drop by your local record store to examine the complete track listing. Then buy the album.

Cliff White

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF A FOURTH KIND

THE OSMONDS
The Osmonds' Greatest Hits (Polydor)

I HAVE this theory that they're a totally separate (and probably hostile) species. They breed and multiply in hidden canyons of the American South West. Every decade or so they send out a few of their number to daze and confuse the more gullible of us humans.

They obviously have their spies well infiltrated into the media. If they hadn't, so many of them wouldn't have managed to worm their way into big league entertainment.

If you don't believe me, just examine the evidence. In the past there were Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello and, of course, Doris Day. More recently we've had Lee Majors, Farrah Fawcett and the Osmonds.

Our only protection against this awesome threat is to be able to recognise the bastards when they first appear. Although superficially they look pretty much like humans, the first telltale sign you have to watch for is a general air of unreality. To a man (or woman, for that matter) they all seem larger than life, a little too glossy and much too perfect.

This is because their bodies are constructed not from normal cell tissue, but something akin to indestructible but pliable plastic. You'd know this immediately if you ever touched one. Unfortunately you will never be allowed within six feet of one of these creatures.

Then there's the matter of their teeth. Unlike human teeth, those of the creatures grow in two single solid pieces (one up, one down, so to speak). This gives them the ability to draw back their lips and reveal this inhumanly gleaming expanse of white. It's even believed that these glowing choppers can exert a hypnotic effect on less intelligent humans, although as yet there's no solid evidence.

Another suspicion, which so far lacks concrete proof, is the theory that these creatures have no bodily orifices except for mouths full of the already mentioned teeth. Only an orificeless being could possibly maintain the sparkling, super-sanitary attitude of the sinister species. They don't fart, belch, sweat or engage in any of the other messy functions of natural humans.

None of this would matter very much, except for one thing. There'd be no harm in a separate, if somewhat implausible, species wandering around the western half of the USA, if all else was equal. After all, the Bigfoot never did us any harm. Unfortunately, all things are far from equal. It would appear that these aliens pose a very definite threat to the human race.

It's held on good authority that prolonged exposure to the creative output of this species can seriously reduce a person's IQ. This is nothing to be taken lightly. These days we need all the smarts we can get.

And here is a prime example of this dangerous output. It's a double album that traces the career of the Osmonds from their debut on the Andy Williams show in the late 60's right up to the present day. There are offerings from Donny, Marie, the other brothers and even the infamous little Jimmy.

Beware this record! Avoid it at all cost! It could turn you into a grinning carrot.

It's frightening to think that maybe Sid Vicious is the only thing that stands between us and The Menace From Salt Lake City.

— Mick Farren

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10.30 pm THE CADETS
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+ Films
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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

AYLESBURY Kings Head: PETE AND CHRIS COE
BARROW Maxim's Disco: YACHTS
BASILDON Double Six: RED NITE
BELFAST Grosvenor Hall: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
BELFAST Queen's University: THE BUZZCOCKS
BIRKENHEAD Mr Digby's: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL AND THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRADFORD Royal Standard: A.P.B.
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: PAUL DOWNES AND PHIL BEER
BRISTOL Granary: JENNY HAAN'S LION
BRISTOL Polytechnic: TONIGHT
CHATHAM White Lion: REBEL
COVENTRY Mercers Arms: RENO
COVENTRY Mr George's: THE CRABS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: LABI SIFFRE
DERBY Talk of the Midlands: MARTHA REEVES AND THE VANDELLAS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: XTC
EDINBURGH Moray House College: NO DICE
EXETER Groucho's: RIFF POWER BAND
GORLESTON Cap and Gown: RUBY JOE
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags HEAD; THE BRAKES-/SKEETS BOLIVAR
KINGSTON Grove Tavern: DANGEROUS RHYTHM
LEICESTER The Cottage: COLD COMFORT
LEICESTER University: TALKING HEADS/DIRE STRAITS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCREAMING LORD SUTCH
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RADIO STARS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SUPER-CHARGE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE NIGHT
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: THE CORTINAS
LONDON ELEPHANT AND CASTLE Charlie Chaplin: KESTRAL
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Folk Centre: JOANNA CARLIN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: FRANK ZAPPA
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: FURY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LAND-SCAPE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: MERGER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE RICH KIDS/JOHN COOPER CLARKE
LONDON Marquee Club: ADAM AND THE ANTS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: BLUNT INSTRUMENT
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: DAVE EVANS AND SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: REGGAE REGULARS
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: J J JAMESON
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: THE CRUISERS/GINA AND THE ROCKIN' REBELS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: GEORGE MELLY AND THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON WOOD GREEN Bumbles: RUMBLE STRIPS
LUTON College of Technology: THE DEPRESSIONS
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: MILLIE JACKSON
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: BLITZKRIEG BOP/MAGAZINE
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: SPLIT ENZ
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE Spectro: SPEED
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: MERGER/E.Q. YOUTH SQUAD
NOTTINGHAM Tiffany's: SAD CAFE/GAFFA
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
SCUNTHORPE Baths Hall: OSIBISA
SCUNTHORPE Queen Bess Hotel: JON DEREK
SWANSEA Circles Club: JENNY DARREN BAND
SWANSEA Nutz Club: JIM CAPALDI AND THE CONTENDERS
TREFOREST Non-Political Club: SON OF A BITCH
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: THE SETTLERS
WELLINGTON Town House: TYLA GANG
WOLVERHAMPTON R.A.F. Cosford: STAGE FRIGHT
WORCESTER Bankhouse: SATAN'S RATS
WORTHING Balmoral Cider Bar: SHORT STORIES

Friday

ABERDEEN TECHNICAL College: NO DICE
ABERDEEN University: KRAKATOA
ALVA British Legion Club: CHOU PAHROT
BANGOR University: CITY BOY
BARGOED Ex-Servicemen's Club: SON OF A BITCH
BATH University: HEAVY METAL KIDS/RUMBLE STRIPS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BETHNAL
BIRMINGHAM Edgehill college: YACHTS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: MILLIE JACKSON
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel : SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM University: FIVE HAND REEL
BRADFORD Pudsey Community Centre: JON DEREK
BRADFORD Star Hotel: PEG LEG FERRET
BRIGHTON Alhambra: PTARMIGAN
BRIGHTON New Regent: ADAM & THE ANTS
BRIGHTON Sussex University: THE RICH KIDS JOHN COOPER CLARKE
BURNLEY Bank Hall: DAWNWEAVER
BURTON 76 Club: ADVERTISING
CHALFONT ST GILES Newlands Park College: JENNY DARREN BAND
CARDIFF University: THE PIRATES
CHELMSFORD Chelmer Institute: GRAND HOTEL
CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: SATAN'S RATS
CRANFIELD Polytechnic: THE ENID
COVENTRY New Phoenix: RENO
CRAWLEY College: TONIGHT
DERBY College of Technology: THE DEPRESSIONS
DERBY Talk of the Midlands: MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
DUBLIN Trinity College: THE BUZZCOCKS
DUNDEE Technical College: XTC
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: OSIBISA
GRAVESEND Prince of Wales: REBEL
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Arts Centre: THE SHOPLIF-TERS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: BANSHEE BAND
HEYWOOD Seven Stars: MERLIN
HIGH WYCOMBE College: CLUMSY
HULL Technical College: MENTAL BLOCK
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: TYLA GANG
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: NIC JONES
LANCASTER University: JUDAS PRIEST
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEEDS University Tartan Bar: R.B.Q.
LEICESTER Coalville Working Men's Club: SHAZAM
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: THE BOY-FRIENDS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: MAGAZINE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE/FURY
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON Central Polytechnic: DILLINGER
LONDON CHISWICK Polytechnic: BRONX/LION HEARTS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TEQUILA BROWN BLUES BAND/DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: STEVE HOOKER
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: GEORGE BENSON
LONDON EDMONTON The Cock: KESTRAL
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: GYPSY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: FRANK ZAPPA
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: REGULA-TION CONTROL
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: ALVIN STARDUST/PINKERTON'S COLOURS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SAMSON
LONDON HIGHGATE Jackson's Lane Community Centre: EFIAK/TENDALOI
LONDON ISLEWORTH Hounslow Borough College: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON ISLINGTON City Arms: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE CORTINAS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE SAINTS
LONDON PUTNEY Star and Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON SOUTHBANK Polytechnic: STEEL PULSE
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: SURPRISE SISTERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: PAINTED LADY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SUBURBAN STUDS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BABE RAINBOW
LONDON WOOD GREEN Bumbles: SOUL DIREC-TION
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: WHIRLWIND
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: SOUNDER
LONG CRENDON Village Centre: SKINNERS RATS
LOWESTOFT Technical College: BUSTER JAMES
LUTON Royal Hotel: STEPPIN' OUT
MAIDSTONE College of Art: DEAF SCHOOL
MANCHESTER Crumpsall Abraham Moss Centre: DIRTY SHIRTS
MANCHESTER Middleton Town Hall: ULTRAVOX/THE DOLL
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: RADIO STARS
MARGATE High Cliff: STAA MARX
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: PENET-RATION/BLITZKREIG BOP
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: TALKING HEADS/DIRE STRAITS
NORTHAMPTON Nene College: GARBO & THE CELLULOID HEROES
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: SOME CHICKEN/THE PREFECTS/THE TURBINES
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTENDERS
PRESTON Polytechnic: SPLIT ENZ
READING University: JENNY HAAN'S LION
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: NUTZ
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: SUPERCHARGE
SOLIHULL The Sheldon: EAZIE
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: THE PLEASERS
STOKE North Staffs Polytechnic: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG/DOLL BY DOLL
SUNDERLAND Mecca Centre: BAND WITH NO NAME
TELFORD Madley Court Centre: LE RITZ
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: THE STATISTICS —/CRAFTY HALF/THE CADETS
WESTERHAM Grasshopper Inn: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: RADIATORS FROM SPACE

Saturday

ABERTILLERY Six Bells: SON OF A BITCH
BATH University: RUMBLE STRIPS
BEDFORD College: GARBO & THE CELLULOID HEROES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BETHNAL
BIRMINGHAM KING'S HEATH Hare and Hounds: KITSYKE WILL
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: COLD COMFORT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: STORMRIDER
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BOLTON Institute of Technology: KRAZY KAT
BRIGHTON New Regent: TONIGHT
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND/THE PURITANS/BRAINS TRUST
BRISTOL B.Q. Club: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
BRISTOL Dockland Settlement: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BRISTOL University: RICHARD DIGANCE
BUXTON Railway Hotel: BULLET
CAMBERLEY Ragamuffins: THE DOOLEYS
CANTERBURY Kent University: THE RICH KIDS-/JOHN COOPER CLARKE
CARSHALTON St. Helier's Arms: VERNON & THE G.I.'s
CONINGSY Castle Club: MUSCLES
COVENTRY Mr. George's: WIRE
CRADLEY HEATH Haden Hill Leisure Centre: VICTOR BROX BLUES TRAIN/STORMRIDER
CREDITON Bow Inn: JENNY DARREN BAND
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: RADIO STARS
DURHAM University: YACHTS
EASTBOURNE Kings Country Club: MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
EASTBOURNE The Cavalier: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: THE PIRATES
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: XTC
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: ROBERT GORDON & LINK WRAY/WHIRLWIND
GRANTHAM Kesteven College: MUSCLES
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: THE PLEASERS
HARROW-ON-THE-HILL The Havelock: THE CADETS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: TALKING HEADS-DIRE STRAITS
HULL University: SPLIT ENZ
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: ICE NINE
LEEDS University: JUDAS PRIEST
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: STEAM HEAT
LICHFIELD Playtime Club: STAGE FRIGHT
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: BAND WITH NO NAME
LIVERPOOL Eric's: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: JERRY EADIE BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: HEAD OVER HEELS/TWICE NIGHTLY
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GONZALEZ-/J.A.L.N. BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: DIZ WATSON
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LEE KOSMIN & LOOSE SHOES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: ADAM & THE ANTS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: THE ROLL—UPS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: MILLIE JACKSON
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: ADVER-TISING
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Swan: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: JOE BROWN/TOMMY BRUCE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: FLYING ACES
LONDON ISLINGTON Tractors: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PENETRA-TION
LONDON Marquee Club: THE DEPRESSIONS
LONDON PECKHAM Rye Hill T.A.: KESTRAL
LONDON PLAISTOW North-East Polytechnic: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Cecil Sharp House: SHIRLEY & DOLLY COLLINS
LONDON School of Economics: SHAM 69/SPEEDOMETERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE LURKERS
LONDON University Union: THE XTRAS/THE MAGNETS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BABE RAINBOW
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: THE ENID
LONDON W1 Green Man: HANDBAG
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
MANCHESTER U.M.I.S.T.: PEKOE ORANGE
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: TYLA GANG
NEWCASTLE University: CITY BOY
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: SUPERCHARGE
NORWICH Barn Scottow: JON DEREK
NORWICH Lads Club: ULTRAVOX/THE DOLL
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: VESUVIUS
NOTTINGHAM University: THOSE FOUR
NUNEATON 77 Town Club: SOUL DIRECTION
OXFORD College of Further Education: TIGER LILY
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: STEEL PULSE
ROCHESTER Nags Head: SAMSON
SHEFFIELD University: THE BOTHY BAND
ST. ALBANS City Hall: DEAF SCHOOL/SORE THROAT
SRATFORD-UPON-AVON Royal Shakespeare Theatre: DON McLEAN
SWANSEA Arts Workshop: SUNSTROKE
TREFOREST Glamorgan Polytechnic: RUFF HANDFULL
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: SURPRISE SISTERS
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: JENNY HAAN'S LION
WARWICK Red Lion: SCHOOL MEALS
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: EAZIE
WIGAN Casino: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunch time): THE PESTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: THE SAINTS
YORK University: JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTEN-DERS

Sunday

AMERSHAM Crown Hotel: DEREK BRIMSTONE
BANBURY United Club House: JON DEREK
BASILDON Double Six: LOOSE CHANGE
BASILDON Treble Chance: HYMIE BLOWS IT
BEDFORD Nite Spot: MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN
BRACKNELL Arts Centre: GARBO & THE CELLULOID HEROES
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: RADIO STARS
CHELMSFORD Rock Club: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
COVENTRY Theatre: MARY O'HARA
CROYDON Greyhound: ULTRAVOX/THE DOLL
DUNFERMLINE Carnegie Hall: IGNATZ
DURHAM Paton Beehive: BANDANNA
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: THE DOOLEYS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: ROBERT GORDON & LINK WRAY / WHIRLWIND
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: PAINTED LADY
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: TALKING HEADS / SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS- DIRE STRAITS
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON DRURY LANE New London Theatre: ALEXIS KORNER VICTOR AND ANNETTE BROX NO MYSTERY
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: LEE KOSMIN & LOOSE SHOES
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: DREW McCUL-LOCH'S ALMANAC
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: MILLIE JACKSON
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE SOFT BOYS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE KILL JOYS
LONDON KENNINGTON Oval House: CLAP-PERCLAW
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE PIRATES
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: HINCKLEY'S HEROES NOEL MURPHY
LONDON Marquee Club: ROOGALATOR

ROBERT GORDON (above left), the former Tuff Darts member who's now become a rockabilly specialist in his own right, sets out on a British tour which should have enormous interest for the cult clique — particularly as near-legendary guitarist LINK WRAY (above right) is one of the members of his backing band. Reason for the partnership, of course, is that they've just released a joint album. Catch them this week at Glasgow (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday) and Plymouth (Wednesday). ULTRAVOX are playing a series of major gigs, culminating in mid-February in three nights at London Marquee. During the next few days they're at Manchester (Friday), Norwich (Saturday), Croydon (Sunday) and Coventry (Tuesday). The band, pictured below left, comprise (from left to right) Steve Shears (guitar), Billy Currie (keyboards and violin), John Foxx (vocals), Warren Cann (drums and vocals) and Chris Cross (bass and vocals).

MILLIE JACKSON (below right) has few peers in the field of soul singing, and she's specially welcome this time because her last two projected visits were postponed. Backed by her regular U.S. band, she's playing just four big concerts — at Manchester (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday) and London Hammersmith (Saturday and Sunday).

MORE GIG GUIDE AND CLUB ADS OVER THE PAGE

GIG GUIDE

LONDON Palladium: DON McLEAN
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE STUKAS / THE BOYFRIENDS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: KENNY BALL BAND
LONDON W.1 Portman Hotel: DAVE SHEPHERD QUINTET
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: JOHN ADAMS BAND
NEWBRIDGE Memorial Hall: DEKE LEONARD's ICEBERG
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: BETHNAL
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHEARSBY Bath Hotel: VENOM
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: DEAF SCHOOL
STOCKPORT Poco Poco Club: DAVE BERRY (for seven days)
STOKE Jollees Club: THE THREE DEGREES (for a week)
SWANSEA Waun Wen Inn: SLEEVER
WALSALL Bilston The Cock: VAN GREAVES
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: NO DICE

Monday

BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: TYLA GANG
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GARBO & THE CELLULOID HEROES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: COLD COMFORT
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: DILLINGER
BRISTOL Stone House: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BURY Crystals Club: THE REDUCERS
CHELTENHAM Plough Hotel: THE INDEX
CORBY Executive Club: THE CRABS
DURHAM Blue Bell: RENO
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: YACHTS
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: UNDERHAND JONES / CUBAN HEELS
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: RICH KIDS / JOHN COOPER CLARKE
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Polytechnic: NO DICE
LIVERPOOL The Sportsman: AMERICAN AUTUMN BAND
LIVERPOOL University: DEAF SCHOOL
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SUCKER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: TENDERFOOT / AXIS / JOKER
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TRADER / ALISHA
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: NIC JONES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MAGAZINE
LONDON Marquee Club: THE KILLJOYS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: DAVE RUSSELL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ADAM & THE ANTS / PINK PARTS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: ROY BOOKBINDER
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: MARABOU
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: BLUNT INSTRUMENT
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Vortex Club: THE POLICE
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: CHEAP STARS / RESISTANCE
LONDON WILLESDEN The Cavern: STRAIGHT 8
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: RED NITE
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall: THE PASSAGE / THE ELITE
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
PLYMOUTH Castaways: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: JUDAS PRIEST
PORT TALBOT Troubador: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
READING Civic Hall: THE NIGHT
STAFFORD Top Of The World: XTC
SWINDON The Affair: RADIO STARS
UXBRIDGE Unit One: SAHARA FARM
WORCESTER Hideaway Club: MUSCLES

Tuesday

ABERDEEN Fusion Ballroom: IGNATZ
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: MAGAZINE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: THE ADVERTS
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: OSIBISA / SPARTACUS
BRIGHTON Sussex University: LOOSE CHANGE
BRISTOL Colston Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
BRISTOL Locarno: SPLIT ENZ
BUSHEY Broadfield Hall: PAUL HUSAIN & THE CROWBARS
CARDIFF Top Rank: XTC
CORBY Grant Arms: COLD COMFORT
COVENTRY Locarno: ULTRAVOX / THE DOLL
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: MARY O'HARA
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: T.N.T. / THE MOTELS
HUDDERSFIELD Clappers: EAZIE

ALEXIS KORNER, the father figure of British rhythm-and-blues, headlines the first of a new series of Sunday concerts at the New London Theatre, Drury Lane, this weekend. The shows continue at monthly intervals.

GEORGE BENSON flies in direct from the Midem Festival in France to headline a one-off London concert on Friday, on his way home to the States.
● **Also dropping in briefly this weekend is Don McLean who's doing just two concerts, at Stratford-upon-Avon (Saturday) and London (Sunday).**

KEIGHLEY Nikkers Club: TYLA GANG
LIVERPOOL Eric's: BOTHY BAND
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: ISAMBARD KINGDOM
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SUBURBAN STUDS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: TRAPEZE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GREAT BRITISH HEROES / KILLA-HZ
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: THE HARDS
LONDON HORNSEA Middlesex Polytechnic: THE MAKERS / JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: TONIGHT / THE PLEASERS / THE BOYFRIENDS
LONDON Marquee Club: BETHNAL
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: RICH KIDS / OZO
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: DEBIT BAND
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: DOLL BY DOLL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
NOTTINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: BARRON KNIGHTS
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: WIRE
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: LEAR-JETS
READING Target Club: SCHMO
SCUNTHORPE Tiffany's: DEAF SCHOOL
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: DILLINGER

Wednesday

ABERDEEN Ruffles Ballroom: JENNY DARREN BAND
AYLESBURY Civic Centre: BARRON KNIGHTS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTENDERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: RAMROD
BIRMINGHAM Elbow Room: SOUL DIRECTION
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: EAZIE
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: JUNIOR WAILING
BRADFORD University: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG / DOLL BY DOLL
BRIGHTON Top Rank: TALKING HEADS / DIRE STRAITS
BRISTOL Granary: WIRE
BURNTISLAND Half Circle Ballroom: IGNATZ
COLCHESTER Essex University: SPLIT ENZ
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: THE ZONES
KEELE University: OSIBISA
LEEDS New Ace of Clubs: MAGAZINE
LEEDS University: BOTHY BAND
LIVERPOOL Eric's: DILLINGER
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LONDON BARKINGSIDE Old Maypole: WHIRLWIND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: DAVID LEWIS BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: RADIO STARS
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE BOYFRIENDS / TUBEWAY ARMY
LONDON EALING Technical College: KRAKATOA
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: VIPERS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: FLYING ACES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: ADVERTISING
LONDON N.1. Old Red Lion: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: CLIFF AUNGIER & GREIG'S SHOWCASE
LONDON S.E.1. College of Printing: THE RICH KIDS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom—MERGER
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: RIFF RAFF
LONDON Upstairs at the Rainbow: DEAF SCHOOL
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: THE CASUAL BAND
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: SHAM 69
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: TYLA GANG QUORUM
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: ROBERT GORDON & LINK WRAY
READING Target Club: STAA MARX
READING University: SURPRISE SISTERS
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: XTC
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
ST. AGNES Talk of The West: THE SUPREMES (for four days)
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WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE CRABS

ROCK ON THE BOX

● The only show this week that falls strictly within the terms of the above heading is BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on Tuesday, featuring **The Talking Heads** and **The Fabulous Poodles.**
● Somewhat more folk-orientated are **Gordon Giltrap** and **Michael Chapman** in "Sight And Sound In Concert" (BBC-2 and Radio 1, Saturday) and **The Strawbs** in "Get It Together" (ITV Tuesday).
● Non-rock items worth a mention: a new series of **"Max Boyce** In Concert" (BBC-1 Friday), another **Jasper Carrott** show (some ITV regions, Friday) and **Lou Rawls** in "International Cabaret" (BBC-1 Monday). You may also like to know that BBC-2's "Arena Cinema" on Monday is devoted to "Star Wars".

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February
3– Birmingham, Aston Univ.
4– Sheffield, Hurlfield Campus.
5– Manchester, Royal Exchange Theatre.
6– Liverpool, Christ's College.
7– Huddersfield, Town Hall.
8– Scunthorpe, Foxhills School.
10–Bristol, Arnolfini Gallery.
11–Bridgwater Arts Centre.
13–Coventry, Warwick Univ.

lo opposte
ualità e il valore de-
so dei concorsi in ar-
tura. La frequenza epi-
a dei concorsi banditi e,
ta più, la rarità di esiti
isfacenti, testimoniano
ti la precarietà e la de-
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ettura fu propugnata nel-
immediato dopoguerra e
negli anni '50, come la più
adatta a stabilire un demo-
cratico confronto per la valo-
rizzazione qualitativa della
realtà urbana. Corroborava
evidentemente tale intenzione
l'esemplarità ricordata delle
grandi competizioni degli an-
ni '20 e '30; poteva bastare

anche solo la memoria di al-
cune occasioni storiche, come
quella del concorso per il
teatro di Karkhov, dell'URSS
del 1930, con gli innumerevoli
dibattiti preliminari per la
formulazione del bando, le
appassionate conferenze e le
esposizioni dei progetti con
decine di migliaia di visitato-
E comunque la pratica fu
con la volontà di
tecipazione e
dibattito

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evadere in un mondo di fan-
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tro i problemi quotidiani, ma
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JAZZ

DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH. Pic: PETE NORMAN

HE DIDN'T MAKE A MILLION...

.... Although he paid a lot of dues — with Korner, Bond, Mayall, Colosseum and a handful of Rolling Stones. Veteran R 'n' B tenorman DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH ain't worried. The way things have turned out suits him just fine. By BRIAN CASE

PANTING in the wake of bald, bearded Dick Heckstall-Smith, I mused upon patent medicines: 'The Secret Of Vigour, Tono-Bungay — Like Mountain Air In The Veins'.

Pep seemed too lame a term for his turn of speed on the stairs which left me two flights below, savouring the bronchial chorus from the pigeon loft within. The veteran saxophonist of British R&B moves like a yearling, and could surely have shoved a sherpa ahead.

Apart from all that, Dick is also a sprinting history book, blessed with total recall, or nearest offer, of every gig he has ever played. So I folded the arms and unbuttoned the ears.

"I used to say that I'd a musical parentage that consisted of fatherhood by Sidney Bechet and motherhood by Wardell Gray," said Dick. "Interesting example of the sexist way I looked at things in those days, because the father came first.

"It was Bechet that compelled me to play the soprano — a £10 Maltese soprano saxophone — and I was undoubtedly the greatest copier of Sydney Bechet that the world has ever seen. Vibrato, timing, rhythm, approach — but Bechet on a very bad day. His head wasn't working properly — Bechet, only somebody had stuck a nail in his head. That was me around '55 '56."

Dick, unlike most mortar boards, was at Cambridge for the jazz with Agriculture as an also-ran. He won a silver cup at the University Jazz Contest, came down to London and did his National Service as a conscientious objector in a London hospital. "I lived in hovels for six months, and by the time I'd lost two stone and still not got a job I recognised that I was a professional musician."

He learned tenor on the job with Sandy Brown. A season at Butlins Rock 'n Roll Ballroom and a mess of bar mitzvahs followed before the historic meeting with Alexis Korner.

Korner's earlier attempts to launch Blues and R&B had been ahead of their time, but his featured slots with Cyril Davies and Ottilie Paterson in the Chris Barber Band led him to try his luck again.

"In 1962 I was playing a jam session down at the Troubadour in the Old Brompton Road along with a million other tenor players, all playing be-bop," Dick recalled. "This strange character turned up with a guitar, an eternal smile, swarthy features, a very, very powerful upper-class accent, suave to a supernatural degree, and went on indefatigably playing blues guitar through all the bop numbers, smiling, and fucking up all the bop musicians, who gradually left. I've always liked blues, liked Muddy Waters, so I stuck around. I was trying to NOT play bop cliches."

A job offer eventually led to rehearsals for Alexis Korner's Chicago-style Blues Band at the Roundhouse, Wardour Street. "I turned up first, Charlie Watts next, bass player, piano player, Alexis and — last of all — there was a sort of raincoated figure. It looked neither to right nor left, but went off into a far corner of the room. It was carrying a great fat old briefcase which it undid and upended and about 30 or 40 harmonicas fell out all over the floor.

"That was Cyril Davies. He was pissed off because there was a saxophone player there. He was a purist. He and Sonny Terry BOTH maintained that Cyril was his son."

Dick roared with laughter, rolled another fag, rummaged under his rollneck for his saccarine bottle and tweezed a couple into his coffee.

"I was a year with Alexis. The band was at its peak around September-October, 1962. Jack Bruce came in, then Jack and I introduced Ginger Baker. I've never known anyone like Charlie Watts. I admire him considerably. Ginger sat in, extremely thin and without work at the time, played furiously and drove the band right through the roof of the Marquee. Charlie stood and watched and at the end offered him HIS job. 'I'll resign. You're so good it'd be silly if you didn't join'."

Sitters-in with Alexis Korner's Blues Incorporated included Mick Jagger, Keith Richard and Brian Jones, who subsequently teamed with Watts to form an interval band and, later, a rival to Fort Knox.

Why did Dick think the Stones hit while the originators didn't?

"I think they were specially fitted for it. I think they had an appeal in two directions, first to enterprising managers, second to a potential audience that perhaps wasn't that knocked out with pure blues but was interested in excitement.

"But that's all hindsight . . . Somebody ought to reconstruct the whole history in detail — not just the recollections of individual musicians, but a history of managers, a history of cash-flow. Otherwise you don't really know what was happening."

A sort of supersonic parody of the academic manner convulsed his lips — "mmn-mmn-mmn — anything we do, especially something that affects as many people as music does, is inherently political, but we're not in a position to understand it yet. There's a lot of hard work and hard thinking to be done first before we can find an acceptable basis."

The more substantial the mind, the faster the facile questions get returned to sender: re-define. Books on Quantum Theory, correlations betweem Marxism, Science and Philosophy, the complete works of Lenin line every available space in Dick's flat. This, I reflect, is a mind that has found itself . . .

We get away from hypothesis and back to the transfer lists. Cyril Davies quit Blues Incorporated, unhappy with growing departure from country blues, and Graham Bond, ex-Don Rendell, short-hair, suit, a refrigerator salesman, came in.

Bond, Baker and Bruce eventually split, tried to get Dick to go with them, and signed John McLaughlin — "It was hard to grasp just how good he was then" — when Dick refused. Six months later, Dick replaced McLaughlin, and the Quartet became The Graham Bond Organisation.

"This continued until Ginger and Jack had a row and Jack left, and Graham's feet took over the part of the bass player. We were a trio for nearly a year, then Ginger left to join Jack and Eric Clapton which was the beginning of Cream. Graham did the same thing as Alexis — instead of trying to replace with an imitation, he replaced Ginger with John Hiseman, who was just a fucking good drummer."

Dick leaped up to admit the cat, Sam, who walked in, waited for Dick to sit down again before scratching the door to be let out — "Oh, rubbish Sam!" — and illustrated his strange tenure with Bond, who died under a train in 1974.

"For the last year, John Hiseman and I had commiserated about the high level of insanity that was manifested. Graham was heavily into magic, and at the same time heavily into obtaining money would go on silver-topped canes. We'd never see any of it.

"Well, he'd go and visit some witches' coven on the way to the gig, and maybe turn up having not slept for four days and go into the bandroom and descend into a deep sleep, lying in state.

"John and me used to say how difficult life was, and surely it must be in principle possible to have a band in which there were no passengers and everybody was sane. We quite failed to see the connection between being good and insanity."

The Bond Organisation collapsed in 1967, leaving the tenorman thinking in terms of a Heavy Goods Vehicle Licence. "At the last minute, the old hyphenated luck followed through and John Mayall phoned up. Alexis was probably the seminal influence that persuaded him to descend from his tree-house in the garden in Manchester and become a professional.

"I was so broke when he phoned that I had to ask him to come and see me. I had a car but no money. I said I'd run him home afterwards if he gave me the petrol money."

In 1968, he toured the States with John Mayall and The Bluesbreakers, hauling his tenor up to 125th Street in Harlem to jam in the black bars, great fun, no trouble.

Did he ever feel guilty about playing black music?

"The argument is not do you feel guilty, but, objectively, if you are ripping off the blacks then you should stop playing.

"But the reason blacks are ripped off is not because of whites, it's because the economic and political structure enables it to happen."

Wasn't the structure controlled by whites?

"I don't think so. It's the other way round. It controls the whites."

The machine ran its operators?

"Oh yes." And Dick outlined work done and work still to be done in the study of imperialism and capitalism. If ever a workroom meant business, this was it. Currently doing a research project for a Doctorate, Dick's very walls urge him on with countdowns to deadline.

Mayall had one of his celebrated purges, sacking most of the band, and returning to a quartet format, which once again had Dick contemplating an HGV licence, He phoned Hiseman, still drummer in residence, to see if he'd care to join him in forming that all-sane, all-talent band, was refused and subsequently surprised when, a fortnight later, Hiseman returned the offer.

"He's a sly one, John. He'd gone to Gerry Bron, got a backer, rhythm section, set up the organisation himself alone — and then he got me. Now that is having a head on your shoulders. So John set up Colosseum as a quartet. We advertised for a guitarist and spent a day auditioning 54 guitarists. I began to feel as if I'd been encased in concrete with someone exploding bombs outside, but eventually we ended up with two."

Various personnel changes, James Litherland, Dave Clempson, Chris Farlowe, American tours, the steady build-up of audience support for their music and shuffle among record companies brought Colosseum to the threshold of the big time.

"Warner Brothers wanted to set up a US tour in autumn, '71 — and that November Dave Clempson got an offer from Steve Marriott and left. John felt that was the end of the line. The idea of doing the States with a new and untried band was a bit much, especially for John, because he'd been bearing the sole responsibility for the organisation and broad policy making, going into the agency every week to check the accounts, sitting for hours with Gerry making decisions.

"He wanted a rest and I don't blame him. So we folded the band.

"We all subsequently led bands which toured the States and we were all told severally that had Colosseum stayed together and done that tour, in all probability we'd have been millionairs. In retrospect, I'm glad we didn't now, because it would have meant not doing what I'm doing now."

In March, 1973, near to completion on his second album, Dick was laid up with a recurrence of an old back injury. Art Themen, tenorman and bone surgeon, diagnosed complete rest. "During that time I began a radical re-appraisal of not so much my life — I was getting less and less interested in my life — but of what was wrong with the way society was going.

"I've always been highly rebellious and deeply sceptical of anything which professes to contain the truth. I thought the answer was to be arrived at not by lying on the floor, thinking."

The next three years saw him at South Bank Poly, taking a Social Science degree, and three tenor gigs in three years. He's putting himself about a little more these days, sharing saxophone dues with John Fry in Big Chief.

We ended up shouting encouragement at Wardell Gray on record. He probably didn't need it, but it didn't put him off any either.

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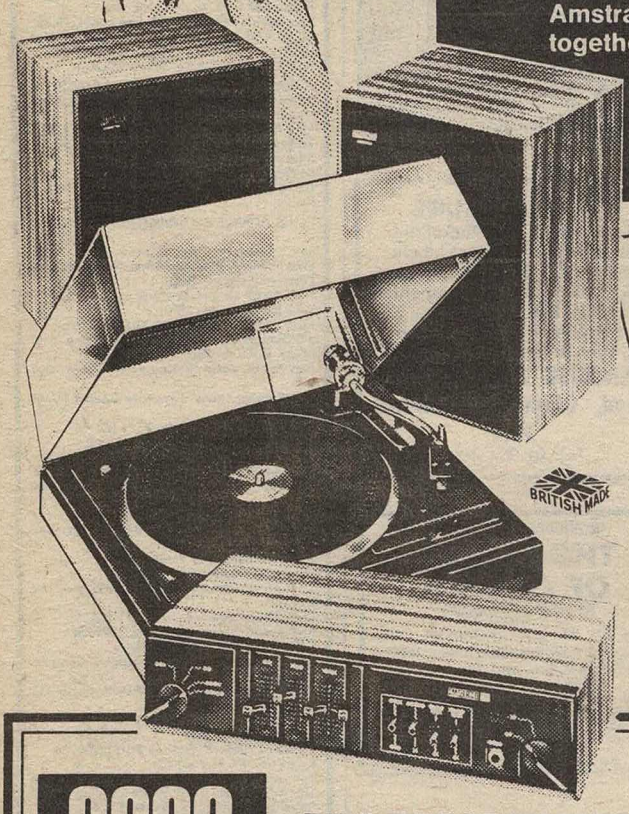

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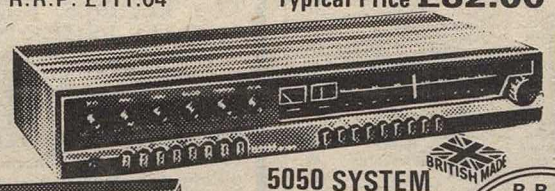

5050 SYSTEM

A stereo TUNER AMPLIFIER providing 100 watts total music power; Stereo FM radio plus Long and Medium wave reception. The 5050 can be substituted into the 2000 system in place of the AMSTRAD 2000 MK. II Amplifier. This excellent receiver has been the subject of much praise from the Hi-Fi press.

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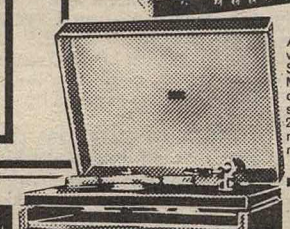

8000 SYSTEM

BY 3 GREAT NAMES

AMSTRAD BSR ADC

Comprises the AMSTRAD 8000 MK. III STEREO AMPLIFIER offering a total music power of 40 watts and incorporating special filters to enrich the sound quality. Completing the system is a pair of AMSTRAD ACOUSTRA 1000 SPEAKERS and a Semi-Automatic AMSTRAD B.S.R. P 182 TURNTABLE fitted with the world famous A.D.C. QLM 30 MK. III Magnetic CARTRIDGE with diamond stylus. The turntable is supplied with a tinted plastic dust cover while the cabinet of the Amplifier and Loudspeakers are finished in teak effect vinyl. The system has the capacity to feed an extra pair of loudspeakers.

The system can be upgraded by adding to it the AMSTRAD 7050 CASSETTE DECK and the AMSTRAD 3000 MK. II TUNER.

R.R.P. £114.92 TYPICAL PRICE £86

2000 SYSTEM

BY 3 GREAT NAMES

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Based on the AMSTRAD 2000 MK. III Stereo AMPLIFIER offering 100 watts total music power through a pair of AMSTRAD ACOUSTRA 2500 LOUDSPEAKERS. The TURNTABLE is the AMSTRAD B.S.R. P182 fitted with an A.D.C. QLM 30 MK. III Magnetic CARTRIDGE with diamond stylus. The turntable has a tinted dust cover and the Amplifier and Loudspeaker cabinets are finished in teak effect vinyl.

This system provides true High Fidelity sound for a price usually associated with lesser quality music centres. Both the AMSTRAD 3000 MK. II TUNER and 7050 CASSETTE DECK will complement and upgrade this system.

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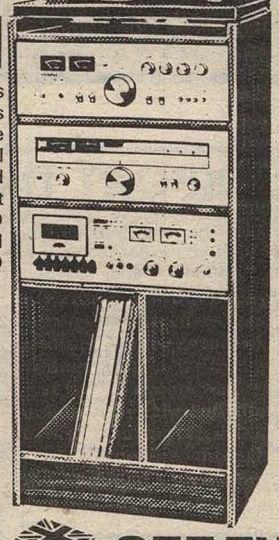

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ON THE TOWN

How "77" moves smoothly into '78

Talking Heads
Dire Straits

SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY

THE FIRST time I saw Talking Heads was as support to The Ramones at Doncaster's tiny Outlook Club — a curious mismatch of headbangers and headusers in which the users gave away a stone and a half for lack of familiarity but still aroused enough interest to lose by only the single pinhead fall to the bangers.

This time around, they're in the ring on their own, but it's a fair bet that even the mighty Giant Haystack would be hard pushed to withstand David "Psycho Killer" Byrne's onslaught.

The familiarity with the "77" album obviously worked wonders: so much of their material, on first hearing, comes across as deliberately obtuse and disjointed, what with Byrne's unusual voice and the constant melodic/rhythmic shifts, that the neophyte could well be pardoned for failing to understand what all the fuss was about.

Cheers of recognition, however, suggest that many are now fully-fledged initiates.

And anyway, cries of "Bullshit" and "What about the audience?" — of which there were a few — are beside the point. These artist-wallahs don't obtain aesthetic satisfaction by pandering to *your* desires, it seems. And in Talking Heads' case, it's just as well.

Openers — of course — are "Love Goes To Building On Fire" and "Uh, Oh, Love Comes To Town", crowd-killers the pair of them.

To be quite honest, I've never really rated "Building On Fire" that highly, but "Love Comes To Town", with its precise evocation of the rational man's bewilderment at the irrationality of love (is it really just because we "need the eggs", as Woody Allen claims?), and that chorus, reminiscent of the dreadful "Sittin' On The Fence", knocks me out every time.

Another favourite follows, in the form of "Don't Worry About The Government".

Seems to be everybody's favourite, too; sing-song tune, striding bass, no wonder. And those lyrics! Simple materialist idealism personified in the most powerful man on earth; a toytown tribute to the American dream — and probably as close to the core of James Earl Carter as any lengthy biography could penetrate.

If Talking Heads consummate their vaunted aesthetic intentions in any song, it's in this little nugget of analysis.

About half-a-dozen new numbers are scattered amongst the well-known album material.

Usually a tricky business, but in the Heads' case they dovetail neatly into the set by virtue of their recognisable elements: the usual shifts in emphasis, Byrne's discordant guitar pressures and manic singing, and Tina Weymouth's insistent, swooping bass-lines (shades of Rick Danko in her playing, I believe).

The most familiar facet of Talking Heads' music, I realised during a newie called "The Big Country", is the rhythm section's penchant for setting up a strident, marching beat, best exemplified, perhaps, in the chorus of "Tentative Decisions".

Admiral's daughter, Tina.
Pic: JOE STEVENS

A deliberate, conscious link with their American heritage — Sousa, etc? Or maybe an unconscious reflection of Weymouth and drummer/husband Chris Frantz's military background? (Weymouth an Admiral's daughter, Frantz a general's son.)

Sounds pretentious, I know, but maybe a little self-analysis is in order here.

Whatever the reason, it doesn't affect the validity of the rhythm as part of the overall Talking Heads sound. Better by far than yet another high-speed monotone thrash

Best reception of the night (bar encores) is reserved for the closer, "Psycho Killer", a not-too-distant cousin of Steely Dan's "Don't Take Me Live", its impact heightened by Byrne's disconcerting resemblance to Tony Perkins, and his generally deranged stage presence.

He'd be great on *Top Of The Pops,* what with his spasmodic little dances and his habit of retreating across the stage, hunched over and thrashing out those chopping chords. Small wonder Tina Weymouth clocks him in that astonished wide-eyed way!

To be honest, I expected the supposed "intellectual frigidity" to leave me cold; however the warmth and good humour generated by them blew all my preconceptions to bits.

Dire Straits, despite tempting fate and critics alike with their moniker, are actually not dire at all.

Built around a guy who presumably believes himself to be England's surrogate J. J. Cale, they emit low-key countryfied radiations of a pleasing but ultimately soporific nature.

On the face of it, a curious support act to precede Talking Heads; as it turns out, however, their laid-back approach is an almost perfect foil for the unremitting tension of the Americans.

Cale-clone sings (well, murmurs) like the real thing, and plays guitar like the real thing: curt but fluid little stabs interspersed with some pretty neat picking. Funny thing is, when he raises his voice, it's the gruff nasality of "New Morning"-period Dylan that comes out.

Their up-tempo material's better than the plethora of all-too-laid-back country-funk which predominates.

If they played their cards right, and stuck to the faster stuff, they could probably jump on the rockabilly bandwagon I understand the arbiters of taste are about to foist upon us.

Otherwise I suspect it's 'file under anachronism' for Dire Straits. Which would be a pity.

Andy Gill

Radio Stars
The Nashville

THESE LADS are gonna be enormous. Hit single on the horizon, constant gigging over the last year, critically successful album, a bunch of well known pretty faces — how can they fail?

I wasn't surprised to find The Nashville stuffed to the ceiling for this concert and pushed me way to the front of the stage between a seething mass of Radio Stars fans, who went insane as soon as the band hit the stage.

They've now got a big following who know all the words to the songs, have all the records and would probably sell their souls to touch Andy Ellison.

Radio Stars have developed into a fine rock band, who positively steamroller their way through numbers from their many singles 'n' EPs, and rely on large draughts from the "Songs For Swinging Lovers" album to sustain the rest of the set.

Ellison has, over the years, developed a top-line loony stage act. During a great rendering of "Talking 'Bout You", he started swinging from the beams above the stage like an Iggyfied Chimp, among other bizarre contortions.

Talking of Iggy, it often seems that Ellison's aiming for a live duplication of the cover of "Fun House", with his constant falling into the crowd, who are well prepared to lift him up on their collective shoulder.

Bassist Martin Gordon's songs are funny 'n' fun. There's an obvious hangover from his days in Sparks in the structure of some of them, but you have to learn somewhere.

The current repertoire contains all the numbers we know and love, including "Eric", "Dirty Pictures?", "Russians In Russia" and of course "Nervous Wreck", the new single, which the audience sang with Ellison's encouragement, when they'd finished eating out of his hand.

I still think, though, that the instrumental side of the show, while competent and exciting, could be a little more adventurous — especially now that they're in a position to stop the barrage of 'safe' riffs 'n' licks, and expand a bit more.

Gordon's one hell of a bassist, though, perhaps one of the most interesting players I've seen for years, but Mr. Guitar needs to skate out of the cliche boogie as soon as possible.

Also, the general mode of the stage act is still the same as it was about nine months ago, and really, they're not a band I'd go and see again, unless I heard of some radical change — like Ellison putting more clothes *on* towards the end of the set, or the audience throwing Radio Stars badges at *him.*

Anyway, at the moment, dey'se *grate,* so see 'em, and sharpish too!

Martin Maylin

Don't look a bit like The Beatles, do they? *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN*

Please please me, oh yeah . . .

The Pleasers
DINGWALLS

YOU'VE HEARD all the pros and cons of The Pleasers by now. Everyone says they sound like The Beatles, yet the band say the similarity is in no way contrived.

But not only did every song send echoes of The Fab Four resounding around The Great Dingwalls Poseurium, but if you half closed yer eyeballs, and homed in on frontman Steve McNemey (The Young George Harrison), you could actually fantasise that it was The Lads Themselves up there.

On a band number titled "Stay With Me", the bassist took a heavily Lennonesque vocal, while the guitarists do the Paul 'n' George harmonisingroundonemike trick.

Coincidence?

And what on earth are they gonna be playing in a few years time? Psychedelia?

If they don't watch out, they could end up as a Beat Boom version of Sha Na Na.

The New Wave (which they consider themselves part of) has t'keep movin', right?

Their own songs are good, sure, although one in particular was an obvious derivative of "I'm Down"; otherwise, they have great potential as songwriters.

The Pleasers' main advantage in the success stakes is that they are an attractive and entertaining live band, even if the continuous pummelling of the brain with Thamesbeat gets, um, boring after about 40 minutes.

See them if you can, as I think their time is now. They're fresh, happy and fairly inspired and a band that you should definitely watch closely over the next few years. Out of curiosity if nothing else.

Support band Dyaks spurted out a tight punk-pop set with rather too many "2-4-6-8 Motorway" soundalikes for my taste.

They're a sublimely gormless three-piece, who played a set of original numbers with titles like "Six Quid Runt", "Kitchen Sink Drama", and an appalling 'interpretation' of The Move's "Fire Brigade".

There wasn't much applause, but this didn't worry their singer/guitarist.

"Oi fink my dinna's comin' up in a minnit!" he playfully retorted.

Hooray.

They're not a bad lot, mind, and I reckon some enterprising record label ought to snap up these lads. They'd make a great support band for Mr. Big!

Martin Maylin

Andy Ellison's top-line loony stage act. *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN*

The Depressions (left to right): Eric Wright, Dave Barnard, Frank 'Ammer Smith, Kro-Bar Garvey.

Hey, punk — get depressed!

Peter Sarstedt

HALF MOON, PUTNEY

PETER SARSTEDT could've had the Cat Stevens audience before Cat Stevens: the swarthy good looks and the music (melodic pop with a smattering of significance) were there.

But despite a good, dissimilar follow-up ("Frozen Orange Juice") to "Where Do You Go To, My Lovely?" and sporadic albums since, I'd forgotten him till last week's gig.

Sarstedt looks much the same (slightly greying, but aren't we all?) and stranger comebacks have happened, but there's a way to go.

His rudimentary guitar playing was an unfortunate reminder of how well arranged his hits were, and earnest '60s introspection hung over the first half like a pall.

Audience rapport was minimal and the lyrics often embarrassing.

Encouraged by the response of the mildly risque "Take Off Your Clothes", however, Sarstedt's singing and playing became noticeably more assured, his manner more relaxed and he got a good hand at the end, though the unfamiliar songs were largely unmemorable.

Still, it was his third Monday at the Half Moon and his biggest audience yet, so he must be doing something right.

But **Earl Okkin** was something else.

Operating vaguely in Leon Redbone territory, he came on when Sarstedt took a break and fazed everybody.

Looks 45, is probably 30/35 and plays perfectly poised guitar. Hoagy Carmichael's "Rocking Chair" included an astonishingly precise vocal imitation of an extended trumpet solo — and that was for starters.

Henry Mancini, Fats Waller and the samba all got a look in, each introduced humorously and at some length.

Okkin sings as gently and wittily as he talks, resembles an academic with his dapper clothes, neatly brushed hair and glasses and proved a surprise and a delight.

Harry Robinson

Frankenstein

CHELMSFORD

WHAT AEROSMITH are to the Rolling Stones, Frankenstein could become to Aerosmith.

Frankenstein? Well, it's a name thought up by a person wearing his bolt through his brain.

Totally misleading. These guys have little to do with graveyard humour (unless you see their style of music as a walking corpse).

Essentially, this is a band that crosses heavy metal and Stones' retreads in a way that's a guaranteed American smash.

Indeed, Frankenstein seem like the sort of monster constructed by an astute social scientist with a thorough background of research into the U.S. market.

Naturally, he used spare parts from other bands' repair workshops.

So, the singer looks like a weird mutant version of Alice Cooper and Steven Tyler. The bass player and the lead guitarist look, respectively, like Phil Lynott and Brian Robertson.

And for the sake of a gesture in the direction of the newer wave, the second guitarist is a ringer for Dave Higgs from the Rods.

In the UK, these guys stand a strong chance of going nowhere. But the riffs churn forth, the singer postures and prances, the songs have lame-brained choruses.

Until the New Wave finally does catch on in the States, this lot could just ease in for long enough to garner their mansions.

Bob Edmands

The Depressions

VORTEX

A HALF-EMPTY Vortex basement. I'm cold, sleepy and sober, not an alert, receptive 'critic.'

It's no problem to criticise new bands either.

If they don't make a stunning impact, it's easy to go home and dig all the little faults out of your memory. I didn't really expect a band with a name like The Depressions to send me home beaming with satisfaction.

So why don't I call them just another third-rate punk band?

The sound (courtesy of the house p.a.) was so atrocious that I wouldn't form an opinion on any group on this showing. The vocals cut in and out, left to right, making the lyrics and even the titles of the songs indecipherable.

The sound was tight, hard not really suited for my ears. Too heavy, all shade and no light. Most of the songs seemed to drag as well. I don't like much straight rock and this wasn't far removed from blood and iron headbanging boogie.

It's not as simple as that though. Once my ears had become accustomed to the quirky sound I picked up some melodies on the last few numbers. The most memorable aspect of the band was the visual image, black leather jackets and close-cropped Weetabix hair.

Bassist and drummer chant the lyrics, flanked by two buzz-saw guitarists. Drummer wears an eyepatch.

You'll probably see a lot more of the group soon: they were taking some very odd photos in the dressing-room, so Top Secret they wouldn't even let members of the press watch.

The Depressions look as though they're going to be more important than the rest of the hopeful masses. They were the right sort of band for a strange evening.

I was stopped three times by the police on the way home for 'routine checks' so don't trust me. Go and depress yourself.

Kim Davis

Osibisa

LEICESTER

WITH THEIR battery of percussion instruments, you'd expect Osibisa to be thunderous and aggressive.

A rock version of the soundtrack from *Zulu*, perhaps. Or, at the very least, an African version of Status Quo.

But not a bit of it. At times, the band display the sort of reserve you'd find in a cocktail lounge. Delicate little solos and mild-mannered riffs.

Oddly enough, this very restraint works in their favour.

The capacity crowd at the big Leicester Polycechnic hall soon succumbed to a state of energetic euphoria.

One vastly excited student had to be helped from the stage early in the set when those crazy rhythms became too much for him.

Interestingly enough, the roadie who was acting as a bouncer was a blonde-haired hippie. And this served as a visual reminder of one of the paradoxes of the band's style.

The keyboard player sounds like Stevie Winwood from Traffic. And the percussion line-up is not a million miles removed from Santana.

The lengthy instrumental work-outs would not have been out of place at free concerts in San Francisco parks.

In other words. Osibisa seems to embody something of the spirit of those fabulous '60s, which is fairly strange when you think about the band's origins.

Even odder is that this musical approach is entirely welcomed by the audience. It's clearly totally at odds with the prevailing fashion, but works undeniably well.

This is not to suggest tha the band do nothing but doodle around from one solo to the next. The set's interspersed with some pleasantly melodic songs, and much chanting of slogans about Africa.

But it's the instrumental bits that prove to be the most compelling.

The flute player, in particular, seems tirelessly inventive. And it's all neatly underpinned by the relentless chattering rhythm section.

No doubt a few memorable songs would help record sales, but as a live act Osibisa are in no great need of any major shifts of policy.

Bob Edmands

Preachers Dream

LEEDS

THE NAME sounds kinda poppy or weird. In fact the band took it from the old saw of the Deep South, "straight as a preacher's dream," with which I'm sure you're familiar.

The confident swash and buckle of singer/guitarist/harpman/frontman Dave Foster — he of the buccaneer cool — and the loose-jawed sideswiping panache of drummer Andrew Moss — he of no cool at all — provide the band's visual stimulus, while bassman Brian Duffy and lead guitar/steel-player John Hardcastle mostly get on with the job and just sound good.

They seemingly play the Chess catalogue from hit to obscurity, with a sharp contemporary clout that give the feet an excuse to use up all the excess Saturday night adrenalin.

Old friends like "My Babe", with the 12-hole Super Vamper swooping round like something between a Hammond and a Buick 6, "Down Home Girl", Jimmy Reed's "Baby, What You Want Me To do", a unison guitar/harp job that didn't hurt a bit, Marvin Gaye's "Hitch Hike" (not Chess, I know, but nobody told the guitarist who stung like a swarm), James Sugarboy Crawford's "Iko Iko" (a fine pair) and "Maybelline" — 'nuff said, except that Bob Hope is unmentionable but inspirational; no, I don't understand it either.

I've been warned off this comparison, but it's inevitable that the Feelgoods connection is mentioned.

The similarities in material and line-up are self-evident. However, without a half-decent PA and a bit more room to move, it's difficult to assess just how this band measure up to Brilleaux's boys.

In any case, the comparison breaks down because Preachers Dream do have a different way of playing and put on a different kind of show, with no affected menace deemed necessary to put it over.

On the debit side, they have no original material as yet, but I'm assured it's forthcoming.

P. F. McDonnell

Siouxsie And The Banshees

SANDPIPER, NOTTINGHAM

THE BANSHEES' second visit to Nottingham, but my first to the Banshees.

The stage was too small for any band to really work out, but at the moment this is a necessary evil. Siouxsie makes the most of the space she's got, but there is considerably less strutting than I'm told is usual. Pity, she's a great mover.

The main grouse about the stage, however, is not the size but the height, or lack of it. Floor-level means ecstasy for the first three rows, and frustration for everyone else.

The Banshees play with absolutely no visible sign of enjoyment, or indeed emotion. The only thing which comes across is a fierce intensity, very fitting considering the stuff they play, which is austere, stark and jarring.

By now, their material is well-established. Songs like "Make Up To Break Up", "Metal", "Suburban Relapse" and "Love In A Void" are certainly not danceable, but they do demand attention, so that the band's music at least elicits some kind of response from the listener, be it good or bad.

Considering the virtual identikit nature of almost every second band signed up these days, it's shameful that no one has yet had the taste to snaffle the Banshees. Over 50 gigs to their credit, lots of press, and still the only-a-few-people-are-interested story.

Of course, they are not "a safe bet", but if this limbo situation is the only future that awaits any band that strays from the straight and onetwothreefour narrow, then let's all shape up for Boredom City.

Supporting were **The Pre-De's,** and if they can focus sufficiently they won't be a million miles from the trail the Banshees are blazing.

They were, however, greeted with the usual response from an audience lacking enough information to decide what's cool. Tricky when you've got to work these things out for yourself.

Stephen Gordon

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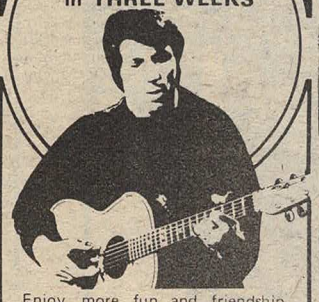

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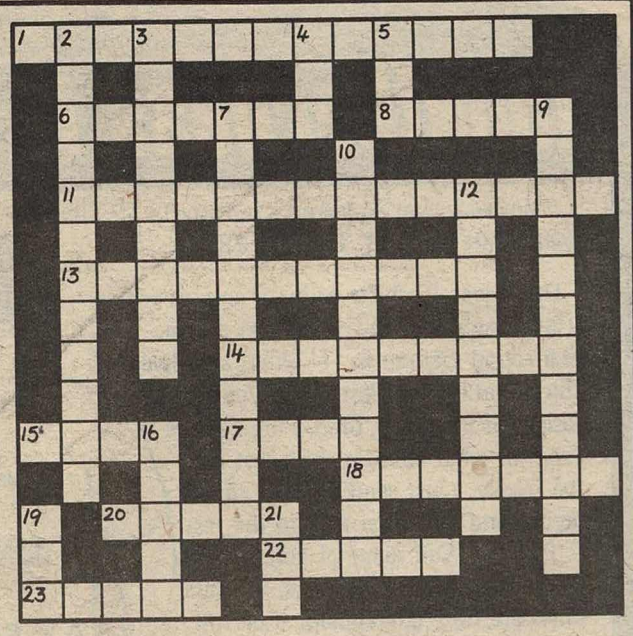
ACROSS

1 Pioneers of the Thamesbeat sound, as seen in last week's *NME* (3, 10).
6 They had two 1973 No.1s with "See My Baby Jive" and "Angel Fingers"
8 To Texas what the B.C. Rollers are to Scotland *(Who said "an embarrassment"?)* (1,1,3)
11 *Detente uncordiale* from the Brudders Ramone?! (6,2,6)
13 Until Greg snitched, Allman Bros' mainman (6,5)
14 Glasgow-born singer/writer, far more successful in the U.S. than at home in the UK (2,7)
15 Late lamented soul star got 'is in plane crash
17 An 801-er
18 Santana's second album, and still one of Devadip's biggest sellers.
20 A kind of American folk music
22 See 19
23 A.k.a. "Mrs Peron-Superstar"!

DOWN

2 Manchester's favourite (new wave) son — formerly of 3 down and currently of Magazine (6,6)
3 Of "Spiral Scratch", "Orgasm Addict" and "Modern Music For A Different Kitchen"
4 Gossip fodder rocker in Parody of his former self!
5 See 16
7 Don McLean's enigmatic No.1 (8,3)
9 1966 No. 1 for the satanic Stones — after Henry Ford's famous maxim?! (5,2,5)
10 Platter born (anag. 6,5)
12 South Wales rock band — last album was "Riding High", now defunct
16 & 5 New Zealand nutters — or the result of neglected hair!?
19 & 22 She wrote "Heartbreak Hotel" for Elvis Presley; you probably know her son Hoyt the folk singer.
21 Little bit of a wind instrument.



ACROSS: 1 "Uptown Top Ranking"; 5 "I Shall Be Released"; 9 "Heat Wave"; 10 Lee (Perry); 11 Talking Heads; 12 (Lee) Perry; 13 Brian James; 14 Graham (Nash); 15 "I Feel Love"; 16 Abba; 18 Kids; 21 (Jimmy) Pursey; 22 "Tobacco Road"; 23 (Graham) Nash.
DOWN: 1 Uriah Heep; 2 Wild Willy Barrett; 3 "All I Ever Need (Is You)"; 4 "Its The Same Old (Song)"; 6 (Johnny Thunders) Heartbreakers; 7 "Eleanor Rigby"; 8 David Essex; 14 Gryphon; 17 Alice (Cooper); 19 "(All I Ever Need) Is You"; 20 Slade.

ZAPPA

■ *From p.25*

another Winston and speaking with the steady authority, often misinterpreted as arrogance, that seems to underline his presence. "It may be a fact of life in England too, but on a completely different level; the meaning of the facts of life here is radically different from those same facts in the States.

"It's almost a matter of survival the way I sense it here — the pressure to be a part of whatever is the going trend. In the States the pressures are different. You still have peer group acceptance pressures, but they're not based on rock as a culture. You can still have friends there if you don't like rock, or don't wear safety pins.

"I get the impression that in order to survive in this country you have to be absolutely dedicated to what has been announced as the trend of the day, otherwise you're a nerd — and nobody wants to be a nerd.

"As an amateur sociologist then, I would say they are in a better mental health condition rock-wise in the States than they are here. But that's based on my aesthetics; my idea of a good time."

THE ABOVE soliloquy launches us into a broader-based discussion of the American mental health condition in general, a subject obviously dear to Zappa's heart.

My mention of the currently popular notion that the Yanks are turning their brains to marshmallow through the process of conspicuous hedonism — occupying their lives solely with pleasant distraction and endless sugar-coated entertainment, whilst ignoring life's realities — causes a surprisingly animated reaction.

Zappa initially attacks me for making assumptions about a country I have never seen. Though I didn't say that I subscribe to this theory in the first place, and though a similar case could be made against him for his equally under-informed conclusions about punk, I allow him the floor.

"I think the age of rampant hedonism has already passed there," he retorts, his ire now calmed and his speech returning to its usual even tones.

"I think there are many *practical* matters that the kids are concerned with. There are economic pressures today that didn't exist five years ago and those pressures affect the kids probably harder than they do the parents. In a time of job shortages it's harder for the kid to get a job than an adult, and if an adult can't get a job then what's a kid going to do for money.

"You can't be a hedonist if you're broke.

"I'd say the age of hedonism peaked out about five years ago. Nowadays the kids are more orientated towards job security. There is more of a concern to spend your time in college, say, in order to get yourself in a position in business — some way to get the bucks.

"They're willing to put up a horrible gray facade that you have to put up in business in order to have their fun on the weekend. There's been a definite retreat from the '60s mentality of we're gonna drop out and live on a commune because that's really groovy. People discovered that if you go live on a commune you still have to take out the garbage, and they didn't like that.

"So the LSD gets thrown away and they start drinking more beer, taking other things, and the lifestyle changes and the goals of the kids change, and the way in which they express themselves on the weekend changes too.

"In the audiences I play for I sense a feeling of 'Yeah, we're really gonna boogie and blow it out tonight, but later . . . we're gonna have to go and get a goddam job".

So did America learn anything from the cultural upheavals of the '60s?

"They haven't learned some of the most important lessons of the '60s. The single most important one I think is that LSD was a scam promoted by the CIA and that the people in Haight-Ashbury who were idols of people across the world as examples of revolution and outrage and progress were mere dupes of the CIA.

"Millions were being used for a drug experiment that was being conducted without their knowledge by a government agency, with the utmost disregard for human beings."

Suspending credulity for a moment, I ask: if the government is behind the popularity of not just LSD but *any* drug, as Zappa claims, then why?

"I think it's a process they wanted to go through to find out what the applications are in terms of controlling segments of the population. It's one thing to use these drugs on enemy soldiers, but what happens in situations in cities?"

Even considering the fact that in the early '60s experiments went on California to determine the effects of LSD and any possible military applications thereof, this is all just a little hard to swallow . . .

"That's because you're not in America. I think the way you visualise it is one day the Queen gets an idea that she would give LSD to the people here — ah, that could never happen. But the way I see it is that those crooks who wind up being president of the United States and the other smart little persons they have working for them will do anything. They believe that they are the law."

Smothers, Zappa's bald, burly bodyguard, has for the past few minutes been hovering surreptitiously in the background. He catches my eye with a flair for the dramatic and an apologetic smile he draws his finger slowly across his neck. I take it to mean my time is up.

One final question then: does Zappa consider himself to be the arch cynic he is often painted as?

"Absolutely. And not only that, I think being a cynic is the only rational stance to take in a contemporary society. I would call it quite a compliment to be called an arch cynic; that almost sounds important. Definitely I'm cynical. Everybody ought to be cynical. You can't just go around believing everything everybody tells you . . .

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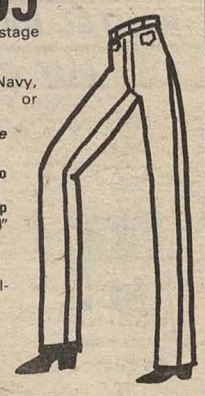

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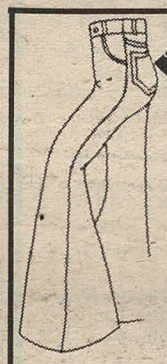

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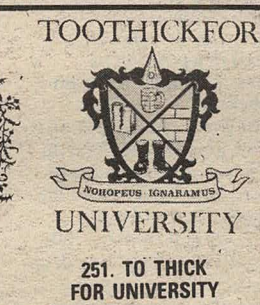

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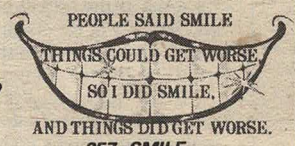
148. LED ZEP

720. YES (GLITTER)

538. SOUTHERN COMFORT

737. COLLAGE

274. GIANT FACE DESIGN



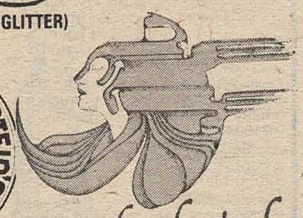
257. SMILE

Trade and Abroad enquiries welcome

Calling all clubs, groups, etc. Have your own design printed on T-shirts (min quantity 20)
Write in for full details.

749. JIMMY PAGE

260. FRANKENSTEINS CLUB



682. HAWKWIND

186. STATUS QUO

740. EAGLES

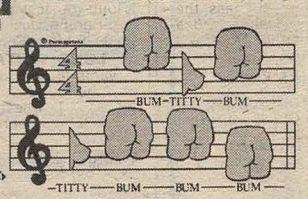
743. BLK SABBATH

745. BAD CO.

741. LED ZEP

747. JETHRO TULL

278 WORLD CUP



253. TITTY BUM BUM

699. FLEETWOOD MAC

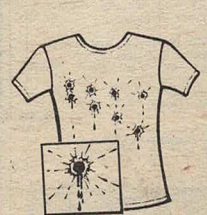
744. PAUL

746. HENDRIX

Nos. 739 to 750 Full Colour Photo Designs

750. KISS

140. LOOK BEFORE YOU MOUNT



277 Bullet holes printed on front at normal price or front and back for an extra 50p per shirt

507 FLOYD

PLEASE ADD the following for Postage and Packing: One garment add 25p (50p for abroad); Two or three garments add 35p (70p for abroad); For four or more garments add 45p (90p for abroad).

ORDERS TO: PERMAPRINTS LTD.
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96 NEWINGTON GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N1 4RR

Name ..... *(PRINT CLEARLY)*
Address .....
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please send the following. State which garment required Ref. No. and title of design also size and colours for each garment

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OTHER ITEMS .....
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I enclose £.....

(Dept N.M. 183)

When ordering if not enough room on order form give full details on separate piece of paper

CAREER OPPORTUNITIES

Want to form or join a band — meet the boy/girl in the next street who sings or plays guitar, drums or whatever and wants to meet you? Then place your ads **FREE** in NME. To take advantage of this limited period free offer all you gotta do is fill in the coupon below as indicated and send it too us NOW!

LONDON & SE

MUSICIANS WANTED

DRUMMER REQUIRED into Heartbreakers, celestial sound, sorcery sex, Pistols, Vibrators, original rock. Give us a call. Ronnie 01-485 0269.

BASS GUITARIST for original rock band, North London area. Ring Neil 01-886 4368.

LETHAL GENE want rhythm guitarist into Quo, Zep, punk, about 14. Guildford/Farnham area. Write: Paul, Woodlands, Tilford, Farnham, Surrey.

VOCALISTS WANTS guitarists, drummer, keyboards, to form band in Watford, Bushey area into Bowie etc. Phone Gary at 01-950 6537. Age 16-18. Please phone after 5pm.

BASSIST NEEDED urgently for band with original material wanting to resume gigging soon. Phone Danny 01-980 6975 evenings or weekends.

DRUMMER AND guitarist required, vocals an asset, to join guitar, vocals and bass in R n R, R n B. 0582 69601. Barnet based.

FORMING BAND? Novice guitarist 18 seeks similar musicians in Northwood, Pinner area to form rock R & B band. Perhaps future gigs. Mark, Northwood 28694.

RHYTHM BASS lead guitarist wanted to form band. Medium rock, 'Gary Glitter' type musicians. Contact: (personally if possible) Paul Gadd, 79 Fitzneal Street, East Acton, W2.

YOUNG ENTHUSIASTIC, reliable drummer required for working rock band. No breadheads. Must have transport. Uxbridge/Middlesex area. Alan 01 863 9349. Daytime Garston 74000, ext 271.

WANTED: GOOD drummer and keyboards for ultra new wave band. Dope smokers and children need not apply. 01 850 9864. Bart.

ELECTRIC KEYBOARDS! Alto sax wanted for funky rock band. Female vocals wanted too. Check out Ben! 01 348 0443. Creativity helpful.

DEVO TEESand hellish competents required. Fast, to form every kind of band. Serious only, no assholes. Patrick 2423007.

PROFESSIONALLY MINDED bassist, saxophonist, keyboards. Non-readers welcome. Send SAE to Terry and John, 35 Maple Drive, Burgess Hill, Sussex, RH15 8EX.

DRUMMER, DRUMMER, drummer, drummer, drummer, drummer, drummer, drummer, drummer, drummer drummer, drummer drummer, drummer, drummer, drummer drummer. Phone Robbie 01 485 1601.

BORED RHYTHM guitarist seeks drummer/bassist/vocalist/anyone, male or female. Amateur weekend punk band. Posers welcome. Tilm, Farthings, Peterboro Road, Harrow, Middx.

BLUES BASED bassist, pianist, saxist, female singer to form late sixties blue boom style band, mid-twenties. Phone Colin 0628 24127.

LEAD RHYTHM guitarist. Versatile for working group so far so good with one more who knows. Peter, evenings. Luton 595519.

CANNIBALS NEED bass, drums, guitarist. Early Stones, R'n'B, Berry, H Wolf, E Cochran, K Richards, C Watts, B Jones, B Wyman — jungle music lives!!! 01 437 5338 weekdays.

BASS URGENTLY needed for East London based band. We're desperate, we're good, we're waiting. Phone Sean, Nige, 01 527 8652.

AMAZING GUITAR and female vocals (ex/names) writing bizarre to straight ahead. Need other brilliant musicians and/or backing. Ring 28.1.78, 4-10 pm, 01 546 7283.

KEYBOARDS FOR young, Epsom based, excellent rock band. Work waiting. We are good — honest. Phone Bookham 58417 after six.

STAR WAR'S type group require vicious bass player into Pistols, Zeppelin, rubbish. Nigel, George Williams House, Great Russell Street, W1.

NEW NEWAVE band forming. Need crazy but excellent lead guitarist, bassist and drummer with ideas and theatre heads. Margo 01 289 1835.

NEEDED, ALL musicians with personality and ideas. Practice place available. Must be over 20, let's get jamming. Andy 01 692 1544.

ENTHUSIASTIC DRUMMER wanted for new wave band. Complete set of own material. Ring Martin 01 736 0837.

MUSICIANS KEYBOARDIST, fully adjustable with own voice box. Apply pink parts: 01 677 2244.

IF YOU play bass, drums, lead or keyboards — specially if you write and sing great songs — phone Ronnie 01 352 1466.

BASS PLAYER wanted St. Albans area. Pop more than punk. Creative more than destructive. Vocals an asset. Redbourn 2057, 6-10pm.

FOR GOD'S sake! Drummer and bassist required. Essex based band into creative/original material. Phone Matt, after 7.30 pm on Ongar 2009.

HEY PUNKS! we need you if you can play bass or drums. Call Steve 01958 5047 or Lance 01 200 0202 now!

BAR-STEWARDS urgently need bass and drums working in Germany soon. Must be punks into bazoomis, Pistols. Phone Mark 01361 1014.

DADAMAX DRUMMER shopping! Art, Beefheart, Clash, Dub, Eno? Whatever style, standard, interest, write to Steve now, 9 Church Patch, Emsworth, Hants.

DRUMMER, KEYBOARDS wanted for Hotrods/Graham Parker type group. Chris 01 237 3635 after 6 pm.

SIMON BLANCHARD band require bass guitarist. Must be into exhibitionism on stage. Phone after 7 pm week days. Phone Rickmansworth 78801.

THREE BLANK spaces for new lyricist preparing walk over Rotten, Slits. Contact Stan Dell. 58 Coleman Street, Brighton BN2 2SQ, Sussex.

CREATIVE BASSIST wanted, Impatient St. Albans combo. Under 19. Improvise Buzzcocks/S Barret "Baby You're just like my moped". Instant fame. Kimpton 832548.

ENTHUSIASTIC DRUMMER wanted for new wave band. Full set of own material waiting. Ring 01-736 0837 and ask for Martin.

BASS, DRUMS require band, Musicians with cosmic vibes. Into Yes, Floyd, Renaissance. Gear & transport. Oxon area. Brill 485.

HORNS, KEYBOARDS wanted for black jazz funk band. Gigs when rehearsed. Beginners welcome. Telephone Tony 01 690 2681.

LEAD GUITARIST wants to join punk band. Writes, own gear, time to rehearse. 55 Grey House, White City Esate, W12.

BAND PLAYING funk and reggae styled music requires bassist and keyboards with own equipment. Ring Jim 01 341 2503.

DRUMMER WANTED: Song of the streets. Epsom 25372. No experience needed.

PUNK BAND want drummer now. Gigs ready when you are. Ingrebourne 41899.

RAT SCABIES reject guitarist/vocalist still wants competent working noowave band. Tight player for power pop. Noel evenings 01 546 4890.

NICK VOMIT And The Flying Gob need bassist. Into 'O' levels and English diaries. Phone St. Albans 65432.

DRUMMER STILL wanted for West coast rock band. Rehearsing hard and regular. We want keen amateur, Ilford area. Evenings 01 989 8005.

FUTURISTIC SONGS and English answer to Iggy still looking for tight rhythmic band. Write Alix, 10 Grove Dwellings, Stepney. E1.

REFORMING BAND needs two singers and a drummer. No punks or time wasters. Age 16 to 20. Pate 01 487 5303 — evenings 01 985 6688.

BASSIST WANTED (must have gear, transport, short hair) for pop rock band with good prospects. Phone Guildford 73463 after 7 pm.

DRUMMER WANTED to complete band who just might be onto something good. Ring for details, Kez, 01 340 3614.

MUSICIANS WANTED to form psychedelic song type band with synthesist and guitarist. Phone Derek 01 399 1606 or Richard 01 836 9174 after 6 pm.

BASS, DRUMS, saxes, vocals. Join keyboards, guitar and congas to form funk/jazz influenced band with pro-outlook. — 01-485 8933.

BASS/SINGER or guitar / singer to join singer / writer. Object: start original new wave / pop group with image. — Chris 01-806 6279.

INVENTIVE DRUMMER required by Rumour, Springsteen type band. Original material, gigs forthcoming. — Phone Neil, anytime, 01-459 2379.

STEVE HOOKER and The Heat want bass player and manager/PR man immediately. Record out now. — 42 Oakleigh Park Drive, Leigh on Sea.

SYNTHESISER FOR original progressive band. Must rehearse NW Kent area. No pros. — Phone Swanley 63938.

PLEASE PORTSMOUTH give us drummer for punk band going in a new direction. No experience necessary. — Phone Hayling Island 66301.

LUTON/DUNSTABLE based band need drummer. Anyone (except Barrel!) considered. — Phone Dunstable 65346. P.S. No tappers. Auf Wiedersehen!

GUTSY TIGHT drummer and bassist for high-energy band who are punk influenced. Deadly serious. 15–17. — Con, 01-435 9951. N.W. London.

VOCALISTS WANTED

INTELLIGENT VOCALISTwanted to join good rockin' band, no pros, thicks, punks, uglies or wristoffs. Geoff, Epsom 23378.

DISTURBING MUSIC needs careful vocalist, male or female, to pass the time. Magnetism, style, feeling and a touch of madness required. Dom, 01-828 2531.

HANDSOME, EXTROVERT lead vocalist urgently required to join ball-crunching commercial rock band, no pros — John, Walton-on-Thames 20158.

WORK WANTED

VOCALIST/GUITARIST wants to rock. Prepared to be just vocalist. Phone Charlie, Berkhamsted 5521 if you are group or single.

DRUMMER SEEKS to play with band. Anything from Clash/XTC to Can/Neu. Own kit, no transport. Luton 0582 503132.

YOUNG PUNK wants to sing in new wave band, in London region. Gimme some work. Castletown, Caithness 257 (Scotland).

ROCK VOCALIST seeks r'r r'b blues and boogie band, West London. No pros, phone Tony 01 579 1916 after 6.30 pm.

EXPERIENCED GIRL singer/writer seeks lead/harmony work with rock group. Gigging/recording doing some originals. 01 534 6539 evenings, Carrie.

SPIRIT FREAK with millions of guitar influences needs similar band to further the cause. Phone Chris, Maidenhead (0628) 24890.

CREATIVE DRUMMER looking for band with musical talent into most music (no soul or smoothies). Gravesend area 3960.

FEMALE VOCALIST wishes to join band or partner, nothing heavy or punk, prefers folk, pop harmony. Phone Sara, Ware 4328.

POWERFUL SINGER available, rock, punk. I put everything into my performance. Will travel. Tim, Burgess Hill 5590, Brighton area.

AMP-LESS lead/rivvum guitarist yearning to gig with raunchy band. Original material would be capital! Own transport. Noughtus punkus!!! Theydon Bois 3431.

PROFESSIONAL VOCALIST "that can sing" requires gig with original recording heavy funk outfit who think they can back a good front. Phone Oxford 739294.

UGLY, PRETENTIOUS new wave lyricist/poet/vocalist seeks similar musicians to kick round ideas. West Midlands area. Al, Brierley Hill 71191.

LEAD AND rhythm guitars require bass and drummer with own equipment and some rehearsal facilities. Phone Steve, Derby 56305.

RED ALERT need exciting and energetic punk drummer, must be dedicated, no time waster. Phone Pete, Redditch 43577, thanks.

TIGHT DRUMMER desperately needed for gigging. Rehearsed, amazing, dynamic, exciting, potential recording new wave band. Phone Goam, Coventry 502399.

NEW WAVE street band require lead guitarist with own equipment to double on rhythm, also original material. Phone Bob, Shirebrook 3470.

YOUNG, LOUD, snotty drummer wanted to join amateur Derby energy band. No experience, just kit and enthusiasm. Phone Derby 40154.

CRAP GUITARIST wants to join equally crap band into Pink Floyd, Hawkwind, Sabbath, Hendrix. No punks, no P.A. Aged 18-21, ambitious. Pete, Nottingham 892755.

KEYBOARDS, KEYBOARDS, keyboards. Rock band. Original material. Demo sent if required. Musicians please. Serious, dedicated, talented. Staffs area. Stone 6527.

NEW TOYS require percussionist and other musical noises, without influences or bias, into Prefects/Motivators. Joe, 106 Hurstbourne Crescent, Wolverhampton.

HIGH ENERGY drummer needed urgently for working high energy rock band. Loud. Transport helpful. 17-ish. Gigs n.week. Paul, Belper 3223.

LEICESTER PUNK (18) with good lyrics/voice seeks to form or join band. Any punk enthusiasts, ring John 0533-70551 (evenings).

BOZO BASSIST wanted for rock band. We play almost anything for money. No incompetents please. Ring Mark, Swaffham 22734.

GUITARIST / SONGWRITER, 30, new wave. Join or start band, all ages, sexes, instruments. Phone Mike, Ramsey 830331, travel anywhere.

VOCALISTS WANTED

THUMPA ROCK band need young imaginative m/female throat. We're writing and gigging. What you got to lose? Tel Thetford 3354.

SELL YOUR INSTRUMENTS IN THE N.M.E.

It's only 10p a word!

SOUTH W.

MUSICIANS WANTED

ENTHUSIASTIC AMATEUR band require bassist, everyone welcome into everything. Singing advantage, not a necessity. Own gear a help. Rob. Salisbury 27701.

DRUMMER, GUITARIST and bass wanted to form new wave band. Record release and gigs soon. A1 sparks. 9 Milford Road, Landport, Portsmouth.

VOCALISTS WANTED

LOUIE LOUIE needs punk band. (I'm rotten and ain't got an amp). Into Velvets. Female punk vocalist, good looks, wanted. Exeter 77567.

LEAD VOCALIST wanted for original heavy band. Gigs. On the road 2 months & studios. No time wasters. Mark, Bath 23311, 6 pm.

VOCALIST NEEDED to join four ugly bores in new group, no experience needed, no heavies, blues. Bristol 564469 or 651866.

MIDLANDS

MUSICIANS WANTED

PUNK MUSICIANS aged 16-21 are wanted by inexperienced vocalist to make band. Must look punk. Johnny, 18 Whalley Ave., Penkhull, S.O.T. Staffs. (411213).

BASS PLAYER wanted, newly formed new wave/rock band. Equipment an advantage. Experience not necessary so, phone Bob, Shirebrook 3470.

ORIGINAL STREET band want lead guitarist to double on rhythm, original material. Gigs waiting. Phone Bob, Shirebrook 3470 quickly.

DRUMMER/BASSIST (16-19) into loud music wanted, to help heavy band get going. Just gear, enthusiasm. Derby 69996 after 6 pm.

LOUD GUITARIST forming a band wants loud drummer, bass and vocals. Come round, don't talk shit and forget it. Mark, 1 Chester Terrace, Habberley Road, Wribbenhall, Bewdley, Worcs.

KEYBOARDS REQUIRED for ambitious newly formed band. Experience not necessary. Vocals an asset. Into soft rock, funk and own material. 021-422 8943.

PUNK WISHES to join/form group. Bad guitarist, but ready to work hard together. Similar punks please phone, Jan 0533-677423.

THE SUSSED want good fast punk drummer with kit. Rehearse now, gigs later. Write, Kev, 116 Poplar Ave., Edgbaston, B'ham.

DRUMMER WANTED. 18-23, creativity, good kit essential for original fusions band. Management backing, accommodation, rehearsing, full-time towards recording. 0407-2379.

VOCALISTS WANTED

LEAD VOCALIST wanted by band. Material, work, transport, p.a. waiting. Experience not essential, just talent and ambition. Cradley Heath 61539.

PUNK VOCALIST likes Pistols, Clash, Buzzcocks, wants to get together with other punks to form band. Own equipment needed. Phone Mark, Barbourne (Worc) 54092.

LEAD VOCALIST wanted for heavy rock band. Own gear needed. No pros. Phone Rob, Claverdon 2415 after 6 pm. Freaks welcome.

WORK WANTED

GENIUS BASSOONIST seeks work. Camel, Be-Bop, ELP, Stones, Skynyrd. Ring 0623-882 325.

GIRL VOCALIST wants work in group. Inexperienced, hard worker. Into Free, Sabbath, Zeppelin. No punk. Sandra, 3 Cornwall Close, Brimington, Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

YOUNG DRUMMER, 18, seeks working band. Own kit, transport. Coventry area. Write, 9 Beechwood Road, Bedworth, Warks.

E. ANGLIA

MUSICIANS WANTED

WANTED: LEAD guitarist and keyboardist for Norwich based band. Transport essential. Good gear? Dave, 19 Spinney Road, Thorpe, Norwich. OK?

NORTH

MUSICIANS WANTED

SINGER, SONGWRITER wants to join or form bans, good voice and lots of ambition, no punks. Phone Stockton 762431 now!

LEAD GUITARIST into Lizzy, Pistols, seeks similar musicians for utually beneficial jam sessions and eventually gigs. Kirkby, Liverpool area. 051-548 4219.

PROTAGONIST TELEPHONE wants good novel or! Alien landscape now manifest with chrome current operator — want bass, drums, freedom. Man alpha. D Hinten, 25 Pinewood Cres, Leyland, Lancs.

NEW WAVE lead and bass guitarists, plus drummer to join singer and rhythm guitarist to form band. Merseyside area. 051-639 2624.

DIE LOGIK muss fur sick selber sorgent Dead Eggs disruptove noise nerve tones, ritual spiders keyboards or elephants sax. Phone 29-40575.

JESUS CHRIST!are there no drummers in Newcastle? If so contact Keith or Pete, 061773 or 663683.

IF YOU are into hitting things hard (except people) then 'Units' can use you! Write to 160d Drake Street, Rochdale.

BASS PLAYER, Fender / HH gear seeks Wirral based band. Not new wave! Phone Dave, during working hours. 051-677 2243.

THE DISTRACTIONS need rhythm guitarist, must have guitar and brain and pop power. Ring Steve 061-483 8632.

BASSIST AND keyboards needed for new rock / funk band. Vocals and good equipment preferable. Phone Keith 061 439 5718.

BASS AND singer to join me and lead guitar. Sheffield area. Phone Sheffield 380301.

JAZZ ROCKERS urgently require Keyboardist, Fender Rhodes if possible, interested? Contact, Lol, 5 Meakin St, Hasland, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, any day at 6pn.

LYTHAM ST. ANNES (Lancs) needs new rock band, help me to form it. Interested? Don't wait, ring now — Mark, Lytham 733510.

KEEN BASSIST (16-18) own gear, for rock band. Must live in Bolton. Vocals if possible. Julian, Bolton 852717 after 6pm.

THE SLAB wants guitar bass or drums to play with him. Either sex. Ring Brian, Newcastle 666840. Take in pain.

GUITARIST AND keyboard player need bass and drums for blues / rock band. Male or female with equipment. Sleek, no punks! Grant, 0748 2348.

WORST VOCALIST you've ever seen, no p.a. seeks musical idiots going places, into publicity stunts and wild rehearsale. Send tape to Martyn Gregson, 677 Huddersfield Rd, Ravensthorpe, Dewbury, Yorks.

THE ACCELERATORS need a bass player — urgent! Phone 051-728 7639 or 051-733 2234.

GUITARIST, AMATEUR, enjoys old and new wave. Zappa, Bowie, TV, wants to join or form group. N. Manchester area. Glyn, 061-620 0822.

JOHNNY THUNDERS type, flash, cocky, pouting lead guitarist into Dolls, Glam rock, for newly forming band. Manchester, Rick 061-881 6760.

DRUMMER AND bassist wanted for rock group into Rainbow etc. Own gear, aged 15-18. Telephone, Howard, Halifax 52673.

BASS GUITARISTwanted for punk band, must have own gear. We are gonna be huge. 79 Eglinton Street, T & W.

LOCAL MUSICIANS required by frustrated guitarist to form avante garde / eurorock band. Experience not required. Telephone Crewe 582622 after 7 pm.

WANTED GOOD lead guitarist to teach and help form outrageous punk band. Burnley area. Phone Ray, Padiham 71804.

GUITARIST WANTED for Oldham based rock band to sahre lead rhythm. Ring Mark 061-624 1315.

DRUMMER, CREATIVE, solid for experience 'old wave' band. Gigging Into Free, Hendrix, Crimson, etc. Age unimportant. Own gear. Transport essential. 061-740 4621.

URGENT, BAND require drummer, must be pro minded into fast emergetic music, Rods, new wave, original material. No skin ticklers. Preston 47182.

VOCALISTS WANTED

SHEFFIELD PUNK band want vocalist. Dedicated 17-20, no experience necessary, no plastics. Don't bother if you're crap. Rod, Sheffield 26331, Ext. 209.

ACOUSTIC GUITARIST seeks guitarist / singer for folk duo. Own material and others into John Martyn, etc., aged 16-18. Newcastle area. Maurice Sherlock, 91 Woodbine St, Gateshead, T & W.

WE CANNOT believe there is nobody in N. Yorks under 21 who can sing, but we're still waiting! So, Hustle! Dyl, Thirsk 22050.

MALE OR female vocalist required. Extroverts and movers for future name band. Dedication the password. Mike, Manchester 061 427 2057.

WORKING BAND need lead vocalist / instrumentalist urgently. Work waiting. Phone Dave Leeds 756157. Anyone welcome. Good prospects.

ROCK VOCALIST wanted urgently for Oldham based rockers. Experience not essential but must move. — Ring Mark 061-624 1315.

WORK WANTED

WILLY MONSTER — drummer extraordinaire requires other monsters to take over The World, etc. Phone Willy 051-709 1530 before 5pm.

BASS PLAYER 19, with good gear — Fender / hh seek band York area. Ring Bill - Rufforth 289.

EXPERIENCED DRUMMER seeks any type of rock band. No equipment due to theft. Please help! Steve M, 24 Chichester Street, Chester, Cheshire.

CONGAS TIMBALES Odds, sodds and vocals wished to join tasty working band, own transport. Talented but frustrated. Steve 051-336 4251 evenings.

ANY DONCASTER / Barnsley area new wave band need somebody who can play his electric piano and who don't care? 0977-43172.

ALIENATED SOCIAL misfit / exile guitarist must join new wave band. Time plus power. Smith, 113 Neville Walk, Sulgrave, Washington, T & W.

YOUNG VOCALIST 18, no experience, no equipment, just like to have a crack in the business. Graham, 49 Long Croft Lane, Cheadle Hulme, Cheadle, Cheshire.

SCOTLAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

WANNA FORM band? Guitarist into fun music seeks musicians. Experience not necessary, but I have anyway. Robert 0292 63379.

VOCALIST seeks band. Own 170w PA system. Influences, Status Quo/rock. Only sensible persons apply. Please phone Kenny Livingston 35227.

VOCALISTS WANTED

VOCALIST WANTED. Must have good PA to join rock band. Phone Hamilton 57047. Own transport please if not in area.

WORK WANTED

FEMALE VOCALIST wants to join band. New wave preferably. No fakes please! Phone Lorraine after 5.15 please.

IF YOUR band lacks genius, I'm available. Have strat and will travel. Into writing original material. Phone Willie, North Berwick 2254.

I WRITE lyrics, you music, together we'll take on the world. John Laurie, 26/75 Plean Street, Glasgow, Phone (evenings) 959 0413.

WALES

MUSICIANS WANTED

THE DELINQUENTS require lead and bass guitarist. Firstly based in Swansea. Ability not important, must be punk. Telephone Swansea 74185 (evenings).

WORK WANTED

BASS GUITARIST into Pistols, N.Y.D., Banshees with own gear and transport seeks band. Phone me, Newport 876339 not on weekends.

IRELAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

TECHNO KEYBOARD wizard wanted for young rock band (16-20) experience needed. South Down area. Phone Hugh, Downpatrick 2945.

15

NME FREE CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

FILL IN THIS FORM (USING BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) AND SEND TO: PETER RHODES, NME FREE CLASSIFIED OFFER, ROOM 2529, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

To appear next week this must arrive by last post Friday otherwise it will appear the following week.

WRITE YOUR AD. HERE — ONE WORD PER BOX (The first two words will appear in bold type) Sorry — The Box Number service is not available. Please ensure your address and/or phone number is included in the copy.

WHICH HEADING DO YOU WANT IT TO APPEAR UNDER?

- ☐ MUSICIANS WANTED
- ☐ VOCALISTS WANTED
- ☐ WORK WANTED (INDIVIDUALS ONLY)

WHICH REGIONAL HEADING?

- ☐ LONDON & SE
- ☐ SOUTH WEST
- ☐ MIDLANDS
- ☐ EAST ANGLIA
- ☐ NORTH
- ☐ SCOTLAND
- ☐ WALES
- ☐ IRELAND
- ☐ OTHER

NAME

DAYTIME TEL. NO.

ADDRESS

Poly's singular success

"I may be a cliche, but that doesn't mean my band is boring. . ." *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN*

X-Ray Spex
Black Slate
Dead Fingers Talk

ROUNDHOUSE

THIS CONCERT was staged as a benefit for the National Abortion Campaign, so a quick nod to the Roundhouse and to all the bands who partook, including The Sadista Sisters, whom I missed owing to the incredibly long queue outside.

But the music. Oh God, the music.

Dead Fingers Talk are a pretty hot punk combo with an ace lead guitarist and a nutter of a vocalist who jerks around like an amphetamine marionette.

They are better than most third generation(sorry) punk bands I've seen, and are capable of hitting the target with material like their 'famous' anti-gay persecution song, which numbers queer bashers in no mean fashion.

But, (oh-oh), the rest of the songs are in need of a boot up the arse in a big way. They sound like "Pretty Vacant", have corny arrangements, boring titles ("Fight Our Way Outa Here", "New Direction"), and awful lyrics *("As I try hard to become myself")*. (You bin listenin' to the Moodies, maaaan?).

Dead Fingers talk in cliches at the moment. C'mon boys, show us what you can do,'cos you sure have the raw material, and it ain't at all bad.

Black Slate are a highly professional six-piece reggae band who are obviously destined for the big time.

They have a great goofy stage act, and a right character of a vocalist, Keith Drummond, whose stage patter, ". . . love, peace, Rasta, Reggae Music, what a great audience you are, and a big round of applause for the drummer, etc," was a bit too close to Pantomime City, I'm afraid.

I was half expecting him to split the audience up into halves to see who could clap and sing the loudest.

Still, it's the combination of Showbiz and top class music that paves the way to predictable success, so . . .

Black Slate's songs are pretty good, (especially "Sticks Man"), but in the main, the lyrics are the same old stuff, and I was disappointed that such a good band didn't have a few more, er. surprises up their sleeves. These men will certainly go far, though, so try 'n' catch 'em while it's still cheap.

Cue audience going bananas. Yes it's Poly Styrene and her backing group, X-Ray Spex.

See, all the Spex have going for them is Poly's charisma 'n' voice, *that* single, and, well, nuffin' much else really.

Their act was short and boring, all the songs were similar in sound, and it eventually became obvious why "Oh Bondage . . . " and "I'm a Cliche" are both on record.

They're simply the best songs in the set.

Now, I know Poly's lyrics are good, but I found the music and standard of playing dreadfully uninspired.

Hang about, though. That's the whole point of Punk, innit?

They repeated two numbers from the set for the encore, including . . .(you guessed it), and loads of people jumped on stage/dropped trousers, etc.

Martin Maylin

Clayson And The Argonauts

HOPE & ANCHOR

THERE WAS once a bunch of Shadow imitators called Nero and the Gladiators who wore togas on stage.

Clayson and his Argonauts could show them the door musically, but Nero's boys had one thing over them: a definite stance (always easier in a toga).

Each Argonaut's appearance was mildly amusing, but no master plan was apparent. Clayson, for instance, was balding and sideburned, yet sporting eyeshadow.

Four or five songs with historical references suggested a rock "1066 and All That", but the concept was never sustained. Also, Clayson's abilities as actor and comedian are strictly limited and his voice a horrendous bellow that could easily land him a job with Uriah Heep.

All this is tough on the Argonauts, who are mostly excellent musicians who look as if they want to be taken seriously — particularly saxist Alan Wetton, who impressed on his one real chance to stretch out. The baby-faced pianist got off some spacey "Riders On The Storm" stuff, but it was all misdirected effort.

If I heard a group that included "On The Street Where You Live", "Ghost Riders In The Sky" and "Eve Of Destruction" in their set, I'd be hugely impressed.

But, as so often, the actuality fell short of the idea by several light-and-bitters. The only highspot of this facile eclecticism was my lady's reaction to the Argonauts' mutilation of "Le Cabotin" ("The Ham'), a slice of Aznavourian breast-beating of which she is inordinately fond and which was only too appropriate in the circumstances.

These Argonauts' chances of stumbling on the Golden Fleece would be vastly improved if the skipper could be mysteriously lost overboard.

Harry Robinson

The Equators

100 CLUB

DURING RECENT months we have been witness to increasing media interest in the indigenous UK reggae scene, expecially as focussed upon Matumbi, Black Slate, Steel Pulse, Merger, Aswad and Delroy Washington.

The Equators out of North London are one outfit that has been sadly overlooked in the clamour; yet the group are quite as proven as any of the above-mentioned acts, and in lead singer Winston Fergus have one of the most deliberate and cultural vocalists currently circulating.

Their 100 Club appearance maintained judicious evidence of the group's improving musicianship; it also provided an opportune occasion to rectify the situation as regards the small matter of publicity.

Whilst Junior Rotten *ne* Douglas piloted The Equators' cruise through their set, from his position of helmsman behind the organ, the rest of the group lay a fluid succession of intricate rhythms for Twelve Tribes bredda Winston Fergus to chant his Zionistic psalms.

The majority of their material is self-penned by Fergus, which is to the singer's benefit as concerns interpretation.

His delivery, including dance steps *et al*, put me in mind of some of the excellent, unknown talents out of JA; indeed, The Equators are closer to Jamaican roots groups than any UK act I've seen.

The Equators opened with "Babylon A Serpent", observed the "Twelve Tribes", remarked that "Poor Man Cry", and then made inroads on their Lightning single from last year, "Long Time", a song that borrows from Messrs. Matumbi's "Rite Back".

This was followed by a tribute to "Reggae Music" and a delicious little item intitled "Power Cut". I was too *black up* to transcribe the lyric, which told that Babylon may suffer power cuts, but it cannot dim Jah light, you no see't?

Having described the iry delights of "Dreadlocks Princess" and "Jah Jah Say" — *"'im coming from Bosrah with his garments dipped in blood; Jah Jah will be coming with fire, so no bother check pon flood"* — Winston introduced the first of The Equators' two interpretations: Bob Marley's "Natural Mystic", which garnered sympathetic translation in the youth's hands.

Their penultimate number was a further Equators classic.

Glorifying in the title "Jah Jah Bus (Two Foot Bus)", the song was a repatriation plea that refuted the Black Star Liner in preference for one's own perambulation.

And closed with The Abyssinians' "Declaration Of Rights".

Penny Reel

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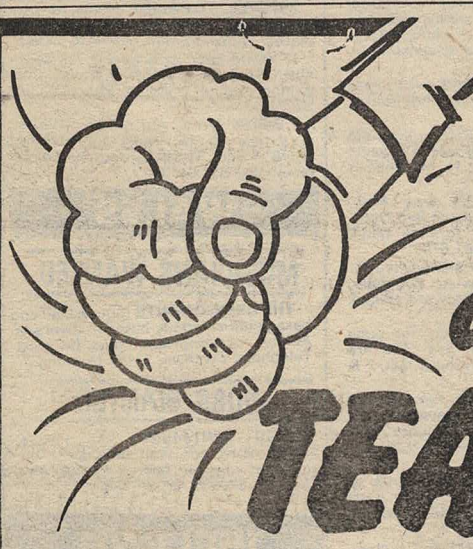

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JAZZ DIARY

BELGIAN harmonica ace and composer of "Bluesette", Toots Thielmans leads a quartet at Ronnie Scott's until the end of January.

Support band is Lois Lane with the Tony Kinsey Quartet.

Last call for Al Grey and the blistering tenor mainstay of the Basie band, Jimmy Forrest, at the Pizza Express, Dean Street, on 27th and 28th January.

Jazz Centre Society's gigs will be the Mick Payne Quartet at 7 Dials on 26th, Bob Downes Open Music at the Star & Garter on 28th, and the Terry Smith Quintet at The Phoenix on 1st February. Oxford Street's 100 Club winds up the month with The London Vintage Jazz Orchestra on 27th January, Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band plus Bill Brunskill's Jazz Men on 28th and the Gene Allan Jazzmen on 29th.

JCS Northern tours include the Bobby Wellins Quartet at Coventry Jazz Club on 26th January, Chester Arts Centre on 27th, and Hurlfield Campus, Sheffield, on 28th. Major Surgery are playing Band On The Wall, Manchester, on 26th, Dock Green Inn, Leeds, on 27th and sharing the bill with Bobby at Hurlfield Campus on 28th.

The Dock Green Inn, Leeds, has a Jazz Weekend featuring the Dick Morrissey-Jim Mullen Band on 10th February, the Al Potts Jazz Band on 11th, the Cherry Tree Band lunchtime on 12th with the Mick Potts Jazz Band plus the George Dill Trio in the evenings. On 13th The Kathy Stobart Quintet with vocalist Marion Williams. Band On The Wall features the Dutch group, Gijs Hendriks Quarter, on 2nd February.

Two more re-issues from Verve — Oscar Peterson plays "The Duke Ellington Songbook", and Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong render Gershwin's "Porgy And Bess".

Lots of beret activity at Pye. First, the start of a new project which releases Ronnie Scott's record productions — first three albums released are the Ronnie Scott Quintet's "Serious Gold", "Carmen McRae Live" and "Sarah Vaughan Live". Gerry Mulligan's New Sextet, including George Duvivier on bass, play "Idol Gossip" with a startling Mulligan version of "Waltzing Mathilda".

Pye's Vogue Jazz Doubles series include Johnny Hodges "Mellow Tone", Roy Eldridge's "Little Jazz" and Stan Getz & Johnny Smith's "Moonlight In Vermont".

Brian Case

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SO OUR FIGUREHEAD, huh, woz wot he seemed. Johnny, first you came on like an anachronistic battle-warrior, blazing an amphetamined path through Oldways Road; Yea, tho you walked The Valley of Dead Rockers, a single shot smashed through the anonymous apathetic mass, and left it seething and struggling like blind-drunk maggots in an under-sized gas-jar. Yeah, the Establishment nearly rocked in its foundations, Jagger got paranoid . . . and the Rebellion walked out of the closet.

The echo of the massive explosion in London, singed the ears of the Old and Wise from city to city, while the incongruous Under-world, brought together by the magnetic, malignant mania, burned their Oxford-bags, donned 'outrageous' gear, suitable poses, got pissed, an' the party began. Boredom weren't boring no more. The Decadent buzzed with a new hyper-activity, the beginning of a quasi-Revolution: A Brave New World.

The Mass Media sweltered in its embarrassment, within its feverish imperspicuity. Desperate to raise the Right-thinking persons to suitable levels of indignance and disgust; they smeared our very blood on front-page spreads; those violent, shock-horror outrages. God, it stank.

And Johnny, though they hated your guts, like ravenous wild animals back they came to strip the carcass, and it woz their inability to understand the esoteric implications of our neo-culture, their pathetic floundering in our inexplicable 'exploits', the scared hints of social depravity, the NF 'stigmas' — all that crap — the way they were too bleedin' o-old, that's wot killed it.

Thing is, the powers that be, armed with a malevolent alliance moved in to gently point the gun and usher you into being 'nice boys'. You know, as in Big Money and Publicity Stunts — as in up against the wall.

It's time for us to get back in the closet.

So the war ends, not in glory, vodkas all round and save the medals for your grandson, but with bitterness, frustration — reads like a chapter from the past, don't it? — and wot does the Man With The Gun do? Becomes absorbed, assimilated and regurgitated as the hypocritical fat-arse you despised? Or go out with a bang, not a whimper, by giving society the final 'fuck off', for posterity? Bury him in his chains.

Well done John, you really beat Them this time and yourself, and us . . . No Future.
CRYANNE INMABEERE, Ipswich.

HAAAY MAN! Doncha know the Muppets aren't really boring old farts, Johnny Rotten really digs them. The great clay idol of punk beholds his scribbling pundits and laughs through his arsehole. So do I.
TOTAL ROCK COSMIC GIGGLER, London, NW11.

IF YOU ASK ME, Johnny Rotten looks like Stan Laurel — "Hmmm, that's another fine mess you've got U.S. into."
DRONGO, Witham, Essex.

RIGHT, SUSSED YOU! Another nicely packaged little product for us gullible suckers out here in consumer land to swallow. Power pop and Thamesbeat rules. Really.

Easy, accessible tunes, nothing too difficult, blends in with the wallpaper. Perfect for the throwaway generation. Should reach a big market, even mums and dads, God bless 'em. Kim Davies' piece ranks with the very best of *NME* crapola journalism.

New wave ain't actually dead yet. Oh sure, it smells a bit funny, but that's because the weeding out process has at last begun, i.e. the shit is getting sorted out from the good stuff. Three chords and cliches won't do anymore.

OK, no matter, there's plenty to take its place without losing the essential qualities, of speed, energy and aggression — Buzzcocks, Generation X, Boomtown Rats, Heartbreakers. All those bands play exciting rock'n'roll which don't leave your brain dormant.

The Pleasers can already see the crowds at the airports. They wanna be stars and drive around in limos. *Huh!* I saw them down the Nashville and they were bollocks. All the trendies loved 'em because they were clean and you could hear the words. Nice. Acceptable. Won't get up daddy's hooter. Big deal.

Rock'n'roll is about rebellion, even if that only means having a good time and listening to groups that your parents don't understand. No limos, boys. No crowds at the airports. Play on the same bill as the Rats or Heartbreakers, then you'll see how far you've got to go before you deserve the honour of J. Thunders pissing on your shoes.
COCKY CYNICAL NAIVE LITTLE BASTARD, Finchley.
Bob Geldof goes to work in a limousine. — PETE BRIQUETTE.

AT ONE time, a band didn't receive much press coverage till it had gained a hit record or a large following. This was too good to last.

Now in the late '70s, bands are given full page write-ups, long before they've had the chance to prove themselves. Their every move, every mistake, is scrutinised. Anybody who adopts the right attitude is given the thumbs up, then kicked in the teeth when they don't deliver within a few months.

Finally, when we're up to our ears in records by bands too inexperienced/lacking in talent to be allowed near a studio, the music press proclaims "New wave is dead!" Then they look for the next trend, in order to screw that up as well.

One intelligent '60s catchphrase was "Pay your dues". The trouble is that these days, nobody gets the bloody chance!
R. J. SLAYTER, Hendon, London.

NEIL SPENCER fills two pages remembering how Lennon told us the "rock-star-as-Messiah" dream was over and at the same time complains that he hasn't sent us down any new records and hasn't been to pay us a courtesy call. Why the hell should he? He owes you and I nothing. It seems that you still haven't understood the message in the "primal" album, that we're all living our own lives and we better not get caught up in the trap of feeling that we owe our lives to anyone.

What Lennon is doing now is what's most important to him, being *there* when his kids needs him. And that's as important as anything he's ever done. Xmas albums included.

No more heroes, right? Working class or otherwise.
DAVE NOTMAN, Rathgar, Dublin.

Why the hell should he? Because his job's being an artist, that's what he's paid for and the odd concert or single shouldn't be beyond a self-proclaimed "genius", even if he has got a happy family. Anyway we all miss him — N.S.

THANKYOU, oh lord god CSM. Now it's OK, it's *cool* to like "Quadrophenia". That makes me soooo happy. Look, "Quad" was always one of Townshend's major achievements. To trendify it is to vilify it. Why not cut the crap, and just listen and evaluate for yourselves?

One thing I cannot stand is the attempt to make mass-audience music into 'icons' (your term CSM) for the select few. CSM has not been as guilty in the past as the likes of Kent/Bell/Parsons/Burchill, but then he's often seemed to demonstrate a degree of sensitivity, selectivity, taste and control.

Just remember, it's a BOF who wants to take music away from the people — be they black, white, fat, thin, strong, weak, Geordie, Cockney, punk, hippy, trendy, bland, MOR, dead, sick, Nazi. "Love Reign O'er Me".
SIMON MALIA, Nether Edge, Sheffield.

Me, I thought it was cool to dig "Quadrophenia" back in '73 and said so at the time — in print — but I was in a critical minority. Otherwise what are we arguing about, you quarrelsome little bleeder? — CSM.

DEAR PAUL Morley,

Re: Your review of "Deadly Nightshade" *NME* 21/1/78). I am indeed confused by what goes on around me! I often wonder whether the quasi-reviewers who receive our records even *look* at them. Do you

JULIE BURCHILL and TONY PARSONS plot revenge on photographer DENIS O'REGAN.

DOES JULIE Burchill really exist or is she just a name at the bottom of an album write-up?

The first thing I do when I get home on a Thursday night, is search high and low for the J.B. printed signature and then proceed to read the write-up whether or not I like the group under review because I like trying to make sense of the fabulous words and phrases she uses. Of course I quite understand that she is only trying to bring out the existentialism within herself but at times I really think it would be interesting to connect her to a pneumatometer and see what it records.

Anyway, as I have fallen madly in love with her, do you think you could print a picture of her for me. I would have it framed and hung somewhere where I could sit and look at it for hours instead of reading *War Story* magazines all the time.
CHRIS PRESTWICH, Lancashire.
P.S. Is she married?

You betcha sweet ass she is, Chrissy, or near as dammit anyhow. You wanna know anymore, you'll have to talk to the hunk in the pic beside her, right? — 'AUNTIE' JOAN CRAWFORD.

NEIL SPENCER is right on the nail when he says that the press proclaims the death of new wave when they've run out of ideas. Then they look for the next trend, in order to screw that up as well.

Now I'm not saying that new wave is dead, but I am saying that it's in a state of flux. Bands are changing their styles, and the press is looking for the next trend.

Anyway, I'm not writing to you about that. I'm writing to you about your review of the Stranglers' album. I'm sure you realise that you have inadvertently reviewed the B-side, the side usually only heard by those who purchase the record when they have heard the A-side so often on the radio that they no longer resist the urge to possess it. Perhaps I should review the A-side myself.

STRAWBS: Joey And Me (Arista)

A sensitive singalong in the Strawbs tradition dealing with illegitimacy and insecurity, in effect an appointment with disappointment. *(Continues in same vein for three and a half pages — Ed).*

I am flattered that you consider that I have the 'pushy exploitation (what's that?) and grandoise effects down perfect.' When you have mastered your grammatic and contextual limitations, your career may endanger the longevity of mine.

Move over, Neil Diamond, there's room in MOR for us both.
DAVE COUSINS

SO RICHARD Boon thinks "The nation's health inspectors are hard at work and force feeding massive doses of moral fibre to keep everybody regular".

I totally agree — but when it comes to stealing other people's food, e.g. "the same old fried egg" quote, Richard does it best.

THAT was MY quote! Taken totally out of context, for I said it to him after I saw the Belle Vue gig with the Buzzcocks. In fact I even had to explain it to him — the same old fried egg linked up with "Another music in a different kitchen".

So Richard, if you're reading this — "Make like a chicken at Christmas," GET STUFFED.

(The above quote was given to me by Steven Davies, Conga player with the Victor Bronx Blues Train).
KAY CARRALL (Manager with The Fall).

IF THE world's most boring publication (usually known as the *UK Press Gazette)* can tell the world that Nick Logan is leaving why can't you?
BRIAN HANCILL, Tunstall, Stoke-on-Trent.
Beacuse everyone is so choked about it, toots, and they thought if they'd ignore him he'd stay — J.C.

I ENJOY reading all Julie Burchill's articles. Is there somebody reading this who could put me on to a good psycho-analyst?
SIGMUND FREUD, Vienna, Austria.
Actually, I'm looking for a new gig, Sig. Perhaps you'd like to chat to me. — NICK LOGAN

Re: RICH Kids, Tiffany's Edinburgh. I saw someone yawn. That said it all.
RIP VAN WINKLE, Land of Nod

WELL, YOU and I have finally come to the end of the road. I first started taking *NME* weekly at the beginning of January 1958 and over the past 20 years I've derived a great deal of entertainment, information and enlightenment from reading it week by week.

But over the last few years I've found that I'm reading less and less of it — simply because I'm no longer interested in what you're writing about. I find that punk rock and its associated topics hold no appeal for me — and, of course, that's how it should be. You would no doubt be alarmed if you thought that punk rock was appealing to 35-year-old clergymen!

I'm sad that this day has finally come, but I'm proud to have been a part of that musical revolution that took place in the mid-'50s, and if there's another revolution going on now, well, *great* — and obviously you must report it and reflect upon it. But count me out. It's as incomprehensible to me as Little Richard was to my father in 1957. I've got old.
CLIVE PRICE, The Rectory, Zeals, Warminster, Wiltshire.

JUST WHEN I'm thinking of saving 18p every week and that the *NME* is getting predictable and a teeny-weeny bit boring, I discover that someone up there — Monty Smith apparently — is aware of the magnificence of those who are granted the honour of wearing the blue shirt of Gillingham F.C., the club which is currently saying its last courteous goodbyes to the Third Division. My faith restored, I remain a faithful reader still.

Jerry Keller said it all 20 years ago when he sang, "Here comes Summers . . ."
C. S. CRISPUS, Hull.
Damien, Danny and the boys send their love and we're currently working on Brian Moore to get us on *The Big Match* **— shouldn't have to pull too many strings there. See you in Hull next season — GERRY SUMMERS.**
Piss off — ARFON GRIFFITHS

Guest Bagger: JOAN CRAWFORD

But the BAG goes on forever . . .

"SOMETIMES you gonna lose your rook . . ." famous punk rock group The Stranglers defy the weather as they contract chess fever in an obscure region of the Chilterns. We haven't the faintest idea why, but it's about time someone put a check on all this (Ouch!)

Next Year's Things
2nd British Invasion of U.S.
Rockabilly
"Pistols To Split" rumours
[illegible] and better bodyguards

SO YOU read about it here first, right? And you can go on reading about it in *Thrills* and *News Desk*. Whether or not it'll all add up to much more than **Malcolm McLaren's** "The boys are just resting" schtick or **J Rotten's** mocking "It's just a publicity stunt", only they know. *T-Zers* will say little more, merely pass on **Al 'Koran' Clark's** all-embracing official Virgin line: "Bands with built-in detonators burn brightly in brief bursts . . . " To which we might add that if the Pistols are no more, it's a sad day for Britain. . .

Bernie Rhodes had had a long hard morning refusing to tell callers what (if anything) he knew about the **Sex Pistols** break-up and was more than usually tired and emotional, not to mention offensive and downright tedious, when *T-Zers* called him on Monday to pester him about rumours of secret **Clash** gigs. After mucho verbalising Rhodes appeared to confirm (can't put it higher than that) that his boys would play in Birmingham on Tuesday, Dunstable Queensway Hall on Wednesday and Coventry when the local Mecca lets 'em. Not much there to be cagey about, you might say, since two-thirds of these gigs will be over before *NME* hits the news-stands. But Bernie's oft-expressed contempt for "career journalists" makes him cautious about brightening up our day any more than he can help it . . .

The big beat today's kids go for: After their one-off single with **MC5-er Rob Tyner, Eddie and the Hot Rods** trying to co-opt '60s golden oldie **Spencer Davis** onto sessions for theit new elpee. Spencer currently earns his living as Island Records' West Coast director of artist relations, and at a Hot Rods gig in San Francisco recently was persuaded on stage to join **Barrie Masters** & Co in a re-work of the **Spencer Davis Group** hit "Gimme Some Lovin' ". Masters is now trying to talk Spencer into taking the partnership one stage further; and help them record the song on the next Rods' LP . . .

In last week's *NME*, our caption writer so overcome by the gleaming dentistry of the Thamesbeat kids that the photo captions became highly confused on the centre spread. **The Boyfriends'** pic should have read, l to r, **Osbourne, Collier, Smith;** and **The Pleasers,** l to r, **McNerney, Powell, Rotchelle, Benham . . .**

None of this matters since the new Beat Boom is last week's thing now that Fleet Street has got hold of it. In an article headed "What finished off Punk" in Friday's *Daily Mail,* **Thomson Prentice** wrote ". . . a more appropriate title would be 'Sanity Rock' for it spells the end of a brief era of madness and sickness and hopefully the return of music you can actually enjoy as well as listen to." Bands like **The Pleasers,** says Prentice, are "setting audiences alight" with the new music. "Mums and dads may still find it a little hard on the ears but infinitely preferable to **Slaughter & The Dogs** or **Siouxsie & The Banshees."** Eeeeech . . .

Les Miserables of the **Fabulous Original Snivelling Shits** is re-forming the group with a shift of personnel, a new name and a new image. Likely monicker is **The Fab Shits.** Les told an audience of Fleet Street hacks: "It will be part of the fabulous new powerpopthamesbeat sound of today. Punk's dead and the kids today want to hear tunes an' melodies an' that. We're definitely fab . . ."

Blackpool schoolkids are the latest to undergo the National Front's recruiting drive. Pamphlets telling them "How to spot the Commie teachers" are being handed out by "Patriotic young people" in the hope that "it will attract people who are fed up with pop idols like **Mick Jagger** and **The Sex Pistols,** and want to see people like **Nelson** get a bit more credit." The quote is attributable to Blackpool and Fylde NF branch chairman **Alvin Hanson,** an ex-Tory councillor. His enigmatic remark about "people like Nelson" is believed to be a reference to ex-drummer Sandy . . . or is it Be Bopper Bill? Could even be Gunner Sammy. Wouldn't be the pigeon-shit encrusted old tart atop the column in Trafalgar Square, would it. . ?

More punk bashing: "They make me want to throw up," says Mr. **Frank Sinatra,** 61. "It's a bad scene and I don't understand why it has to exist when there's so much in life," adds the feisty Crown Toppered One . . .

Elvis Costello & The Attractions — Weddings and Parties a speciality. Just like his deceased namesake, young Elvis doesn't forget a favour. No gift-wrapped Cadillacs, granted, but Costello and his band did turn out to play for free at the reception when local girl **Sue Barber** got married in Cornwall the other Saturday. The gig was a gesture of thanks since Sue had lent the band a rehearsal cottage in Cornwall when they were getting together last summer. Why'd he do it? "To pay," Costello told reporters, "because we couldn't pay before." "He also loves his Mum," a friend later told *T-Zers*

Another illusion shattered: **Bob Dylan** said to be having trouble getting a backing band together for his world travels apparently because of the 300 dollars a week wage he's prepared to pay. One man who *is* prepared to go is **Flamin Groovies** manager **Lee Shapiro** who's been auditioning for the banjo slot in The Zim's outfit . .

Is it true that **Eric Clapton's** been blown out of the sessions on the **Ijahman Levi** album currently being produced by **Chris Blackwell?** *T-Zers* hears that Clapton's contribution was ajudged "unsuitable" for what's been described as reggae's answer to "Astral Weeks". **Stevie Winwood** and **Danny Thompson** are still involved . . .

Anarchy at the BBC? **Culture's** magnificent "I'm Not Ashamed" dub used as the theme music for last wek's BBC-2 play *Mr and Mrs Bureaucrat* . . .

T-Zers' Correction Service (9p a word to *News Desk* and *Thrills,* 8p to others): Contrary to our news report last week, **Johnny Rubbish** wasn't the driver of the vehicle in which **Damned** drummer **John Moss** was injured. Mr Rubbish was a passenger . . .

Americans of restricted growth (shortarses to you!) unhappy about **Randy Newman's** "Short People" single, which is currently providing him with some long-overdue commercial success. Randy's been on the receiving end of hate mail over the song, while one New York disc jockey (5ft tall) has refused to play the record at all. Other stations in Philadelphia and Boston have also banned it from the air . . .

Seems that *The Guinness Book Of British Hit Singles,* which we reviewed recently, has been incorrectly credited; in fact, **Paul Gambaccini** and **Mike Read** were co-authors of the book along with **Tim** and **Jo Rice**

The Moors Murderers — whoever they were — have decided to call it a day. In what we hope will be our last words on the subject, **Steve Strange** — mentioned in last week's *T-Zer* — disclaims all knowledge of the group and any connection with them or their record . . .

The Surprise Sisters most pissed off last week after they laid out something in the region of £2,500 to go and play an unpaid promo gig at MIDEM, the music biz's annual shindig in Cannes, and then didn't get to play because the French bongo band before them on the bill refused to leave the stage. Track Record's **Peter Gill** was also somewhat cut up about the earnings the girls forfeited to make the trip and about the fact that the gig was to have been filmed for TV, which is even more bread out of the window. What's more, Track had liberally plastered the walls of Cannes with posters. "All that publicity and then you don't play," Gill shrugged ruefully. "Maybe people will think it was some clever kind of stunt . . ."

On the final night of their European tour **Talking Heads** invited **XTC** on stage at Paris' Bataclan for a two-number encore ("Psycho Killer" and "No Compassion"), the first time the Heads have paid a support band any such compliment. . .

Warsaw Pakt's John Walker would appreciate the return of his battered up old Les Paul custom (circa '54 model, well scratched) which disappeared after a recent Essex University gig in Colchester. John can be contacted on 01.727 0962 or 960 6370 . . .

The background drawing of 'Scorch' from the movie *Wizards* (in last week's *Silver Screen)* is the work of British artist **Ian Miller.** Other artists who worked on the animated feature include *Marvel* men **Jim Starlin** and **Mike Ploog . . .**

Our Society Correspondent writes: Blushing **Steve Clarke** married the gal of his dreams, the lovely **Kim Sullivan,** last Saturday amidst scenes of seemly revelry in downtown Kingston-upon-Thames. Clarkie, true to form, had to borrow a fiver at the registry office and was back at work on Monday. *(Bloody fool — Ed.)* . .

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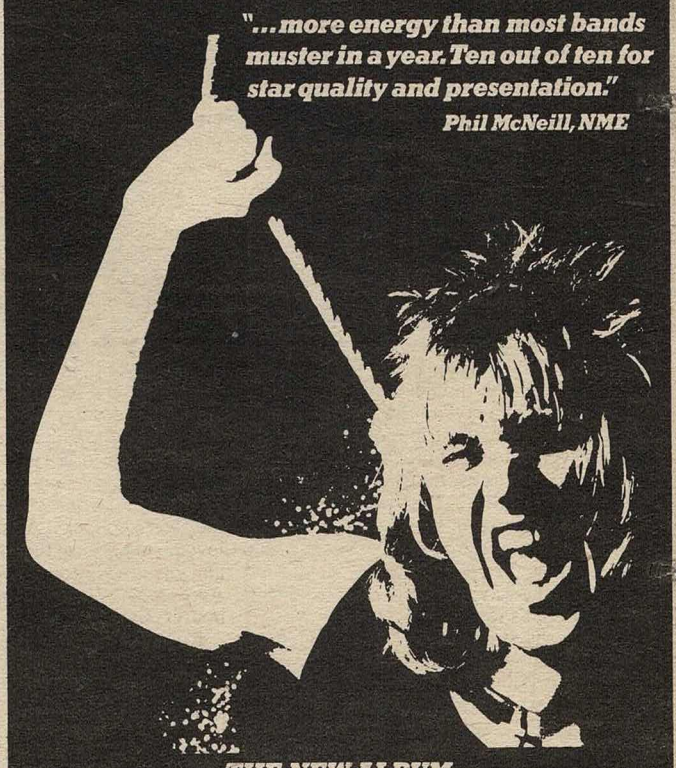

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